



LONDON
IS A MAN'S TOWN
[BUT WOMEN GO THERE]

HELEN JOSEPHY
AND
MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

*London is a
Man's Town
[But Women
Go There]*



Authors of

PARIS IS A WOMAN'S TOWN

LONDON

Is a Man's Town

[BUT WOMEN GO THERE]

by
Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET FREEMAN

"Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair."
From Henry Van Dyke's "America For Me."

Published in New York by
Coward-McCann, Inc.
In the Year 1930

Copyright, 1930, by
Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride

All rights reserved



Printed in the U. S. A.

Introduction

OUR first venture in collaboration, attempted with casual gayety because we didn't know then the pitfalls that lay in wait for us, was a book about Paris and the women who go to that lovely city.

Scarcely had it appeared in print than we were avalanched by complaints from men. It was perfectly absurd, they said, to call Paris a woman's town in any such dogmatic fashion. Why had we left men out? Didn't men go there, too? And didn't they enjoy themselves? And didn't the city welcome them?

We chorused yes to everything and tried to explain that we had only meant—well, what had we meant, and what was the use, anyway? You can't argue with one man, much less an avalanche of them. Instead of trying, we thought quickly of a rebuttal scheme worth two of any argument—another book! For men this time. "London is a Man's Town."

But mindful of the harassed past, we protect ourselves by a subtitle, and acknowledge on the very cover that women go there, too.

It was great fun writing about London. We have a genuine affection for that staid, rather-set-in-its-way

Introduction

city with its Dickensesque charm and old-world romance. Besides, it was our first foreign port. We were surprised, when we landed, to discover that we could understand the language—some words of it, anyway.

This book, then, is a labor of love, designed to show Americans how they can enjoy themselves better in London shops, hotels, schools, night clubs, pubs and on house parties.

And when we say Americans, we mean men and women. Could anything be fairer than that?

All the time we've been struggling with our check-up of the several thousand addresses in this volume, we've been haunted by the prospect of a perfect shower of letters to the London *Times* if we spell Berkeley without the "e" or leave out the "s" in St. James's some place or other. This is merely to state that we meant well, and to remind possible critics that authors are notoriously bad spellers. Moreover, even telephone books make mistakes sometimes. We got into the New York one once as "Mister."

We owe a debt to many kindly Britishers for the material we shall now set before you. Particularly do we desire to thank the Travel Association of Great Britain, which through Mr. Louis Beale and Mr. Leonard Meredith, afforded us introductions everywhere—but they, we hasten to add, have not read the book so cannot be held responsible for anything that is wrong.

Introduction

We also wish to recommend Sassoon's charming "Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man" to anybody going to England for sports and to acknowledge indebtedness to H. V. Morton's "The London Year," H. E. Popham's "The Taverns of London" and "The Anglo-American Year Book" published by the American Chamber of Commerce and edited by H. Russell Amory, our first friend in London. The authors of many cleverly written articles in London newspapers also gained our gratitude, for we helped ourselves to anything in their copy that particularly took our fancy.

HELEN JOSEPHY,
MARY MARGARET McBRIDE.

Table of Contents



I. Shopping for All the Family

1. DICTATORS OF SAVILE ROW	3
2. TAILOR BY APPOINTMENT	14
3. FOR THE MAN WHO BUYS HIS OWN TIES	25
4. HOW TO BE WELL-DRESSED, THOUGH AMERICAN	35
5. TWEEDS AND TULLE	47
6. NOT FORGETTING THE LITTLE ONES	60
7. THE OLDER, THE BETTER	70
8. ADD ADDRESSES	84
9. MORE OF THE SAME	93

II. Housing, Also Eating and Drinking

1. HOTELS	107
2. HOUSE AND GARDEN	120
3. BED AND BREAKFAST—ALSO FLATS	132
4. FOOD—A SERIOUS CHAPTER	145
5. —AND DRINK!	155
6. DINING OUT	165
7. GENTLEMEN PREFER PUBS	175

III. Education

1. FROM NURSERY TO CREW CAPTAIN	185
2. HIGHER EDUCATION	197
3. ODDS AND ENDS OF CULTURE	207

IV. Amusing One's Self

1. THAT ELUSIVE LITTLE BALL	221
2. THE SPORT OF KINGS	233

Table of Contents

3. HOOK, LINE AND SINKER	243
4. TO KEW IN LILAC TIME	250
5. SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT	262
6. MYSTERIOUS MAYFAIR	275
7. THE SEASON	286

V. Useful Miscellany

1. THE AMERICAN'S LONDON	301
2. POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE	314
3. ABOUT THE ENGLISH AND US	326
4. HELPS FOR THE HAPLESS	336
5. ALSO USEFUL	346

Part One

*Shopping for all
the Family*



Dictators of Savile Row

SAVILE ROW decides when gentlemen's waistcoats the world over are to add a button, or when braid on dinner jackets is to change from narrow gauge to broad. For Savile Row, London, is to men what the rue de la Paix, Paris, is to women.

Being trusting and feminine, we had never, until recently, bothered to question the assertion of our gentlemen friends that masculine clothes are the same year after year. And we firmly believed that if there ever were any slight deviations, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales could be held responsible. But Savile Row says that's nonsense. The Prince says so, too.

On the contrary, we now learn that the Prince himself is ruled by Savile Row, which is a short London street lined with austere-looking tailoring shops. The heir to the British throne gets his sports clothes from one of the Row's tailors, his lounge suits from another, formal clothes from a third and so on.

Once in awhile, to be sure, he wears an unusual combination of garments because he's hurried, or hot, or cold; on which occasions, cables all over the world

London is a Man's Town

hurry to announce that humanity's pet prince has set a new style. But Savile Row knows better and goes placidly on its assured way, aware that it and not any individual, be he ever so exalted, is the court of last appeal for fashion. Sure enough, the Prince seldom appears a second time in the freak he is supposed to be sponsoring.

For instance, once upon a time, front pages had it that he was now wearing a sweater under his dinner jacket! A member of the royal household explained to us that this story originated at a boxing match. The Prince's party had been warned beforehand that the hall would be cold and so everybody took a sweater. The Prince wore his under a dark coat, not a dinner coat, and wore, too, a wing collar with black tie. Some members of his group had on dinner jackets, and a reporter, seeing them and observing the royal collar and sweater, produced a tale without benefit of strict fact.

Another time, the Prince went to a public luncheon at Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's home, in trousers with cuffs, a morning coat, topper and other formal accessories. Now, wearing trousers with cuffs and a morning coat simultaneously simply is not done; so it was obvious to the public that a daring new style was being sponsored by the Prince and all the people who do what he does immediately ordered trousers with cuffs to go with their morning coats!

Dictators of Savile Row

But if anybody ordered such hybrids in Savile Row, they didn't get them. Savile Row knew, or guessed, the truth which was that the poor Prince had been so busy all day that though he had changed his coat, shirt and hat, there hadn't been time to change his lounge trousers. He has never since been seen in this particular combination.

Creation of the vogue for Fair Isle Shetland sweaters was a different story. H.R.H. went up to Balmoral for a vacation and somebody wrote him that Fair Isle was a dying native industry and wouldn't he please accept a sweater as a gift and wear it to help the cause? The Prince was touched by the letter, for he is much interested in native industries, and bought a sweater for golf and shooting.

Faith in his style-setting ability was bountifully rewarded that time, for a boom developed in the garments. Confidence in the royal influence was just as touchingly displayed when a French father wrote to the Prince begging him to start carrying an umbrella, in an effort to save the lives of Paris young people who were going through an epidemic of influenza because they had left off umbrella-carrying. We never heard what His Highness did about that.

A member of his household explained how the Prince ordinarily buys clothes. Substitute wife for valet and you'll have a picture of the average man.

Sadly says the valet who has been with H.R.H. for

London is a Man's Town

years: "Sir, these suits you have been wearing so much lately look terrible. You really need some new ones."

The Prince replies resignedly: "All right, telephone the tailors."

Before he can change his mind, the delighted valet telephones, and the tailors arrive posthaste at St. James's Palace with their patterns. The Prince picks out a few, they are cut, and then he is fitted—if the fitters find him in long enough.

One button more than usual or an extra bit of braid or a higher lapel isn't really the Prince's responsibility but the tailors', for such details are left pretty much to those experienced hands. Materials and colors, however, the Prince usually chooses for himself—he likes dark blue or dark gray for daytime. And in spite of the many tales about the size of his wardrobe, his secretary declares it isn't any bigger than that of any other busy young man.

He loves old clothes and particularly enjoys private shooting trips when he can wear any ancient rag he pleases. Official tours, of course, are different. New kits must sometimes be ordered then, but the valet makes out the list. The Prince is not a dude! Sir Godfrey Thomas, his secretary, declares the public prints always exaggerate the number of trunks he takes with him. Usually he has along about half as many as reported and many of those are filled with papers and equipment, not clothes.

Dictators of Savile Row

We reached London at a propitious time for investigating the claim that it's a man's town. Nobody was paying any attention to the advent of long skirts but columns were at that moment being written in the newspapers, and near-riots were occurring in Hyde Park all because of an agitation against the high hat and tails of the Eton schoolboy. Some courageous modern soul had declared them "absurd."

But it is more than a century since the first tall hat was jammed down over the ears of an Eton boy, and Englishmen were horrified at the idea of taking it off. They grew red in the face, walked the floor and utterly refused to see logic in the contention that children in top hats these days look ridiculous. Would the reformers, they inquired sardonically, have the Beef-eaters at the Tower clad in trousers, M.P.'s addressing the House in plus fours, and Judges sitting in golf caps instead of wigs?

The last we heard of it, the tall hats were still jammed down over the Etonian ears.

No doubt this is all part of what one London tailor calls the "natural and proper vanity of man," which, except in England, is never acknowledged. Other (to us) gratifying revelations of it are the congresses and conferences held in London ever so often for the avowed purpose of promoting the wearing of velvets and brocades among men; also the Highland balls where men strut about in plaids and kilts, ruffles and

London is a Man's Town

buckles, not merely overshadowing but totally eclipsing the women, and conversing, these great strong men, on the fit of tunics and the placement of buttons!

No woman, accustomed to cutting remarks from men about feminine fashions, can avoid a chuckle over the odd similarity between Savile Row and the rue de la Paix. For one thing, the temperamental English tailor needs the atmosphere of London and English men to inspire him just as the volatile French dress-maker needs Paris and French women. One tailor told us it would be useless to bring his best cutters to America in an effort to start an English shop here. In no time at all, the cutter would be so influenced by his subjects that he would be making clothes that would look just as un-English as clothes made by French women in so-called French shops in London and New York look un-French.

But there are differences between the Paris and London abodes of fashion, though the effect produced is much the same. For if the American woman is bowled over by the glittering, perfumed splendor of a French couturier's establishment, the American man must be even more overpowered by the absolute lack of pretentiousness, the dowdy, old-fashioned, out-of-date quaintness of the best London tailoring shops. After all, the motion picture palaces forewarn us that we shall see something exotic and handsome when we go to Paris; but no American man who can afford to buy

Dictators of Savile Row

at the best London tailors could possibly be prepared for the lack of splendor found in their establishments. Most bewildering of all is the fact that the artless undecorated charm is obviously genuine. So is the courteous reserve of the salesman—who is quite willing to serve you but doesn't seem greatly interested in whether you give an order or not.

This is the sort of thing that can't be imitated. It would be useless for a Fifth Avenue merchant prince to sweep away all his fine Italian-Empire fittings, du Barry carpets and polished super-salesmen in favor of funny old tables, with bolts of tweeds and cashmeres knocking about in corners, and a stout, bald-headed, near-sighted manager. Besides, to be authentic, such a manager must have been with the firm forty-four years! Every London tailoring establishment of any prominence has a manager who has been there forty-four years, except those firms with managers who have been there forty-eight years.

No first-class London tailoring shop has a window display, and usually there is only an imperceptible sign, if any. Savile Row and its neighbors, Sackville and Conduit Streets, have windows frosted about a third of the way up like old-fashioned high class saloons, or else stained glass upon which may appear in small letters: "Established in 1783"—or earlier.

These aristocrats among tailors are proud of their age and of their ancient patrons. You can't pry a word

London is a Man's Town

out of them, however, about their present clientele and sometimes you almost wonder whether they have one; though, luckily, at the very moment of darkest doubt, the Duke of Something-or-other will likely drift in and order eight suits.

All over the walls are framed royal warrants and engravings of ancient kings, admirals, and sportsmen who have been tailored on the premises. In a glass case in one corner are the house curios—a Scottish chieftain's dirk, the trousers worn by Nelson or an ancient court dress. Bolts and bolts of elegant materials are stacked everywhere—scarlet hunting-cloth, tartan plaids, tropical cloth, shooting tweeds and the more usual woollens for business wear. Everything looks dignified and dull until a gentleman begins to order his clothes. Then, if he asserts himself ever so timidly, the temperament of the London tailor begins to show—for he is as temperamental in his way as a Paris couturier. Why shouldn't he be? Hasn't he years of tradition back of him, a great name to uphold and thousands of fine suits to his credit?

The beauty of English clothes, according to their makers, is their cut and fit and the fact that they are built on straight lines. American and French clothes on the other hand are cut on curved lines. The English figure is spare and erect; the American heavier and fuller. One tailor explained that English clothes hang

Dictators of Savile Row

straight from the shoulders in the back, loose in the shoulders and narrow through the hips.

Americans usually want narrow shoulders, tight armholes, width in the hips and lots of detail. Right here, according to three of the best-known tailors—every one a Royal Warrant Holder—is where the difficulty with the casual American customer begins. The average American wants an *American* suit of clothes made in London. He is always in a hurry, and he brings his wife along to help him choose. Only two men in England that we've ever heard of let their wives have any say-so about their clothes. It's one of the things that isn't done.

To understand fully the second item in the accusation, it is necessary to realize the complete lack of bluff in the average English make-up. A shopkeeper will tell you: "Yes, we've had a terrible year"—in a naïvely frank fashion that is amazing to a wide-awake American business man who believes in preserving a decent illusion of prosperity even at the entrance to the poorhouse. The London business man neither exaggerates nor underestimates. He has a steady clientele from families who have dealt with him for four or five generations, and feels no urge to expand—really doesn't care a great deal whether a newcomer buys three suits or eight.

An American comes into such a shop and begins to

London is a Man's Town

bluff the salesman in true Yankee fashion. He wants five suits, he says, in as many days; wants them made in such and such a way and if they aren't right, he positively won't take them. At this point, as a hundred per cent John Bull salesman said to us:

"That threatening business gets my back up. We have dozens of top hole Americans on our books. I would do anything for them. But when an American comes in and practically holds a pistol to my head I say to myself, 'Well, if I have a bit of muck about the shop, that one will get it.'"

The element of hurry introduced by Americans is most resented. When a London tailor isn't busy he can make a suit in ten days. But in the rush season—spring, early summer and autumn up to November—the customer must ordinarily give him two to three weeks, and three leisurely fittings for the first suit, with two at least for the second. When a client says he is sailing Saturday, the English tailor believes him and if the order is accepted at all, other customers are put off, the workmen are kept late and everybody goes out of the way to get the clothes done.

On Monday the American turns up with the suits, saying he missed the steamer and the suits don't fit and can he have another fitting at once? In Paris, such mild fibbing is expected and allowed for. In London, it comes each time as a painful and shocking surprise.

But the greatest trouble of all, the tailors complain,

Dictators of Savile Row

is that the average American man doesn't actually want Savile Row clothes. He wants the label and to be able to say casually that his London tailor is So-and-So, but he insists that his clothes shall look like those his countrymen wear. The result is that he often gets several English suits, takes them back to Philadelphia or Cincinnati to his regular tailor, has them Americanized and sends the London tailor the bill.

In short, Savile Row is sole dictator of the masculine style world, except the American sector, where clothes usually are of secondary importance to men, and where it would be unheard of for a man to visit the hosier every day as some men do in England, merely for fear of missing something new!

All the same, American men will continue to shop in London because it's "done." Which, even at the risk of seeming catty, we must remind our readers, is the same motive men attribute to women who shop in Paris!

Tailor by Appointment

AND now we come to the (to us) interesting phenomenon of the coat of arms displayed by a tailor (or it may be a jam and pickle maker) which indicates a royal appointment.

This means that the tradesman has been named tailor (or preserve-maker) to the King, the Queen or the Prince of Wales. Most Americans like to buy in shops that sell to royalty and most of them also cherish a genuine curiosity about the mode of making appointments.

We journeyed to Buckingham Palace itself to ask about the matter—there being no task too stupendous for us to undertake for our readers' sweet sakes. An officer of the royal household told us all.

Royal Warrants, it seems, are signed by the Lord Chamberlain or some other duly authorized official, and granted by the Keeper of the Privy Purse or the Master of the Household for the King, for the Queen by her secretary, and for the Prince by his controller. Once a year, the household committee of Buckingham with the Lord Chamberlain acting as

Tailor by Appointment

head, holds a meeting attended by the Prince of Wales' controller and the queen's secretary, to consider tradesmen's applications for the Royal Warrant. These three—king, queen and prince—could give or take away warrants as their fancy dictated. They could give them to a shopkeeper who had never sold them tuppence worth of goods and deny them to another who delivered a grand piano at Buckingham Palace every day in the week. But of course they carry on the affair in the reasonable, tactful and just manner they invariably adopt towards everything they do. As it works out, the warrant is really granted according to the amount of goods supplied.

The custom is that goods shall have been sold with fair regularity for three years. New warrants are issued each year and if the tradesman has continued to please his royal customer and hasn't broken any of the regulations imposed, he is pretty certain to be remembered when the new ones are handed out. About twice as many applications are made to the Lord Chamberlain each year as can be granted. Sometimes a man will ask it because the king, queen or prince came to his place once—maybe years before—or because he served in the war with honor. One asked for a warrant on the score simply of being a loyal Englishman.

Getting a warrant does not depend upon whether a firm is large or small, but the financial footing must

London is a Man's Town

be secure and the merchandise good. A warrant can be canceled at a moment's notice by the Lord Chamberlain. And sometimes is. If a firm goes bankrupt this happens automatically. Holders of the warrant may use the arms on stationery but they can't tell you how many silk shirts the Prince of Wales bought according to a certain pattern last week, nor what kind of hat the king prefers. This would not only be bad taste but fatal to the warrant-holding. So where we tell these things you may be sure that we have ferreted them out in the devious ways that we reserve for extracting information.

The first warrant of appointment to a tradesman was probably granted by Queen Elizabeth. The number of grants increased during the reign of Charles II and scandalous rumor has intimated that a depleted treasury and the wit of Nell Gwyn combined to bring about this rise. However that may be, there's no way now that a warrant can possibly be bought. So that's that.

Clothes of any kind—suits, overcoats, hats or haberdashery—made in great quantities and sold by chain stores are considered bad form for the best-dressed Englishman. At that, however, a charming young man told us that although you could never get them to admit it, many Englishmen buy almost all of their haberdashery at places that go in for this "multiple" production. Thus they may pretend they go to

Tailor by Appointment

Thresher and Glenny, or Hawes and Curtis, or Beale and Inman, or Turnbull and Asser, the grand couturiers among London hosiers, just as a woman would pretend she goes to Chanel or Lanvin in Paris. But actually three-fourths of them go to Austin Reed or some equally excellent multiple house. A house also loses *caché* if it is open on Saturday afternoon, which seems to us an amusing piece of snobbery.

London is a place where things are either "done" or "not done." Thus, one tailor is done, another isn't. And that is unchangeable, like the law of the Medes and Persians. An introduction to the sort of London tailor who doesn't advertise is even more of a necessity than an introduction to a Paris couturier. A really good tailor simply doesn't care to sell to a person he doesn't know.

Once a customer, however, such a laxness about bills ensues as nobody in America can understand. One well-introduced American offered his English tailor a check and was told, "I don't want your check—I want your order."

Another man tells that immediately after the War he went to his tailor and asked for his bill.

"Why, what's the matter, sir, you aren't leaving me?" exclaimed the tailor, going white.

"Oh, no, but I haven't paid you since the War began," said the customer, "and I want to settle up."

London is a Man's Town

The tailor, in a dazed way, made out the bill and the customer paid.

"Next week," he relates, "the man died. Everybody blamed me. They said I'd killed him by paying my bill."

But we must get on to the tailors themselves, Thresher and Glenney, for one. Mr. Glenney is treasurer of the Royal Warrant Holders' Association, and the Thresher and Glenney Shop at 152 Strand is the hosiers and colonial outfitting department, while 19 Clifford Street, Savile Row, is the men's tailoring and 5 Conduit Street, the ladies' tailoring and dressmaking department.

The dressmaking began with ladies going out to the colonies and wanting clothes made of the tropical materials used by men. This department is now quite chic and Parisian. Thresher and Glenney is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of all the royal warrant holders, their first dating from the time of George III.

Lord Nelson used to buy his silk stockings at this house and came in to place such an order just after he lost his arm in a fight with a treasure ship off Santa Cruz.

Mr. Thresher naturally hastened to express regret for the loss of the arm, but Nelson cut him short: "Tut, tut, man; damn lucky for you it wasn't my leg. I want a dozen pairs of silk stockings."

David Livingstone, the African explorer, was an-

Tailor by Appointment

other customer and designed the first mosquito net which Thresher and Glenny put into use.

The story of how Jowett, the great master of Ballyol, launched Thresher and Glenny's tailoring department amused us. Dr. Jowett entered the shop one day intent upon ordering shirts. But he was as absent-minded as he was great, and asked for a dress suit instead of a shirt. The member of the firm to whom he spoke never batted an eyelash, but took measurements, procured cloth and sent home the suit. Thereafter Jowett ordered two dress suits and a shooting suit every year, but his measurements were never taken again.

Henry Poole and Company, 37 Savile Row, classic tailor, dresses the banker type. Poole's looks like an art gallery for it is all skylights, designed for the inspection of materials by daylight. The style here is elegant but without exaggeration. The evening clothes are especially good. Poole dressed the late King Edward, the late Ambassador Herrick, and has clothed three generations of Vanderbilts and Goulds. The firm is mentioned in Dickens, though the dignified and courtly manager (who has been there forty-eight years) doesn't remember Dickens himself coming in.

One long corridor at Poole's is lined on both sides with framed royal warrants. Not only English royalties but royalty from other countries are represented: the Khedive of Egypt; the Mikado of Japan;

London is a Man's Town

Napoleon III of France; Maharajahs, past and present; French, Spanish and Italian princes. Many American men who haven't been to England for a decade still get their clothes from Poole. They choose patterns from samples. If the suit doesn't fit, Poole will alter it until it does.

Meyer and Mortimer, Ltd., 36 Conduit Street, just off Savile Row, is very swagger and, to us, the most romantic of all London tailors. It claims to be the oldest of them all and to have made kilts for certain Highland chieftains almost two hundred years ago. The showroom is brightened by a case full of Scotch daggers, Scotch brooches, wonderful bolts of tartan plaids and beautiful rough tweeds in woodland and moorland colorings. On the walls are engravings of former Meyer and Mortimer customers—George III, George IV (a wicked-looking picture of this king), Prince Albert (Queen Victoria's consort—the house made his Prince Alberts) and King Edward. At present this house holds royal warrants from King George V and the Prince of Wales, and is considered especially good for older men.

What makes Meyer and Mortimer so romantic is an old worn ledger, bound in sheepskin and fastened with a huge metal clasp which reveals that these tailors practically costumed the English cast of the Battle of Waterloo! Colonel Synge, Captain Robins, Major-General Payntz, Lord John Somerset, Lord William

Tailor by Appointment

Somerset, the Marquis of Worcester, all bought here before sailing for France. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1810 also traded here continuously, probably not to be outdone by his rival, Beau Brummell. One order was for 1021 pounds, a whopper in those days.

We grew so excited over this old ledger dug out of the cellar that we were invited to look at the firm's chief treasure—a book containing the Highland tartans collected about 1760 and autographed by many of the clan chieftains—McNeill MacLean, Clanronald and Rob Roy McGregor. Meyer and Mortimer still outfit the Highland laddies who can afford to come here—and showed us kilt models which surprised us by having the pleats in the back instead of the front. Only Cockney Highlanders have pleats in front, it was explained. Incidentally, there is enough material in a kilt to make one and a half suits.

Sandon and Company, 8 Savile Row, is a great house for hunting and dress clothes, and is a famous breeches maker patronized by the Prince of Wales, the Meadowbrook Club in New York, Duke of Beaufort, and almost every sportsman you can think of. The basement here contains row on row of paper patterns hanging like so many ghosts of customers. When a customer gets fat or slim it's all recorded on the paper pattern in chalk.

This firm is forty-one years old and was begun by a father and son who came in contact with the best

London is a Man's Town

sporting people, men of the world who spent much money, especially on hunting. Their scarlet coats are marvels of fit and comfort—a hunting coat must be sprung well to get over the back of a horse and since it is of scarlet, a fault that would never be noticed in an ordinary coat stands out. A hunting outfit costs twenty-two guineas without the buttons which may be heirlooms or cost as much as you wish to pay. Most hunting men have two suits a year so that if they fall into a pond with one, the other is ready to don. Women who ride astride can get habits here, too.

F. P. Scholte, 7 Savile Row, dresses South Americans, actors and other dashing dandies. Gordon Selfridge goes here, we understand, and many other wealthy Americans.

Scholte has created a style of his own—one with a very full chest, broad shoulders and narrow hips. He never tried to sell a man a suit of clothes in his life, and if an employee tries to do so, he gets the sack at once. You step in, supposedly needing a certain suit or suits, see materials, decide on a suit, pay for it when it is finished and that's the end of it. You could go there for fifteen years and he would never ask you if you wouldn't like another suit in addition to the one you've just ordered.

Another tailor who holds royal warrants to the King and Prince of Wales as well as to the late King Edward

Tailor by Appointment

is Davies and Son, 19 and 20 Hanover Street. This firm was established in 1804 by the late Thomas Davies.

Anderson and Sheppard, 30 Savile Row, are especially good for young men and all dress clothes, as are Kilgour and French, Ltd., 33A Dover Street, W.I. The former has made clothes for the Prince of Wales. Customers have a different cutter for coat and trousers.

Gieves, Ltd., Royal Naval Outfitters, 21 Old Bond Street, with a back door opening on the Burlington Arcade, made uniforms for officers who fought against America in the War of 1812. Customers' names recall stirring actions at sea. The gallant Captain Broke of *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* fame, and such great naval heroes as Rodney, Howe, Collingwood, Barham and Hood were on the books. The firm had the honor of providing the outfit of King George V when he first joined the Royal Navy and so holds a personal royal warrant to the King, also one to the Prince of Wales.

A naval commander told us that if a British naval officer in China or Chile suddenly needed a dress uniform or a warm overcoat he could cable Gieves who has his measurements and in no time at all the uniform would arrive, a perfect fit. Gieves sells all kinds of civilian clothes and outfittings, too.

Hawkes and Company, Ltd., 1 Savile Row, are military tailors.

London is a Man's Town

If you fancy a tailor with a romantic address there are two in particular—Carr, Son and Woor, Ltd., 14 Savile Row, where the playwright Sheridan once lived; and Harrison and Martin, Ltd., 17 South Molton Street, where William Blake, the poet and painter, lived.

The great authorities on overcoats in London are Simpson and London, 79 Grosvenor Street, W.I.

For riding breeches, Tautz and Company, 12 Grafton Street, is excellent; and H. Huntsman and Sons, 11 Savile Row, furnishes good hunting clothes.

For beautiful evening clothes, Johns and Bonham, Ltd., 38 Albemarle Street, is popular with smart men-about-town.

And for the very best type of ready-to-wear (although they make to measure, too) we can recommend R. W. Forsyth in Regent Street, an old and honored Edinburgh firm that has been in London only about two years. These people can fit you out in tartan kilts, too, brooch and all, if you feel that way about the Highlands or are a member of a clan.

For the Man Who Buys His Own Ties

THE PRINCE OF WALES gets all his dress shirts from Hawes and Curtis, 53 Jermyn Street and the Piccadilly Arcade, and buys his hunting stocks and shirts at Turnbull and Asser, also in Jermyn Street. But don't ask us how we found this out for we can only reply that it certainly was not from the proprietors of the firms mentioned.

His Highness prefers blue for shirts and ties but also has gray ties and black and white ones. Moreover, he sometimes goes the way of all flesh and digs up a "little tailor" to make his riding breeches, then has to go to an expensive one in Savile Row to have them fixed over.

The best hatters and hosiers (English for haberdashers) of London never worry for a minute what the public wants. After all, the public, they reason, doesn't know about these things; they do. Therefore, they design and create their beautiful toppers, perfect cravats and splendid dressing gowns which you take or leave.

That is one side of the picture. The other is that

London is a Man's Town

if you, too, are an individual with really sound notions of your own, they respect you and help you to fulfill your destiny according to your lights, not theirs. Aristocratic country gentlemen go to certain shops all their lives for a type of collar worn when Gladstone was prime minister, or the kind of shirt that men in their family have insisted on for a couple of generations. These little special jobs are all made to order and are carried out with special art and care. The buyers are individuals and respected as such.

James Lock, Ltd., 6 St. James's Street, established by the present proprietor's great-great-grandfather before 1760 in its present building, is as much a London institution as the Tower or the Abbey. Even if you never wore a silk hat and never expect to wear one, take a look at this quaint shop, one of the oldest in London and with a name plate so shiny you can't read it. The bowed, many-paned shop windows contain a wonderful faded collection of old beavers, army and naval full-dress uniform hats dating back to the time of Nelson and the early days of Wellington—one a hat the prince consort designed for the army, another an Indian prince's hunt cap. Inside, all is as quaint as without—the usual royal warrants framed, a bill signed by a king and so on. The place gives you the same feeling of age as the Coliseum by moonlight!

Practically every English monarch since 1760 has bought here and the house made the hat of Nelson

For the Man Who Buys His Own Ties

which is in Westminster Abbey. In the old days this was the club district and all the beaux during the season streamed into town, put up first at their clubs and then hurried to Lock's. When the season finished it was not the thing to be seen in London, so Lock's business went down to nothing. Now, however, trade is brisk the year round.

The coke hat or bowler, we call it a derby, is a specialty here. It's named for Lord William Coke (pronounced Cook), the first to wear a bowler.

The Lock bowler is so hard (hard, because of the shellac over the felt) that it has saved many hunters' lives. A collection of testimonials is actually on file from people who of their own accord wrote in about it, and several English lords have put Lock bowler life-savers under glass in their billiard rooms.

Lock's silk and velvet hats last a lifetime. When a boy goes away to varsity he usually comes here, opens his own account, as did his father and grandfather, and orders a silk hat which lasts him for years.

Scotts, 1 Old Bond Street, is known as the young man's hatter. They make excellent soft hats and are even better known as the shop that always wins the prize at the Olympia horse show for the smartest delivery outfit. It is a cunning cream-colored wagon drawn by two beige-cream horses, with a footman who runs around behind and lets down the back to take

London is a Man's Town

out a swank hat box when the wagon draws up in front of Mayfair houses.

Lincoln, Bennett and Company, 3 Burlington Gardens, is the "classical" hatter. Men used to bet each other Lincoln-Bennetts at horse races and fights. The business is 130 years old. The silk topper is supposed to have been made first by John Fletcher Bennett, son of one of the founders, though Lord Lyndhurst is generally named as its inventor.

Henry Heath is another firm of well-known hatters with shops at several places—the chief one at 105 Oxford Street. This firm makes women's hats, too, and displays the last hat Queen Victoria purchased.

Thresher and Glenny, as we've said before, are prominent hosiers as well as tailors.

Hawes and Curtis, Piccadilly Arcade and Jermyn Street, in the heart of the Club district, is a new firm, established in 1913. Mr. Curtis is an authority on evening dress and has done more to keep shirt fronts from bulging out of up-creeping waistcoats than any other young man in London. Evening shirts and waistcoats are made on scientific mathematical lines—yet are chic withal. Mr. Curtis explained to us that American men have a miserable time in evening clothes because their trousers aren't high enough. Evening trousers must be cut high in the body and worn with braces so that the trouser top is above the waistline. Then you can get a waistcoat to fit.

For the Man Who Buys His Own Ties

Dress shirts must be made so long as to allow an inch to an inch and a half between the top of the trousers and the bottom of the stiff front. The stiff front must be narrow, too, so that it gives the impression of a broad chest. A broad shirt front stands away from the chest instead of lying flat on it. Things have been gradually getting better with shirt fronts though, Mr. Curtis says cheerily. This shop has a tailoring department which Jack Buchanan patronizes.

Turnbull and Asser, 71 Jermyn Street, are specialists in the most beautiful sports ties, shirts, cravats and pull-overs. This is the one London shop which physically as well as spiritually is the masculine counterpart of a feminine Paris establishment. Everything is esthetically right here from the rhinoceros horn door-knobs and bottle-glass panes to the special dressing-gown salons in the basement.

The walls are bordered with sporting prints of famous English huntsmen and racing men, each autographed by the man himself. Upstairs are the scarfs, shirts and Quorn hunting stocks, some embroidered in regimental, or club, or school insignia. Downstairs are the dressing gowns, cabinets full of marvelously figured crêpe de Chines lined in solid colors that harmonize, and are seen under blue bulbs that give perfect daylight. The Duke of York, as well as the Prince of Wales, buys here.

Beale and Inman, 131-132 Bond Street, are also first-

London is a Man's Town

class hosiers as is Thomas Wing, 44 Piccadilly. Then, of course, there is Sulka's; better known in New York and Paris than in London we discover, but very good. Dare and Dolphin, 89 Piccadilly, is another famous hosier.

Beautiful ties can be bought—and it is fun to buy them there, too—in the Burlington Arcade which runs from Piccadilly to the Burlington Gardens, parallel to Bond Street. The arcade was built by Lord George Cavendish in 1819 and most of the shops were established then as can be seen by dates embossed on the windows. The arcade was really London's first department store. The shopkeepers used to live over their businesses with their families. Some of the shops display wonderful novelties such as braces with hand-painted hunting scenes, pink Venuses and the like. Each has a specialty and if somebody copies it, the originator discards it for a new one.

The shops are interesting historically—James Drew, established 1838, for instance, is famous for a patent Duplex stock. Disraeli was a customer here and Gladstone bought the famous collars which Punch said he wore "to hide his cheek."

Englishmen say that Americans never will be really well-dressed so long as they wear such low-heeled shoes. To have your shoes made to measure in London takes about three weeks and you must have two pairs of lasts unless you want to waste three weeks for each

For the Man Who Buys His Own Ties

pair. Lobb, 55 St. James's is a famous bootmaker—a quaint old place. Peal, 487 Oxford Street, also is a well-known bootmaker as is Henry Maxwell and Company, 9 Dover Street, founded in 1750 by Henry Maxwell.

This business has been in the hands of the same family for five generations. Henry Maxwell, the younger, in 1830 invented the spur box for attaching spurs to the heels of Wellington boots, which superseded the old screwed-on spur and has been adopted by every Continental Army. For 140 years nothing but spurs were made by this firm, but now boots and whips have been added. The place has had royal warrants since 1823.

Bartley and Sons, bootmakers, 493 Oxford Street, near Hyde Park, was founded in 1810 and specializes in hunting, military, walking boots, leggings, and the like. Bartley boots have been worn by many distinguished sportsmen of the past century including the great Sir Richard Sutton, once Master of the Quorn Hunt. The firm made all the boots for the staff of the Royal Buckhounds until the pack was abolished; and John Leech, the sporting artist, used to come here for his boots and a chat. Bartley and Sons holds warrants from both the King and the Prince of Wales.

The man who likes clothes will be interested in the fine materials which help to make men's clothes in England the best in the world. Shetland, Harris and

London is a Man's Town

Lewis homespunns are made in the North of Scotland and are renowned for their exceptional colors and qualities. The wool is spun into yarn by the crofters in their huts and then woven into cloth. The dyes are natural and obtained from plants and sea shells. The secret of weaving and washing and dyeing is handed down from parent to child. The reek of peat from cabin smoke distinguishes the Harris tweeds. Although attempts are made at imitating both smell and texture, anybody who knows wool can tell the frauds from the real. No two pieces of genuine Harris are alike. If a crofter stops weaving, a line shows where he stopped and began again.

P. and J. Haggart of Aberfeldy weave tweeds for famous families out of wool grown on their own estates and in their distinctive family patterns. These are used for the family shooting clothes and for tartans. Haggart is an immensely rich man who has danced with the queen! Gordon Selfridge is one of his American customers.

Scott Adie, Ltd., 38 Conduit Street, is probably the best known retail London warehouse for Scotch woolens and cashmeres.

Shetland woolens come from a small active sheep with a profusion of close silky fleece. The four Shetland colors are fawn, gray, white and brown, the last especially popular. All kinds of Shetland products,

For the Man Who Buys His Own Ties

including the Fair Isle sweaters with the giddy wild and woolly designs that the Prince of Wales made popular, can be purchased at Shetland Industries, 92 George Street, Baker Street, W. 1.

The best known English woollens are Cumberland and West of England tweeds, finer and more suitable for town wear than the Scotch ones.

With cheerful irrelevance, we now take up barbers. It amused us to observe the loyalty that the Englishman shows toward what he calls gentlemen's hairdressers. Every Englishman thinks his own the perfect one.

E. S. Hill, 23 Old Bond Street, one man told us, has the same reputation in his business that the Rolls-Royce car has in the automobile trade. This is a big place, established sixty years ago, and now has a woman's hairdressing department which some old customers resent.

G. F. Trumper, Ltd., 9 Curzon Street, cuts the hair of the King and the Prince of Wales.

H. P. Truefitt, 16 Old Bond Street, is another good hairdresser, and Richard's Toilet Salon, 59 Haymarket, is popular with the sporty racing crowd. But our favorite is Norton's, 36 Duke Street, S.W. 1, probably because it's the only barber shop we ever heard of in London—important one, that is—which is run by a woman. Her name is Miss Antoine and she is

London is a Man's Town

successor to the famous Charles Jaschke who cut King Edward's hair and traveled twice around the world as barber to that monarch.

Miss Antoine took over Charles' trade and his methods and lotions when he died. Only the sound of clicking scissors and of razors being lathed is heard at Norton's, for Charles knew his gentlemen didn't like noisy barber shops. All the Conservative party patronize this place, and also such men as Lord Hamilton and Lord Molyneux.

Miss Antoine learned the following points from Jaschke: to know every customer's name without ever asking it; to know every customer's little individual peculiarities—which ones like hot towels and which like mud packs, which a longish hair cut and which a scalp massage followed by oil shampoo, which want their mustaches curled and which trimmed.

Mustaches are a specialty here as they would have to be at any successful London hairdresser's. It isn't every barber who can trim a mustache, and curling one is a fine art. There are excellent beard trimmers here, too—beards and mustaches are trimmed to match the face!

How to be Well-dressed, Though American

DO you rant and tear your hair every time the wife announces that you'll "have to put on your Tuxedo this evening, dear, because we're dining with the Broadstreets"?

Well, here's consolation for you. The well-dressed Englishman changes *his* clothes four times a day! In the morning if he has formal business on hand, he wears a morning coat and dark trousers. Part of the afternoon, he will need an ordinary business suit. For golf, he puts on sports clothes and as a matter of course dons evening dress for dinner.

Before we forget, we have been told to warn Americans against wearing stiff collars and boots with plus fours. It seems they do, and on English shooting parties, too, sometimes! Which reminds us of one of the American stories they tell on Savile Row.

Anybody taking a shooting box in Scotland is told how many stags he and his party may shoot during a certain period. One American who engaged such a shoot, worked out a schedule and warned each invited

London is a Man's Town

guest just how many stags he might exterminate—best friends being allowed the largest number, second-best the next largest, and so on down the line to mere ship-board acquaintances.

A man who had been asked on the party went to a London tailor to order his shooting outfit before he left for Scotland. He commanded what seemed to the tailor a very limited kit for such a houseparty—then explained that he wouldn't need more for his host had already told him he would be allowed only two stags, and as he was a fair shot he could finish his quota and get back to London in less than a week!

Another favorite English anecdote about Americans concerns the garden party given at Buckingham Palace for the Bankers' Convention which was held in London some time ago. The bankers were anxious to wear the right clothes at their first appearance before royalty and mostly went the limit in the way of morning coats and silk hats. Some had a notion that all decent Englishmen wore spats, and donned those, too. But as it was a warm day, most Englishmen at the party left their spats at home. Next morning the gardeners at Buckingham Palace found the bushes full of spats which the Americans had hurriedly removed!

Englishmen usually shudder at the way American men dress on ship-board. The Englishman wears an old pair of gray flannel bags, a sweater and a scarf wound about his neck. The American wears plus fours and

How to be Well-dressed

not only plus fours but *creased* plus fours, which is bad form raised to the nth degree. A plus four, we discover, must *never* be creased.

It was A. F. Curtis, a leading authority on men's clothes, who reported with horror that he saw a man in the Carlton Hotel entrance hall one night last summer wearing brown shoes, a dinner jacket and a straw hat. Says Mr. Curtis: "He was presumably an American—but even so—!"

But Englishmen themselves make sartorial blunders, too, we're here to tell you. Just listen! At the King's own levee last year, one Englishman was actually discovered to have two little bows on his knee breeches where there ought to have been none! The error was pointed out just as he was about to enter the royal presence and he frenziedly offered to tear off the offenders.

"Not enough time, not enough time," the guardsman told him reproachfully, so in he went to meet his King, all wrong as to bows.

He said he would have felt worse than he did about it except that an old admiral in front of him who hadn't been back for a levee in years was having trouble about his gloves. The last time he had come to Court he thought he remembered wearing one glove and carrying the other. But as he moved rapidly kingward he was told that nobody had ever before dreamed of going before His Majesty with a bare hand; so the

London is a Man's Town

poor fellow was finally revealed to his liege lord frantically pulling on the other glove and muttering to himself for all the world like Lewis Carroll's famous White Rabbit, who got into a similar dilemma.

Savile Row, while as temperamental as the rue de la Paix, usually is less expensive, for though it is almost impossible for a man to spend more than twenty-five guineas on a suit, a dress on the rue de la Paix might, and often does, cost ten times as much.

Certain Englishmen pay as much as fifty guineas for a dressing gown, however—that is, for one made of such an exclusive piece of material that the wearer will have the satisfaction of knowing there is none other like it in the world. One customer regularly buys from a tailor three dressing gowns for which he pays fifty guineas, thirty-six guineas and twenty-eight guineas.

Another Savile Row tailor reports a recent order totaling two thousand pounds from a man going round the world. The list included six dozen dress shirts, six dozen day shirts, three dozen tennis shirts, three dozen suits of silk underwear, eighteen pairs of pyjamas, and a dressing gown to match each pair.

An order for underwear amounted to over three thousand pounds. The garments were all hand-embroidered and the makers took more than a year to finish them. Another man buys two dozen ties every month.

How to be Well-dressed

A few men order a dozen new suits at a time, paying twelve to twenty guineas for lounge suits, fifteen pounds for plus fours, and seventeen to twenty-one guineas for dress suits.

Some painstaking soul worked out for us a schedule for a man who would be correctly dressed for every occasion. It included: two summer lounge suits; two winter lounge suits; one gray flannel suit; one dress suit; one dress jacket suit; one knicker suit (every second year); one summer overcoat (every second year); one winter overcoat (every second year); three pairs white trousers; one pair gray trousers; one morning coat suit (a new one every few years).

Which reminds us that we met in London a dozen men, or more, who are said to be the unemotional possessors of at least forty suits of clothes!

Events such as the Fourth of June at Eton, the Eton and Harrow match, Ascot and the Royal Garden Party demand striped or sponge-bag check trousers, a morning coat and a high hat. At Ascot many wear gray toppers. Gray toppers are especially appropriate for the Eton and Harrow match and on this occasion—the height and summit of the social season—a man's fancy may run amuck in the matter of waistcoats, too. He may wear a fancy waistcoat of gray or fawn cashmere, and if he chooses to flaunt an orchid button-hole, nobody will look at him other than admiringly. But appearing in plus fours would be too horrible—

London is a Man's Town

almost as bad as not wearing trousers at all we gather from the comments of Englishmen who have actually seen Americans commit the former crime.

Ascot is dressy as we mentioned, but Goodwood, a smart racing event, demands tweed tailor-mades and negligee.

At Cowes spectators wear white trousers and blue double-breasted reefers.

For a week-end at a shooting box a man requires two shooting suits, a few flannel sports shirts, a rain coat, dinner coat and full evening dress with tails. The shooting suits of course have plus fours but one must be careful about the kind of tweed materials chosen. Heather-colored tweeds and checks are best. Against the heather, the checks are broken up to provide a kind of camouflage so the birds won't notice you until you shoot them and then it's too late. That's why the canny Scots wear plaids. But it's very poor form to wear plaids or a kilt unless you belong to a clan and are entitled to them.

Idiosyncrasies of dress are much more prevalent among Englishmen than American men. For instance, there is Lord Howard de Walden who thinks men dress uncomfortably and often appears at evening parties wearing a black velvet coat, black velvet trousers and soft silk shirt.

Augustine Birrell, once president of the Board of Education, also author of "The Life of Charlotte

How to be Well-dressed

Brontë" and editor of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," wears a big round hat, different from anybody else's.

Mr. David Herbert, Lord Pembroke's second son, prominent socially and sartorially, affects light chocolate sweaters with a form of Byronic shirt.

Lord Blandford often wears an old and battered felt hat. Lord Derby has a passion for very new-looking gray Homburg hats bound with silk. Winston Churchill recently got his photograph into the papers for wearing, on a shoot, a strange, battered, green, felt hat creased à la Napoleon. He has an enormous head which made the hat funnier.

Lord Glanely is seen at all the smart race meets in a pink tartan cravat with huge pink carnation in the buttonhole.

Augustus John, London's most famous painter, is known for the funny bashed-in green felt hat he always wears and for the fact that he seldom wears evening clothes. Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, wears a flowing black tie during the day.

Among men noted for dressing well are: Sir Walter de Frece, husband of Vesta Tilley, the actress, known as the best-dressed man in the House of Commons; Viscount Molyneux, captain in the Royal Horse Guards, young, tall and fair, in short, every girl's ideal of a good-looking Englishman, besides being the son of an earl; Captain Sidney Herbert and his brother Michael, sons of Lady Herbert and nephews of Mrs.

London is a Man's Town

Vanderbilt. Also, Lord Louis Mountbatten and Lord Milford Haven, cousins of the king; Lord Louis' brother-in-law, Cunningham Reid, whose attractive young wife is one of the few women in British society who helps to choose her husband's clothes; Major Humphrey Butler, one of the Prince of Wales' best friends and a great sportsman who is known as an authority on tweeds.

Then there are the Earl of Westmorland, known as Burghy because he was Lord Burghersh before he came into his title, one of the best-dressed men in the hunting and racing world; the Honorable Frederick Heyworth Cripps, second son of the first Baron Parmoor, a great sportsman and fond of yachting and shooting; Harry Melville, a wit and society Beau Brummell, who is a perfect example of good English tailoring, especially in a morning coat.

Finally, we mustn't forget the Duke of Westminster, a brave dashing type; Sir Philip Sassoon, who was private secretary to Field Marshal Haig and parliamentary secretary to Lloyd George; and Lord George Cholmondeley.

Among elder fashion plates may be mentioned the Marquess of Anglesey, heir to the Earl of Uxbridge, and Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, a tall distinguished man noted for dressing well but without hint of the *outré*.

Lord Harewood, Princess Mary's husband, favors

How to be Well-dressed

tweeds but when dressed for formal occasions is the perfect Continental type of *élégant*.

Lord Carnarvon is the tailor's idea of a well-dressed man. The Honorable Lionel Guest, a member of the London County Council, is the pale distinguished type of man with white mustaches, who clings to black and white and meticulously careful clothes—with stiff collar and black tie for day wear.

Lord Balfour sticks to the old-fashioned formal type of dress, too, and the old-fashioned stiff collar. The late Lord Ribblesdale, the perfect type of aristocratic beau during the last century, was loyal to stiff collar, crossed black stock and wide-brimmed silk hat as was Lord Curzon.

In the days of Harry Broadhurst and Keir Hardie, the Labor idea was to defy the top-hat Tories by sporting rough togger. That idea is dead. The younger members of the Socialist party rival the beaux of Mayfair and actually outdo them in the matter of buttonhole bouquets.

Among the stage people who influence American fashions more than the well-dressed Englishman of civilian life, is first of all Jack Buchanan, considered the best-dressed man in England; Sir Gerald du Maurier; Ivor Novello, who dresses well in the Latin manner and Noel Coward, who sometimes is very chic as the man-about-town.

Sir Thomas Beecham, the greatest orchestral con-

London is a Man's Town

ductor in England, is always marvelously dressed, but shoots his cuffs before he begins to conduct.

Michael Arlen is the chief dandy among literary people. He goes in for rather exotic shirts and ties and is reputed to wear marvelous pyjamas and dressing gowns.

Speaking of hats (weren't we at some time or other?)—bishops' hats are supposed to be the most costly in England as well as the most distinctive. We read that the Archbishop of Canterbury on recovering his hat from a Sheppey dyke took it to a "hat hospital" to be repaired. So evidently there are those, too, in England.

It is not at all unusual for men's dress to be described in detail in the journals; and a fashion expert from Tailor and Cutter annually covers the Royal Academy opening and other events where prominent men gather.

The reporter is not always flattering, by any means, and punishes sartorial derelictions with sharp words sometimes, as for instance when he says "Lord So-and-So was clothed, but not dressed."

Returning to Mr. Curtis, who has written a book on men's clothes, we learn that cloth, like machinery and men, requires rest. A suit worn from eight in the morning until eleven at night needs at least twenty-four hours of repose before it is worn again. Then it comes back refreshed. If it has to submit to

How to be Well-dressed

the stress of constant wear, it loses its shape—and dies.

Here are some dress don'ts gleaned from Mr. Curtis:

Don't wear patent-leather shoes in the daytime, or tan boots in London.

Don't wear a stiff collar of whatever kind for golf, or wear evening collars in the daytime except with a black jacket or morning coat.

Don't wear soft-fronted dress shirts except in the complete privacy of the home.

Don't wear black boots unless they have cloth or tan uppers—and be careful about the color of both the latter.

Don't wear a bowler hat with evening dress. The really smart substitute for the rapidly dying-out opera hat is the tall silk hat. Some quite well-dressed men, however, have taken recently to the soft black felt hat with round brim for evening. But this is only for informal occasions, and never should be worn when out with ladies.

Don't wear tan gloves or anything but white with evening dress.

Don't wear a colored muffler at night.

Don't wear spats with tan shoes.

Don't have a colored handkerchief about your person anywhere when in evening dress.

Don't wear a jumper with a town suit.

London is a Man's Town

Don't wear colored socks with evening clothes.

Don't wear anything but a very dark overcoat with evening clothes.

Don't, as American men sometimes do, violate good manners and good dressing by wearing dinner jackets instead of "tails" when ladies are to be present; also by wearing a turned-down collar with a dinner coat.

All of which, if heeded, Mr. Curtis assures us, will make a well-dressed man, even of an American.

Tweeds and Tulle

BEFORE a woman has been in London long, she begins to cast rather a jaundiced eye on all her best clothes, particularly the ones upon which she has just spent large sums in Paris.

This in spite of the fact that she starts by itching to get at all the Englishwomen she sees in order to do them over according to American ideas of smartness. They are so pretty, with their regular features and beautiful complexions, one can't see why on earth London's female population should "dress in mud color" as one American flapper—who arrived with three trunks to attend the London School of Economics—expressed it.

But comes a day when clouds of brown fog roll over London, or torrents of rain flood the streets. And then in your cold, damp, over-dressed misery you long for something warm and cozy and comfortingly old—something in the way of a neutral tweed that won't show the mud when a taxi splashes by. And next day you go out and order one with a Jaeger opera vest to go under it and Newmarket boots reaching

London is a Man's Town

just below the knees. Then you settle down to enjoy England!

It isn't only the weather, however, that makes the clothes Englishwomen wear eventually seem so suitable that you feel out of place in anything more ornate than that little old year-before-last blue crêpe de Chine. It is perhaps partly that vanity and Englishwomen seem so widely separated. About most aristocratic women especially, there is a forthright simplicity, a complete lack of the kind of self-conscious preening and prinking that comes so naturally to French women, and to a lesser degree to Americans. Actually with certain Englishwomen it would seem affectation if they should begin to spend time and money adorning themselves.

Also, for generations Englishwomen have had to sacrifice themselves to men. Education is a costly affair in England and until recently a college education was only for the boys in a family. If a land-poor marquis or earl had six sons they all had to go to Eton or Harrow or Rugby, and later to the varsity. As a consequence mother and sister bought material by the yard and had the village dressmaker hack out a frock or two. And if sister married the son of some neighboring land-poor aristocrat, she fared no better than mother, for her husband or son everlastingly needed new guns or another hunter, or the roof on the turret in the south wing leaked, or the moat had to be drained.

Tweeds and Tulle

So, just as fish in Mammoth Cave are born blind, a blind spot in regard to clothes developed among Englishwomen and it became the style not to be too stylish. In addition to all this, one of the best London dressmakers tells us that Englishwomen really hate to shop. The aristocracy like to spend most of their time in the country and detest coming to town for fittings. During the hunting season you can't drag even the youngest and most frivolous in to buy clothes.

Twice a year during the Season—in the spring and again during the Little Season before Christmas—they come up and discover to their surprise that they haven't a decent stitch to their names. Having lived out-of-doors and gone about for several months with other country people no better dressed than themselves, they actually know nothing about the current length of skirts or the cut of décolletés. They decide they must get "something" and rush to a shop where they know the head, or have favorite saleswomen.

When other people wore their dresses to the knees, grand dowagers continued to wear theirs to the ground. But the funny thing is that no matter what she wears an English lady always looks the part. Of course some London women do go in for clothes. In this beautiful and super-well-dressed group are: the Honorable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes; Lady Louis Mountbatten; Lady Ashley; Lady Alexandra Metcalfe; the young Lady Carnarvon; Mrs. Richard Norton and

London is a Man's Town

Mrs. Dudley Ward, while Lady Victor Paget, Lady Moira Combe, Lady Milbanke, Countess Birkenhead and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke are especially noted for their chic sports clothes in the English manner, generally made in London.

It is considered patriotic to be dressed by London dressmakers and as long as a woman sticks to the English idea of a wardrobe—plenty of tweeds and evening clothes—she can buy in England all the smart clothes needed for English wear. All English dress houses, even those that design their own models, also carry original French models which can be copied in the original materials and colors. And as far as sports clothes and tailor-mades go, most of the best French things of this type are of English inspiration, anyway.

There are only two things to beware of in buying clothes in England: be careful not to buy too elaborate evening clothes, and don't buy too severe models in sports clothes unless you expect to wear them out-of-doors in England. Most London dressmakers reflect the taste of their clients. If these are young and smart the house is run on fashionable lines, which hardly applies to firms providing for the older, more conservative generation.

But some Englishwomen who follow prevailing styles are unwilling to pay big prices for something which does not show value. Well-cut but plain French models are therefore often what in England is called

Tweeds and Tulle

"improved upon" (sometimes beyond recognition) in order to be made more dressy.

English women look their best at race meets, not Ascot but the more typical meets, such as Newmarket. At such affairs and at all kinds of other country events the women wear beautiful country tweeds—usually a coat and skirt, tweed hand bag and tweed hat to match. English coats and skirts are not tricky fancy affairs like some French models with odd length coats, but a slightly feminized version of a man's lounge suit or shooting jacket with a pleated wrap-around skirt instead of trousers.

Tailor-mades for street wear are classic in their severity and made of suitings or dark-colored tweeds. Such suits are very snug-fitting with tight hips and form-fitting sleeves. They cost at the best tailors, \$85 up.

Country tweeds are bulkier, more loosely woven and larger patterns are permitted. Coats hang straighter, fit more loosely and often have narrow belts, like those of Norfolk jackets, placed just above the hips. Shetland and Harris tweeds of unscoured wool with enough natural oils left in them to shed rain are advocated for the countryside.

The right kind of tweed ensembles can be worn in town even to a fashionable London wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. In spring and early autumn light, bright-coloured tweed ensembles costing from

London is a Man's Town

\$100 up, can be worn for festive occasions without fear of a single disapproving lorgnette being lifted.

Several tweed dresses to go under a long tweed coat are also necessary if you visit a lot in England. These are useful for wear during the day in town, or for Sunday luncheon at houseparties when you don't dare look too ostentatiously well-dressed but are permitted to be smart in a casual tweedy fashion. These are \$50 up.

Wherever cosmopolitan sports women play golf or tennis, or climb mountain peaks, Fortnum and Mason tweed suits and accessories dominate the scene. Fortnum's is one of the handsomest shops in Piccadilly and is really London's finest grocery store.

A courageous woman named Maudsley started the woman's clothes department, beginning with scarves and mufflers, then going on to sweaters. Soon golf champions, princesses who spend their time at Biarritz and North Berwick for the philanthropic purpose of supplying rotogravure editors with sports pictures for the Sunday papers, and America's best-dressed country club fiends were wearing Maudsley-selected sweaters. Finally, Miss Maudsley was given an entire floor where you can find ready to wear, or have copied to fit you the best French and English models.

When a rich Englishwoman wants something for a romantic occasion she immediately thinks of Norman Hartnell, the Cambridge undergraduate who is one

Tweeds and Tulle

of the few English dressmakers as well-known in Paris and New York as in London. His clothes have the dramatic quality essential to tall ravishing women who like to make entrances, and likewise assure the plain woman that she will be noticed at her own wedding or her presentation at Court.

Hartnell was discovered while a Cambridge student by a fashion writer on the *Evening Standard* who liked the costumes he had designed for a varsity show. While she admitted it was not in her province to suggest possible careers for Cambridge young men, this reporter pointed out to "the young man named Hartnell" that London needed a good couturier and that she hoped he would attempt to fill the rôle. Hartnell wrote the *Standard* inquiring for suggestions. The reporter, apparently more practical than most of her kind, found him a job as apprentice at an old established firm and Hartnell abandoned the academic life and settled down at fifteen dollars a week to learn the dress-making business.

After three months he started for himself, his clientele being the mothers, sisters and loved ones of loyal fellow students. Some of these patronesses of early-Hartnell are still among the long list of his distinguished clients which today include Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mrs. Richard Norton, Lady Ashley, Lady Evelyn Guinness and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. Hartnell's bridal gowns and "picture" evening

London is a Man's Town

dressess are popular with American girls who are tall and long-boned like their Anglo-Saxon cousins. His inspiration ranges from a Gobelin tapestry or an Italian painting to a stretch of trolley lines. But still oftener he is inspired to his best efforts by the perfectly awful clothes that he sees some Englishwomen wearing.

In decorous Mayfair the modernistic black and white front of Paris Trades stands out like Mardi Gras in the midst of a dull gray winter. Famous for its excessively chic and practical English sports clothes, the house is French from its perfumed atmosphere downstairs to Martin's slightly risqué murals upstairs. The lovely sports things at Paris Trades have a French softness and feminine charm which attract English society women like the beautiful Lady Carnarvon, the Honorable Mrs. Norton, Lady Carrington and the Countess of Oxford and Asquith.

Paris Trades specialities are soft woolly clothes for active sports wear. There are suits with cardigans, tweeds that look like knitted fabrics, and jumper suits in knitted fabrics that look like tweeds. Close color harmonies, perfect workmanship and good taste in details such as buttons and braid contribute to that casual elegance which is as costly at Paris Trades as it is elsewhere in London. The business began life humbly in a Berkeley Street basement under the direction of Mr. George Fitzgeorge and Miss R. Taylor, daughter

Tweeds and Tulle

of Lady Taylor. Both travel about a great deal and mingle in society with the kind of chic people who are a cult with fashion writers. Lately, evening dresses built on sports lines have been introduced into the collection for modern young women who don't care for themselves in fussy clothes.

When you read in the *Morning Post* that Princess Mary appeared at a dinner given by the Duchess of Devonshire in a fetching turquoise blue creation sprinkled with diamants, or that the Duchess of York opened a children's hospital beautifully gowned in a chic green ensemble you can be pretty certain that both costumes came from Handley Seymour, a quiet little establishment one flight up at 47 New Bond Street.

Some amusing French prints and beautiful lady-like mannequins are the establishment's only gestures towards ornamentation. The atmosphere is as genteel as a dressmaking business dedicated to feminine vanity can possibly be. Practically all of Princess Mary's trousseau, with the exception of her wedding dress, and the Duchess of York's entire bridal outfit came from here. Think of the tact it must require gently to keep royalty to the fashionable line and skirt length! Clothes for all occasions, all ages, and all types, from chic young débutantes who want Paris models to dowagers who have been wearing black velvet and sequins for forty years, can be found here. Some are French

London is a Man's Town

models, others the designs of Mme. Handley Seymour, an interesting personality whose friends, Mrs. Pat Campbell and Marie Tempest, buy their clothes from her as does the comédienne, Irene Vanbrough.

The classic tailor-made-backbone of every English-woman's wardrobe flowers into full-blown perfection under the cutter's scissors at Derryls, 54 Knightsbridge. Whatever your prejudices may be against the severely mannish coat and skirt to be worn with a fur, they will undoubtedly disappear when you have seen a mannequin parade across this tiny informal shop. A Derryls suit fits so perfectly that the mannequin looks as though she had been melted down and poured into it. Cut like an exaggeration of a man's suit made by the best London tailor, the coats have broad shoulders, snug hips, a pronounced waistline and incomparable sleeves.

Derryls make all types of sports clothes, coats for town and country and summer resorts, also evening dresses cut on tailored lines. But a different cutter is responsible for each type of garment, and the customer always gets the cutter who made the original, a system which we wish were found always in Paris. The house also designs its own materials which are quite individual and well suited to Derryls' style.

If you are looking for tweeds that are serviceable yet never dingy and dull, country clothes that can get soaking wet yet spare you the humiliation of making

Tweeds and Tulle

you look an awful frump at a houseparty, go to Norah Crampton whose shop is at 29 Davies Street, W. 1.

Half English and half Irish, the dynamic Norah has won for herself the title of the "cleverest dressmaker in London." There are no tricks to her clothes which are well-finished and workmanlike (to use an overworked English phrase). But they are also amusing (to use an overworked American phrase), of novel, yet sensible materials, and tailored so carefully that even young women customers who usually look perfect frights in the kind of heavy woollens you must wear in Scotland for the shooting, are for once perfectly turned out in sports ensembles.

Miss Crampton knows what well-bred people wear in the country because she herself lived in a fine house in the Midlands before her family lost their money and she turned village dressmaker for the county aristocracy. Particularly successful with tweed clothes, she moved into the hunting country, lived next door to the Warwickshire Kennels and after many hardships (she says she often lived on sheep's head for a week at a time) made such a reputation for herself that she set up shop in Mayfair where her reputation continues to grow.

English ladies who like to get their best clothes quietly rather than in the midst of perfumed French uproar know that they can find a feminized version of the sports mode, dressy ensembles and alluring eve-

London is a Man's Town

ning dresses in Ann Talbot's dove-gray establishment, 5 George Street, Hanover Square.

The owner, Mrs. Roberts, was born in New York of an American mother, but has the War to thank for her very large American clientele. It was in the unlucky year of 1914 that she began to make clothes for numbers of American women whose husbands were in London for business or military reasons. At first she did her own sewing as well as designing, but now in enlarged quarters she merely designs and oversees.

Talbot clothes show a decided French influence as Mrs. Roberts shuttles back and forth across the Channel in search of new ideas and trimmings to add an enticing feminine touch to utilitarian English clothes. Many of her clients allow her a free hand in selecting their entire wardrobe, and if you are one of those people who never know what they look well in until they see it on somebody else, she may be just what you need. Her clients include the Honorable Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, famous for her passion for green, Mrs. Edward Lascelles and Lady Montagu Allen.

A month before the Season's first Court, the handsome old house at 50 Grosvenor Street, which was once the Roumanian legation, is crowded with excited young damsels trying to make up their minds whether they will curtsy before Queen Mary in white satin with a real lace train or one of delicate tulle.

Reville-Terry, now established in the house where

Tweeds and Tulle

Queen Marie once entertained her royal relatives while visiting England, probably makes more Court gowns per season than any other British dressmaker. The house has a flair for show-piece frocks—clothes that verge on the spectacular yet never forget themselves to the extent of being anything but excellent taste. The Queen of Spain comes here when she is shopping in London, as does the Queen of Norway. Mrs. Dawes, wife of the American Ambassador, had her first Court train hung here; and Pola Negri, Gilda Gray and Constance Collier are among Reville-Terry clients.

Some of the clothes on display are French models but many are designed by Mr. Reville-Terry who is continually traveling in search of inspiration, especially for beautiful color combinations.

Not Forgetting the Little Ones

LITTLE girls of the British Empire wear pink one season, yellow the next—and each time for the same reason, that it is the color preferred just then by their small blond Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, who may some day become Queen of Great Britain.

Actually, the princess, dubbed Lillybett by herself before she could talk plain, is a good deal more interested in her fat pony, Daisy, than she is in party dresses, whatever the color; but despite her indifference to things sartorial, her attire pretty well determines whether there'll be world-wide shirring, tucking or smocking on the little girl frocks that American mothers buy in London. For despite the adorable children's clothes to be bought in France, England is conceded to set juvenile styles and many American women outfit the inhabitants of the nursery anew on each London visit.

The Princess Elizabeth began to influence the mode from the cradle, for her mother, even in such a painstakingly hygienic and practical age as the one in which

Not Forgetting the Little Ones

her daughter was born, believed in frills for babies, especially girl babies, and dressed her own accordingly. The result has been that all succeeding crops of English infants have spent the first three or four months of their lives wrapped in delicate clouds of hand-embroidered nainsook and real lace, for all the world like their Victorian grandmothers at the same age.

Baby dresses a yard long and longer, trailing streamers of ribbon and long coats with flowing capes came back at once, not only for stylish christenings, but for ordinary wear, and have remained in the face of efforts of hygienists to do away with them.

The reversion to frills had the support of a very powerful element in the English household—Nanny, the queen of the nursery. Once a duchess had stamped long dresses with her approval, Nanny seized upon them and now grudgingly clips off the skirts of her charge a bare inch or two at a time. Long skirts lend an air of luxury, and every Nanny rebels if her baby isn't smart and costly-looking.

One American mother sojourning in London had the most fearful row this year with the Nanny in her home on just this point. Master One-Year-Old was put into gingham rompers and Nanny was displeased.

"They look like Cook's apron," said she, disdainfully, and refused to take the child out that day. It developed then that she had been in the habit of wheeling him into a fashionable corner of Hyde Park where

London is a Man's Town

the little son of a Duke slept in his pram. She was so crushed and felt so bitterly the social stigma of the gingham that she finally changed her promenade to the Kensington Garden side of the park, which by some unwritten law is frequented by children less securely placed socially.

The park is the center of youthful life in the great city. Most children spend six or seven hours of the day there, rolling hoops, sailing boats or sleeping in prams. And about three every afternoon, there is great excitement for the fairy princess, H.R.H. Elizabeth herself, dressed perhaps in her favorite pink satin bonnet with pink silk frock and white-furred coat to match, drives through the park in an open carriage with her mother and nurse. The British public gathers at this hour to look at her, and she kisses her bit of a hand to them and displays her dimpled, irresistible smile.

Mothers and Nannies, even while they are saying, "Bless her little heart, isn't she the loveliest ever!" are avidly noting every button and ruffle of her costume and next week there is an outburst of home-made replicas. Manufacturers, too, familiarize themselves with the details of her wardrobe and turn out models which duplicate as many features as possible.

At the same time that the princess drives in the park, small future dukes, duchesses and the like are doing a promenade there, dressed in their best, and

Not Forgetting the Little Ones

usually accompanied these days by their mothers; for the Duchess of York appears in public so often with her child that she has set a new fashion for society mothers and rendered almost obsolete a story that used to go the rounds.

It seems a rich woman, walking in Hyde Park, met a nurse wheeling a beautiful child in a pram. The woman was so struck by the appearance of the child that she asked to whom it belonged.

"Why—to—to you, ma'm," stammered the amazed and flustered nurse.

So important are children's clothes in London that a school for mannequins has a special branch where picked children are taught the art of wearing clothes correctly and displaying them to perfection. The pupils are of all ages from crawlers to thirteen-year-olds and one of the lessons is in make-up!

Influenced slightly by the Kate Greenaway and Little Lord Fauntleroy traditions of England, English mothers have always dressed their children for best in a more babyish fashion than the French. So the "sweet" effect is usually emphasized in the real English shops in contrast to that Gallic smartness of complicated cut and line which certainly makes children look adorable but rather marionettish.

Most of the royal children of Europe, even from as far away as the Balkans, get their party clothes in England. The prices they pay are rather royal, too. Little

London is a Man's Town

dressess not more than twenty inches in length may cost sixty, seventy-five or even a hundred dollars; and one house which goes in for handwork and advocates childish material, cut and finish, never copies its best models more than twice. Its customers therefore pay well for exclusiveness.

The most enchanting frills in London are to be seen at fashionable weddings. Every big marriage has child attendants—in fact, some brides ask only children to stand up with them. The pages on these occasions often wear red trunks and hose, with red velvet capes hanging from their shoulders and the child bridesmaids red medieval frocks. Such costumes undoubtedly influence the everyday mode, too, for the exact reproductions of historical Shakespearian or Victorian costumes in velvet and silk prove so entrancing that they are often copied in modified form for general wear, as in the puff sleeve and bouffant skirt.

A London beauty parlor specializes in making children up for weddings and the like. Experts in this place fluff and curl the hair and very delicately tint the small faces. This practice inspired a recent cartoon in *Punch* which may seem funnier in England than it does here. The artist depicted a tiny girl just home from a party and telling her father all about it.

"Oh, Daddy, it was tragic!" she lamented. "Just as I arrived, I remembered that Nanny had forgotten to brush my eyebrows!"

Not Forgetting the Little Ones

On Bond Street in London is the most famous children's tailor in the world—Rowe's of sailor suit fame. The Bond Street branch turns out only children's clothes, and outfits boys and girls from kindergarten years through their teens, supplying everything from toothbrush, napkin ring and school linen to Junior's first tail coat and silk hat. All the children of royal European families, in the days when there were a good many more crowned heads than at present, were clothed at Rowe's and young King Michael of Rumania now gets ridiculous little dinner coats, lounge suits and sports clothes there. Usually his nurse comes over to order for him, but on the important occasion of going into his first long trousers, he came himself and proudly demanded two extra pockets which he needed for storing certain private possessions.

The Prince of Wales wore Rowe sailor suits, as did the Duke of York, Prince George and Princess Mary. The princes of Sweden and Italy, Lady Astor's boys and Jackie Coogan are others who have been, or are now, on the Rowe books. Every child for whom a garment is made gets two fittings and enjoys them. These clothes are supposed to justify their Bond Street prices because of cut and durability. It is modestly claimed, indeed, that the materials will wear forever, even when tested by the most active boys. Cutters and fitters here are trained in juvenile tailoring, nothing else. They study the child's figure as it grows and develops and

London is a Man's Town

leave ample turnings in the proper places so that suits can be worn for several seasons.

The clothes of English and American boys differ not only as to style and cut but even as to material. The modern English boy prefers looser clothes, for one thing, not so much belted or so high-waisted as those of the American boy. Also, the English boy uses knickers or plus fours only for sport, and in no material except tweed. And while he wears gray flannel all the year round, he never has it made into knickers.

Undoubtedly one reason that the British man is so well-dressed is that he is taught to wear dress-up clothes so early in life. A fitter who goes to America for his firm tells us that the English boy begins at nine to choose the materials and style for his clothes, while the American boy at that age is still indifferently wearing what others select for him.

Until he is eight, the English boy is kept in shorts and Marlboroughs—the latter what we should describe as little brothers to the morning dress coat and gray trousers of adults. From eight to thirteen, he wears Eton suits for dress occasions, long-trousered ones after he is ten and long trousers for all occasions after eleven. With the Eton, on Sundays and holidays, go a top hat and usually a black waistcoat and black tie, though on very dressy occasions the young fop substitutes a white waistcoat and white tie.

At the age of nine or ten, the first dinner coat is

Not Forgetting the Little Ones

purchased. And with it, until the boy is thirteen, are worn white waistcoats, white bow ties and Eton collars for state occasions. After the age of thirteen, wing collars, black tie and black waistcoats like Dad's are correct.

Tails are worn as early as fourteen or fifteen. At smart public schools, morning coats, gray trousers and the rest are worn as soon as the boy is considered tall enough; and silk hats are worn even with Eton suits—hats which look dandy for about a month but after a few fights at school become a trifle less spick and span.

The English boy's beau ideal of style is the Prince of Wales, and on the whole he is as slavish an imitator as his little sister who wears things because Princess Elizabeth has them on in the colored picture of her that Nanny keeps on the mantelpiece!

Debenham and Freebody show the most beautiful ready-to-wear children's clothes we saw in London. They copy original models to fit, and will change colors and materials, too.

The White House, at 51 New Bond Street, offers entrancingly frothy bits of organdy and lace for the young. There are christening robes here that cost twenty-two guineas and some that are cheaper, of course. Liberty's and Needlewoman, Ltd., 126 Regent Street, have smocked dresses.

P. Steinmann and Company, a French firm, special-

London is a Man's Town

ize in real lace and delectable child creations for all occasions.

Wendy's, 16 North Audley Street, also has charming models.

Harrods' have adorable children's masquerade costumes that make wonderful gifts to take home. The guards' uniforms with tall black busbys, Highland chieftain's suits, Spanish toreadors' outfits and so on would delight any boy; and there are fine effects for girls, too. Harrods' also offers charming choice for the brother and sister who are dressed alike.

Miss Madeline Keyes, 168 Ebury Street, S.W. 1, is patronized by many chic English children and is excellent for growing girls.

The Treasure Cot Company, Ltd., 103 Oxford Street, has everything from layettes and nursery equipment to prams and maternity gowns at almost any price. The catalogues have no store name or title on them, for a manager explains that Englishwomen still have a great feeling of delicacy about tiny garments and expectations. So they advertise that nameless catalogues will be sent. Checks may also be made to a saleswoman so that even the bank may be kept in the dark. Maternity clothes are really stunning here and inexpensive, too.

The modern baby can pack his clothes in his traveling bathtub purchased here, and then open it out at the journey's end for his bath.

Not Forgetting the Little Ones

The English pram is interesting—has especially fine springs so that the baby can sleep in his carriage out-of-doors until he is quite well-grown. The Treasure Cot specializes in a small cheap make of pram—only five guineas—for Colonials and American tourists in town for a short time, and not wishing to fetch a carriage from home.

Gorrings's, in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1, is a good place to buy warm woolen things for both boys and girls.

Nursery furniture can be bought at Lord Robert's Disabled Soldiers' Workshops, 120 Brompton Road, S.W. 3. It is scaled small, is well-made and has gay nursery pictures on it.

The Older, the Better

ANTIQUE hunters in the audience will probably get considerable support for arguments with unsympathetic families when we tell them that the Queen is supposed to be the greatest authority in England on antiques, and an inveterate collector. She is also responsible for the really charming arrangement of the London Museum, where you will find all kinds of royal curios including Queen Victoria's baby dress and her wedding gown.

Queen Mary has made a business-like inventory of the priceless antiques in all the palaces occupied by the royal family, too, and loves nothing better than spotting a new treasure somewhere and buying it for Buckingham Palace. One of her favorite shopping routes is Wigmore Street which is full of antique shops.

Nearly every London street has attractive antique shops with well-arranged contents, while whenever a fine old country house is sold, collections of furniture and other art objects pass through various auction

The Older, the Better

rooms such as Christie's, Sotheby's and Knight, Frank and Rutley's.

These important sales are announced in the newspapers and are attended by everybody interested in collecting. The best sales at Christie's are in the spring, though they go on all the year. Lots of people find amusement in dropping in here at teatime to browse about among the articles for sale. There is always something curious to look at even if there is nothing of great value.

Sotheby's, where many book auctions are held, also has good antique sales and like many other important and absolutely reliable London antique dealers, always has on hand priceless objects. Others in this class are: Partridge's, 26 King Street, St. James's (rather expensive) and A. Edwards, 59 Wigmore Street, W. 1.

Queen Anne walnut furniture has lately been in great demand among Americans; but Elizabethan oak, after years of neglect, is coming into its own again. A much-worn late-sixteenth-century draw-end oak dining table which cost its original owner fifty pounds was sold recently at a dealer's for 1,280 pounds. Another brought the record sum of 2,150 pounds; and thirteen oak benches from a Lancashire church realized 10,250 pounds.

Here is a miscellaneous list of antique shops in various sections of the city: Miss Falcke, 65 George

London is a Man's Town

Street, Portman Square, W. 1, old needlework and furniture as well as old china; Hotspur, Ltd., 16 Buckingham Palace Road, fascinating small objects, often old earthenware jars; Peter, 18 Buckingham Palace Road; Miss M. Locking, 6 Baker Street, old English furniture and china, also painted lamp shades to go with old English vases.

Also: Marryat and Company, 36 Baker Street; the Tudor Gallery, Gilbert Walter, 64 South Molton Street, W. 1, old English furniture, decorations, curtains and carpets; Roberson's, Ltd., 217 Knightsbridge; Doré Bloom, Ltd., 64A Charlotte Street, W. 1 (many in this district); A. G. Harrison, 42 Beauchamp Place, S.W. 3 (this is a street of antique shops); Mallett and Son, 40 New Bond Street, one of the swank kind with a shop at Bath, too.

Speaking of sales, which we were a moment ago, the American in London must watch out for the "rigged" variety. A rigged sale is arranged in an ingenious way. An empty house of a pretentious character, in a good residential neighborhood, is taken by certain crooked dealers. The place is made to look as if it were occupied and is filled from cellar to attic with furniture, pictures and crockery of which the dealers wish to rid themselves. The moving is done mostly at night or in the very early morning in order to excite as little suspicion as possible.

Then an advertisement appears in the papers that

The Older, the Better

the contents of this "well-known" or "celebrated" house are to be sold, with the result that on the first day of the auction, the public arrives, eager to bid for the "bargains" of which they have read.

The sad part about collecting old glass in England is that it is so rare. One dealer told us that only about sixty per cent of what is sold as old really is. Another dealer said that it is absolutely impossible to get sets of really old glass—the best you can do is to pick up rare single pieces, a glass here and there. Good pieces of Waterford, for instance, of the period of 1790, fetch huge prices, and Tudor glass is almost impossible to find at any price; while a piece of Jacobean will fetch practically whatever anybody is willing to pay.

There are dealers along Beauchamp (pronounced Beecham) Place, S.W. 3, and also shops along King's Road, which sometimes have good pieces of old Bristol. These shops are visited regularly by Englishwomen who wish to add to the gay colored bottles and glasses that brighten their library tables.

Cecil Davis, 8 St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington, W. 14, specializes in antique glass and is the most famous in London in this line. Another specialist is Arthur Churchill, 10 Dover Street, who used to be with Mortlock. He deals in old glass and drinking glasses.

The Caledonian Market in the Caledonia Road is a

London is a Man's Town

good place to pick up real treasures. Dirty bottles and glasses set out on sacking spread on the ground often prove, after an application of soap and water, to be stunning Bristol pieces embellished with gold. We know one woman who paid seven shillings, six pence, for a bottle whose mate was on display for seventy-five shillings in a Brompton Road shop a week later. By the way, a tall bottle with a stopper cut like a flame will be particularly valuable—if you can find one! Tuesday and Friday mornings is the time to go to the market.

Old glass, especially Bristol glass, is reproduced nowadays in charming and useful sets. Fortnum and Mason's basement has a fine display—especially pieces in cobalt blue. James Powell and Sons, 98-100 Wigmore Street, also deal in all kinds of glass—everything from copies of old chandeliers, vases and bowls to stained glass.

And finally, the Venetian Glass Galleries, 81 Knightsbridge, offer Venetian glass in case you forget to buy yours in Venice.

London is rich in old silver and old china. It's a bad idea, however, just to blunder into any attractive-looking silver shop unless you have a certain knowledge of silver and Sheffield.

True, bargains are to be picked up by the knowing in the numerous second-hand silver shops on Oxford Street and Queens Road, for instance, where silver

The Older, the Better

which has been pawned and not claimed is found. But some of the things offered are not bargains.

Shops which deal in reproductions of old silver are best in Regent Street, and others which deal both in the finest antique silver and the best reproductions, are to be found in King Street, St. James's and neighboring streets, Bond Street and streets just off Bond.

Mr. C. L. Appleby at Spink and Son, Ltd., 5-7 King Street, St. James's, S.W., which deals in fine old English silver and Sheffield plate, says: "Any London shopkeeper who thinks he can sell things to an American at any price simply because he is rich is in error. Americans are knowledgeable about all antiques and have excellent taste in antique silver."

He pointed out, for instance, that while he might miss the tiny hall mark on silver which tells of its maker, an American woman never would. But she would usually discover it when it was too late for Spink's to charge the price that the hall mark merited!

"American women are very sharp about such things," we were told at several silver shops. All London shopkeepers have a terrified respect for American women shoppers.

Fads in silver among Americans change. Suddenly one day, apparently without a word being spoken, dozens of women travelers will come into Spink's asking for Georgian coffee services, or epergnes of the Adam period, or boat-shaped tureens made in 1790.

London is a Man's Town

Nothing else will do and the shopkeepers are in despair. If silversmiths and antique dealers in London could only know about these crazes in advance as fashion experts foretell changes in dress modes, they could make fortunes; but apparently all they have to go on is a general observation that silver fads change about once every five years.

A good judge of old silver can tell its birthplace at a glance, and experts can tell its approximate natal year. Exeter and Newcastle silver is more delicately and finely wrought than that made in London in the old days. Piece for piece, historic old Exeter silver is better than other makes, we were told, and outside of London it fetches more than the silver of any provincial city. There are good Exeter pieces as early as James I, and during the late seventeenth century many fine pieces were made.

Newcastle silver—consisting chiefly of domestic pieces—is much sought after because it's so rare. The best period is 1720-1800. There are fine ecclesiastic and domestic pieces to be had in Lincoln, too.

Sheffield ware—as everybody is supposed to know who buys silver in London—is made by cutting out a sheet of copper, then cutting out two sheets of silver of the same size and fusing and rolling all together. Sheffield comes from Birmingham and London, as well as from Sheffield. The silver deposit was heavier and the craftsmanship better in the old days. The best

The Older, the Better

pieces as to value are marked with a cattle bell, a pipe or an elephant's head, the last also with the initials "GA," the first two letters of the name of Robert Gainsford, a famous Sheffield silversmith.

Americans like a crest on old silver and like it better if they know whose crest it is. But monograms, no matter how old or noble, are not in demand.

Garrard and Company, 24 Albemarle Street, are goldsmiths and jewelers to the Crown—actually to the Crown, not merely the king. Their duties include supervision of the royal state jewels. The firm's first royal appointment was as goldsmith to H.R.H. Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II in 1739. Every succeeding monarch has renewed the warrant. The celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond was recut on the premises in 1852. Recently the firm supplied the crown worn by the Queen at Westminster Abbey, and the imperial crown which the King wore at the Delhi Durbar in India.

The establishment of Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112 Regent Street, is also patronized by the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales. This firm is famous for its presentation plate. Presentation plate is that formal sort of silver that is given to people like lord mayors or prime ministers by an admiring public.

Other jewelers who deal in antique silver are: Walter Willson, 28 King Street, S.W. 1, a shop with many

London is a Man's Town

charming small objects as well as large ones, including snuff boxes and butter drains; Dobson and Sons, 14 Grafton Street, W. 1, another attractive small shop; Harman and Company, 177 New Bond Street, with royal warrants from both King and Queen; Walker and Hall, Ltd., 45 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1; Mappin and Webb, 172 Regent Street and 158 Oxford Street; and H. N. Veitch, 7 Carlton Street, S.W. 1.

Omar Ramsden, St. Dunstan's Seymour Place, Fulham Road, S.W. 10, is a silversmith reproducing in handwrought silver some of the best old silver. His work which is signed is almost as valuable as antiques. His specialty is a small mazer bowl made of maple wood and handwrought silver which is valuable not only because of the workmanship and metal but because maple is so rare.

Rochelle Thomas, 10, 11 and 12 King Street, St. James's, is probably the most important London shop dealing exclusively in old china. A huge stock is carried here—sometimes as many as 2,000 sets at one time, some of 200 pieces. This house specializes, not only in rare china, but in the traditional old English makes that are hard to find in complete sets.

Oriental Lowestoft is in the greatest demand and is the most expensive. Of the English sets, Worcester and Crown Derby are the most expensive and may cost from 250 pounds to 1,000 pounds per set. Some of the

The Older, the Better

best were originally made especially for old county families, and bear crests.

Americans love a pedigree even in china and will pay a much higher price for sets with known origins. Some of the county families, though, are too proud to allow this kind of information to be sold along with the china. There are few sets here dated earlier than 1750, but we did see one little claret jug with the date 1651 forming part of its decoration.

Thomas is constantly getting in new sets, as his scouts scour the countryside whenever there is a sale or auction, and people who have china to sell naturally come to him. This house sends photographs and descriptions of all wares to America and does a big mail order business.

Mortlocks, at 9 North Audley Street, oldest china establishment in the world, has supplied dinner and tea sets for seven sovereigns. The firm formerly did a more important business in antique china and glass than now. At present it sells mostly modern china and replaces pieces in sets scattered all over the world. Among old customers are practically every court in Europe and all of the English royal castles from Windsor to Balmoral. Our own millionaire aristocracy—Vanderbilts, Astors and so on—used to get china here, too, and often send for replacements. The manager, who has been at Mortlocks' almost fifty years, mourns for

London is a Man's Town

the days when people bought sets of 150 pieces, each plate hand-painted by an artist. Minton china which reproduced old Sèvres designs, was a favorite then.

It seems that china most in demand among American hostesses has pictures of castles on it, discussion of which gets the dinner talk off to a good start!

Among modern china shops, many dealing in perfect reproductions are Thomas Goode and Company, 19 South Audley Street, W. 1; Soane and Smith, Ltd., 27 Brompton Road; and Lawley's, 154 Regent Street.

You can also get good inexpensive china, amusing little things like small soup cups with lids to them, at Peter Jones' department store in Sloane Square.

Innumerable small shops deal in antique china—almost all antique furniture shops do.

Among china stores acting as Wedgwood agents are: Goode and Company (mentioned above); Heal and Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W. 1; Harrods, Ltd., Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1; Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W. 1; and Whiteley, Ltd., Queens Road, Bayswater. If the prospective patron doesn't care for the patterns shown, he can be taken to the Wedgwood wholesale headquarters where he can leave orders for articles to be specially made.

You can't get away from books in London. Sandwich men carry signs fore and aft advertising Ethel Mannin's latest opus as Broadway announces a new Ziegfeld revue; and posters in the underground advise

The Older, the Better

you not to miss the best novel yet produced by Warwick Deeping.

But old books are the chief temptation. The street of second-hand bookshops is Charing Cross Road which is solid with big mussy-looking shops. Some of the choicest wares are piled up on stalls outside so that you can rummage among them to your heart's content. Indoors the books are classified by floors—biography and fiction perhaps on the first floor, travel on the second, science on the third. If you can't find what you want the shop is often glad to advertise for you. It's a grand way to get books that are out of print.

W. and G. Foyle, Ltd., 119-125 Charing Cross Road, is one of the most important and largest book places in this part of the city. Upstairs is a fine modern lecture room where intellectuals, hatless but wearing the conventional horn-rimmed spectacles with scarfs twined about their throats, à la Greenwich Village, congregate to hear some of the really interesting modern English authors read from their works.

J. Poole and Company at No. 86, P. J. and A. E. Dobell at No. 77 and F. B. Neumayer at No. 70 Charing Cross are also big shops.

Among de luxe shops dealing in antique books and those with fine bindings is Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., with a tiny shop at 11 Grafton Street. Quaritch has sold books to all our most important collectors such as J. P. Morgan, Jerome Kern and Newton.

London is a Man's Town

Henry Sotheran and Company, 43 Piccadilly, founded by Thomas Sotheran in 1816, is one of the oldest firms of booksellers in the country and deals in all types of rare books, but specializes in scientific books. Catalogues from here go all over the world and are well worth keeping.

Sotheran is bookseller and bookbinder by appointment to the King, and exhibits the most luscious binding we have ever seen—tooled morocco with miniatures on ivory, illustrative of the author or work, set into the cover. This is a special invention of J. H. Stonehouse and each miniature is designed by the famous Miss Currie who has painted 3,000 of them for Sotheran's in the past twenty-five years.

Hatchard's, 187 Piccadilly, across the street, is also bookseller to the King and is as famous for modern books as for ancient ones.

The shop of John and Edward Bumpus, 350 Oxford Street, W. 1, established 1780, is another important one. The Bumpus building was once the stopover for notorious criminals on their way from Newgate Prison to the Tyburn Tree to be hung. In the basement are still the cells where they were kept.

Among other dealers in antique books are Francis Edwards, Ltd., a vast shop at 83 High Street, Marylebone, W. 1; Charles Sawyer, who has a charming small shop with quaint bowed window at 12-13 Grafton Street; Henry Stevens, Son, and Stiles, 39 Great Russell

The Older, the Better

Street, opposite the British Museum, dealing in children's quaint old books and also colored maps ranging in price from ten shillings to ten pounds; Elkin Mathews, 33 Conduit Street, where are often on display old books on the theatre, plays and programs, some amusingly grotesque; Maggs Brothers at 34 Conduit Street; Birrell and Garnett, 30 Gerrard Street, a modern shop in Soho; Individualists' Book Shop, 53 Victoria Street, S.W. 1; and for foreign books and papers, the Librairie Internationale, 69 Russell Square and the Librairie Européenne at the corner of Charlotte and Percy Streets across from the Restaurant Tour Eiffel.

Many of the bookshops that deal in rare and antique books also deal in old maps and old prints. Old maps are enjoying so much popularity at present that some Londoners are actually papering rooms with them.

Add Addresses

DON'T look for sparkle in this chapter. But if you are interested in good reliable shops for everything from woollens to sporting prints, read on. We don't know what else to do with these addresses and yet we feel they may make a tremendous difference in somebody's life. Besides, we went to considerable trouble to get them. Men first!

* * *

Even though he never expects to own a horse, and wouldn't know what to do with it if he got one, almost any man would enjoy a visit to Tattersall's at Knightsbridge. Women, too, for that matter. We did. Blooded creatures belonging to big racing people are auctioned here in the famous Tattersall Ring with its charming fox-crested central fountain and roguish bust of George IV.

Mr. Tattersall, who looks more like a banker out of the Forsyth Saga than anybody's idea of a horse dealer, told us—in an office with an Italian marble mantelpiece—the story of the founding of the business in 1766 by his great-great-grandfather Richard, boon

Add Addresses

companion of the sporting George IV. The king and his racing friends used to visit Grandfather Richard at his country house at Ely, and after eating and drinking in the lavish eighteenth-century style, ride over to Newmarket where fine stables are still sold at the race meetings in May and July.

All sales at Tattersall's are announced in advance in the papers. Some of the best hunters are sold during May, June and the middle of July. The Repository at Leicester also has excellent hunters.

The place to buy a hack is W. J. Smith's, 21 Little Cadogan Place, Belgrave Square, S.W. 1. It is also chic to rent here a horse for a canter in Rotten Row—and the best time to canter is 8:00 A.M., when the King and many notables may frequently be seen doing the same.

* * *

Nobody lives in England long without a dog or dogs. Dogs belong to the British landscape and are welcome everywhere (except in the escalator of the Underground!).

Nearly all restaurants admit them, and in hotel dining rooms you will often see a well-dressed woman with a Peke under one arm and a white pillow under the other for her pet to lie on while she is dining. Dogs come in at teatime along with the children in most well-regulated families, and very lovable some of the fat family dogs are, too.

London is a Man's Town

Dog shows go on all year at the Crystal Palace—a French bulldog show one month, a Cairns the next and so on. The Derby of dogdom—a national society event—is Cruft's, held at the Royal Agricultural Hall in February. Here puppies and novices are tried out and old champions meet all comers.

The Kennel Club, 84 Piccadilly, can always give information about country breeders if you know what brand of dog you want. In London itself there are several good shops, among them the Stafford Kennels, 5 Stafford Street, W. 1, and Mrs. Gordon's Dog Bureau, Ltd., a cozy little place full of curious pictures at 108 New Bond Street. The limousine trade, out to buy diamond necklaces in the neighboring jewelry shops, often stop to inspect the adorable pups frolicking in Mrs. Gordon's window.

Among the canine institutions of London are: animal boarding houses which will keep your dog while you travel, and dog hospitals (Pierce's Hospital and Boarding Estate, The Manor, Shirland Road, W. 9); dogs' hairdressers (Dogs' Baths and Requisites, Ltd., 61 Beauchamp Place near Harrods', S.W. 3; and Smart Dog and Toilet Requisites, Ltd., 34 Baker Street, W. 1. At these two places, the dog can be shampooed, trimmed, fed and clothed). At H. P. Scott's, 54 Burlington Arcade, W. 1, every kind of dog trinket, toilet accessory and toy imaginable is sold.

* * *

Add Addresses

To our mind one of the most alluring shops in Piccadilly is Rowland Ward, Ltd., naturalists, at No. 167, where there are exotic stuffed birds and fierce lions in the windows, and where the big game hunters go to get their lions and tigers mounted.

* * *

An elaborate fishing tackle shop containing more kinds of rods and baits than were ever dreamed of in Izaak Walton's philosophy is Hardy Brothers, 61 Pall Mall, S.W. 1, facing St. James's Palace.

* * *

For sports outfits and equipment of all kinds, try Lillywhite's, Ltd., Criterion Buildings, Piccadilly Circus, W. 1. Jermyn Street is almost all sports shops, displaying everything from tennis rackets to skis. Fortnum and Mason have a marvelous sports equipment department and during the St. Moritz season give skiing lessons in the winter sports department by means of motion pictures. After the pictures, the learner may practice his falls on a mattress!

A fascinating camp equipment department is presided over by one who has actually camped. He can tell you what to take to Nigeria; how to cool your water by hanging it in a canvas bag at the top of a tree if you are going to South Africa; how to treat and feed your camel when crossing the Sahara; what kind of chairs you will need for spending the next ten

London is a Man's Town

years in Malaya. Princess Mary came here with the Prince of Wales to pick out a picnic basket before he left on a South African trip.

Stay away from here if you are affected with a combination of wanderlust and home responsibilities. It will be more than you can possibly bear!

* * *

As we may have said before, the King is a great shot and buys his guns chiefly at James Purdey's, 57-58 South Audley Street, W. 1, and Lancaster and Company, 99 Mount Street. Englishmen always buy two guns at once so that they can be exactly balanced to suit. An English sportsman would sooner borrow another's morning coat than his gun.

Other gunmakers are: Ogden, Smith and Hussey, 62 St. James's Street, who also sell fishing tackle; Beesley, 2 St. James's Street; John Rigby and Company, 43 Sackville Street; Wilkinson Sword Company, 53 Pall Mall; J. Woodward and Sons, 64 St. James's Street; Westley, Richards and Company, 23 Conduit Street.

* * *

Saddlers and harness makers are Martin and Martin, 103 Gloucester Road; Merry, 4 St. James's Street; Whippy, Steggall and Company, 30 North Audley Street; and J. I. Sowter, 5 Warwick Street, especially old and distinguished.

* * *

Add Addresses

The Berkeley Leather Crafts and Sports, 169 Sloane Street, S.W. 1, offers leather jackets, suède skirts and leather-lined coats.

Dove, 125 New Bond Street, is good for sports clothes and equipment.

Burberry's, 18 Haymarket, has sports clothes and is the classic place for raincoats.

W. W. Bill, 93 Bond Street, offers old-fashioned value in such an old-fashioned shop you almost imagine yourself at a Scotch country store. This is probably the best place in London for Fair Isle sweaters, short lengths of Shetland and North Scotland woolens and golf socks.

Scott Adie, 38 Conduit Street, also called the Royal Scotch Warehouse, is good for all kinds of sporting woolens, men's or women's.

Stonehenge homespun and sweaters are at 18C Grafton Street, S., also at 7 Henrietta Street, W. 1.

Noble Scott, 56 Burlington Arcade, is good for sweaters and scarfs.

* * *

For men's gifts, try the Burlington Arcade: James Drew at Numbers 2 and 3, for oriental bedroom slippers, neckties designed under the special supervision of a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, and collar boxes in Russian leathers; Lord at No. 66, for pyjamas, cashmere half-hose and shirts; Noble Jones, No. 32, for men's washable gloves, braces with shooting and

London is a Man's Town

hunting scenes or pink Venuses on them, scarfs with cutwork monograms; Scott at No. 55, Court glover; H. P. Truefitt, 20 Burlington Arcade, for pyjamas, handkerchiefs and dressing gowns; Sandland and Crane, 29 Piccadilly, belts and shirtmakers; Rose and Company, 34 Burlington Arcade, sporting handkerchiefs with hunting scenes.

H. Ludlam and Company, shirtmakers and hosiers, 37 Albemarle Street, W. 1, make a specialty of Spitalfield ties worn like a stock. You are measured for them and some are as big as a little traveling rug when spread out on the chest, but are the correct thing for race meets, garden parties and your own wedding.

Budd, 4 Piccadilly Arcade, will furnish the perfect evening tie.

Briggs is the classic umbrella store (at Number 23 St. James's Street); Swaine and Adeny, 185 Piccadilly, are good for walking sticks.

In addition, try W. H. Martin, 65 Burlington Arcade, for sticks, umbrellas and hunting crops; C. S. Cadman, 18 Burlington Arcade, for the same, plus ladies' walking sticks and golf umbrellas in plaids.

Colin Sleep, 10 Knightsbridge, sells washable gloves; Gooch's, 63 Brompton Road, gloves; also Harrods', and Marshall and Snelgrove department stores.

* * *

There are as many tobacco shops in London as perfume shops in Paris. Nearly all cigarette companies

Add Addresses

have their own special shops with individual smoking novelties. They will also blend cigarettes specially or initial them, making a rich gift for somebody who appreciates swank. Two such cigarette shops which always fascinated us are Abdullah's at 173 New Bond Street and Benson and Hedges, 13 Old Bond Street.

One of the show places of London—even if tobacco never touches your lips—is Fribourg and Treyer, 34 Haymarket, which has supplied all the crowned heads of Britain with tobacco and snuff since the shop was established in 1729. The front is a perfect example of Adam architecture, and the interior of the shop, just as enchanting, has been left exactly as when it was built. In the showcases are all kinds of curios, a red leather pouch that Queen Anne gave an erstwhile proprietor, also old tobacco jars and knickknacks. The tobacco jars here are the most attractive for the money in London.

Dunhill's, 30 Duke Street, S.W. 1, needs no introduction to New Yorkers. Smokers' sundries as well as a full line of pipe novelties are here.

Martin's, Ltd., 210 Piccadilly, is an impressive-looking shop and is supposed to have the largest selection of cigars in the world.

Then there are Salmon and Gluckstein's tobacco shops, shiny and modern, which are all over London from Piccadilly Circus to Bishopsgate.

Ward at 4 Burlington Arcade, established in 1819,

London is a Man's Town

has an excellent line of tobacco sundries as they are called in London—tobacco jars, pouches in regimental and school colors, colored leather cigarette cases for women, while H. Simmons, a tobacconist at 60 Burlington Arcade, has such novelties as pigskin roll-up tobacco pouches with coats of arms on them, and old English pewter ash trays.

England is the appropriate place to buy sporting prints whether of red-coated gentlemen falling over fences on their hunters, or Scotchmen stalking stags in Highland glades.

Arthur Ackermann and Son, Ltd., 157A New Bond Street, specializes in unusual collections of these.

P. and D. Colnaghi and Company, 144-145-146 Bond Street, a splendidly equipped gallery, has a paneled Tudor room lined with cabinets filled with sporting prints. American collectors often spend happy days here patiently going through the lot to find a certain kind to complete their private collections.

The amateur who wants to spend a few pounds on one or two sporting prints will find a big stock at Fores, 41 Piccadilly.

More of the Same

WE warned you that the last chapter wouldn't sparkle. Neither will this, even though it's for women.

Dressmakers who make elaborate clothes as well as sports things are: the Misses Wilson, 51 Grosvenor Street; Ospovat, Ltd., 60 Grosvenor Street; and Ulick, 12 New Brighton Street. All three make the very highest type of clothes that both society ladies and actresses sometimes wear in preference to Paris-made clothes. The Misses Wilson and Ospovat have establishments which look like handsome private homes—the shades drawn, everything most unobtrusive.

Isobel, 223 Regent Street, is expensive but run by a clever woman who has French models, and English ones which can be bought and worn away if you are in a hurry.

Among the old conservatives is first of all Reville, Court dressmakers and furriers, 15 Hanover Square. At one time Reville-Terry was the head of this firm which made most of Queen Mary's clothes and Princess Mary's wedding dress. Recently Mr. Reville-Terry went into business for himself and the old firm, while

London is a Man's Town

keeping the name and Queen Mary's patronage, became a limited corporation. Reville in Hanover Square has good furs, dresses as inexpensive as forty dollars and Court gowns for dowagers to wear when presenting their daughters and nieces.

Jay's at the corner of Regent and Oxford Streets is an old-fashioned shop where sports clothes, ensembles and evening clothes, as well as fur coats of the first quality are "sold over the counter" as they say in England.

Hayward, 67 New Bond Street, is another old conservative dressmaking establishment that has French models as well as their own in stock, and an aristocratic clientele.

Margaret Barry makes sports dresses and millinery, 18 Brook Street. And Sands, 187A Sloane Street, specialize in sports clothes for women who have lost their athletic figures but not their interest in athletics.

* * *

Additional tailors for women are: Bradleys, Chepstow Place, where the Queen gets her tailor-mades; Tautz at 12 Grafton Street, where royalty goes for its riding habits; Busvines, 4 Brook Street, just as famous as the above for riding habits; W. E. Cobb, 25 Albemarle Street, W. 1, sporting tailor and habit-maker; and Williams and Cleaver, 10 Clifford Street.

* * *

More of the Same

For ready-made clothes, the Army and Navy Stores have good clothes and hats, and show twice a year with mannequins displaying the collections as in Paris.

Harrods' have good ready-to-wear things, too, as have Debenham and Freebody, and Marshall and Snelgrove.

* * *

For furs Debenham and Freebody (who put the fur on the coronation robes), Reville-Terry and Jay's are as well-known as any and absolutely reliable.

* * *

Margaret Barry mentioned above, Rose Brewster, 102 Bond Street, Zyrot, 14 Hanover Square, and the Army and Navy Stores all have hats that are quite good; though except for sport, we prefer Paris for hats.

* * *

The climate influences the shoes that Englishwomen wear. Gaiters or leggings buttoned neatly just below the knee, Newmarket boots which are part leather and part canvas and worn to hunt meets, and rubber shoes with heels and pointed toes that lace up and fit snugly are features of the footwear trade.

The London Shoe Company, 116 New Bond Street, and Lilley and Skinner chain stores supply overshoes. Bootmakers are: Alan McAfee, 38 Dover Street; Bunting, 41 Dover Street; Thomas and Son, Ltd., 5 St. James's Street; and Japp, 201 Sloane Street.

* * *

London is a Man's Town

The wearing of woollies is also a climatic development. The classic woolen underwear shop is, of course, Jaeger's. There are numerous Jaeger shops, including one at 16 Old Bond Street and another at 352 Oxford Street.

The daintiest woollies for women come from The White House, 51 New Bond Street.

All linen shops like the National Linen Company, 130 New Bond Street, have woolen wrappers and sacks. Debenham and Freebody have Shetland bed jackets and dressing gowns as pretty as any in silk and velvet.

For inexpensive woollies, the Dorothy Perkins Shops, a chain found everywhere in London (190 Oxford Street one of the most convenient) are good; also Whiteley's department store in Queens Road.

* * *

Jewelry shops of interest to women include Cameo Corner, antique jewels, 1 New Oxford Street, where the Queen buys jewels. Edward Good, proprietor, is a super-salesman who will choose a stone that will match your "aura" for specially made earrings and such. He sold to Queen Mary a delightful jeweled elephant that was made for the Czar of Russia.

S. J. Rood, 52 Burlington Arcade, is another jewelry shop which Queen Mary and the Queen of Spain patronize.

* * *

More of the Same

That English complexion which dazzles and baffles all Americans who come to London is a by-product of English life plus English mists, plenty of soap and water, and plain food. Englishwomen's complexions withstand cold much better than ours. They don't get that pinched drawn look in Scotland that makes American women used to steam heat and plenty of ice water hate to chance it on the moors. But their skins cannot withstand tropical heats. A firm that specializes in lotions and creams for women going to Egypt and the Far East is Cyclax, 58 South Molton Street, famous for preparations that keep the skin from drying and yellowing under tropical suns.

Rae Walker, 13 South Molton Street, is a skin specialist; and Culpeper House, 7 Baker Street, is a highly advertised firm that sells every kind of herb, including one for hysteria, as well as beauty creams, soaps and old English scents.

English scents such as White Bean Blossom, Devonshire Violets, Sweet Iris and Honeysuckle can be found at J. N. Taylor Perfumery Company, 67 Mortimer Street, Regent Street, an old-fashioned firm that also offers such romantic wares as lace-covered lavender bags, silk, embroidered and organdy sachets.

Yardley's have a big shop at 8 New Bond Street.

* * *

London hairdressers are often engaged to go on big houseparties in the country to care for the guests' hair

London is a Man's Town

and nails, sometimes remaining at shooting parties for two weeks at a stretch.

The Savoy has a fine hairdressing department where you are looked after with no fuss at all, and many Americans who live in London like the Carlton because the hairdressers are under a vow to do only what the customer asks, never demanding will she have a friction, henna rinse, oil shampoo or what-not. Very restful.

Maison Nicol, 170 Bond Street, hairdressing place for women, is really owned by Jules Joerin, who has an excellent and inexpensive shop at 12 Store Street in Bloomsbury near the student quarter.

Patronized by the stage is Maison Jack and George, 5 Green Street, Leicester Square. Phyllis Earle, 32 Dover Street, is a fashionable hairdresser who sells beauty creams and powders. Truefitt, 16 Old Bond Street, and E. S. Hill, 23 Old Bond Street, are both men's hairdressers that have excellent ladies' departments.

* * *

Liberty's is as nearly an Oriental bazaar as you can find this side of Suez. Any man who couldn't find here a gift for the fussiest mother-in-law or the loveliest sweetheart has no imagination. We don't advise buying the things at Liberty's that you can buy elsewhere, but the silks, cut velvets and metal cloth shawls are extraordinarily beautiful and the designs are original. The tooled leather and Indian brasses are enticing, too.

* * *

More of the Same

The oldest established retail linen shop in London is supposed to be John Tuckey and Company, Ltd., The Linen Warehouse, 91 Wigmore Street, W. 1, such a small, unpretentious place that the casual visitor to London is likely to miss it.

There is no catalogue either. The business is only 130 years old and they haven't got round to making up a catalogue yet!

The Tuckey specialty is household linens for old-established county families—and for royalty. Queen Victoria bought her household linens here and very simple they were, says the manager. Queen Alexandra also stocked the linen chests of Marlborough House here when she was married; and the present royal family buy part of their household towels and tablecloths at Tuckey's.

One order on hand when we were there was for 800 pounds, another for 2,000 pounds. In the latter were included point de Venice table sets at \$500 each and one tablecloth at \$2,500.

What makes the best Irish linen so expensive is the quality of the yarn and the way it is woven. At Dunmurry and Randall's Town in the North of Ireland, for instance, they weave it as smoothly as they weave silk at Lyons. The factories in Ireland have been in the hands of the same families for hundreds of years, the weavers are descendants of those who were weaving linen generations ago. In other countries, machines are

London is a Man's Town

now used to weave linen but it is impossible for the machine to achieve the same perfect tightening of the cloth as the human touch.

Among the delectables at Tuckey's are handspun linen handkerchiefs at five guineas a dozen.

Other linen stores are: the famous Walpole Brothers, Ltd., 89 New Bond Street, where household linens are particularly beautiful; Givan's Irish Linen Store, 112 New Bond Street, where the specialty is lingerie and trousseaux; The Irish Linen Store, Robinson and Cleaver's, 156 Regent Street, good for handkerchiefs; Debenham and Freebody, beautiful table linens and towels, patronized by the royal family; The White House, 51 New Bond Street, W. 1, lingerie and baby clothes; Belgian Lace and Lingerie, 163 New Bond Street; and the National Linen Company, 130 New Bond Street.

* * *

The English being the greatest travelers in the world are fortunate in having many gifted luggage manufacturers. An Englishman doesn't like to carry a piece of luggage unless it looks as though it was at least five years old and had gone all the way to Australia and back by way of South Africa. And their boxes are so well made that they can grow old gracefully.

One of the old established luggage firms is so con-

More of the Same

veniently located that you can't miss it—Drew and Sons, 33 Piccadilly Circus.

Then there is F. Best and Company, 64A South Audley Street, W., established about eighty years ago. All work is executed on the premises and luggage is made for individual needs.

For fitted cases one of the best-known places is J. C. Vickery, 145 Regent Street. Also, for dressing cases and boxes, try Edwards and Son, 156-161 Regent Street, dressing bags By Appointment to the King.

Two smart places are Finnigan's, 18 New Bond Street, and Asprey and Company, 165 New Bond Street.

A. Davis, 200 Piccadilly, is a By Appointment luggage shop, both to the King and the Prince.

Fortnum and Mason has smart luggage of all kinds for all climates.

Among the trunk shops are: H. J. Cave and Sons, 81 New Cavendish Street, W. 1; Vuitten, 149 Bond Street, with marvelous luggage of all kinds, even a "library" trunk for maps and history, reference and guide books, with compartments for writing materials which open out like a desk.

The Army and Navy Stores offer luggage specialties, made in their own workrooms. One is a bag made in different colored leathers and lined with silk in which there is a silk eiderdown, a tiny pillow, dressing gown

London is a Man's Town

and slippers. The bag is fastened with zipper fastenings and forms a large soft cushion.

The Revelation Suitcase Company, 170 Piccadilly, and the Innovation Trunk Company, 53 New Bond Street, are so well-known as names to Americans that it is needless to comment. You can buy their things in the United States, anyway.

Finnigan's is probably the smartest shop for leather hand bags, then comes Asprey's, which has a pig-skin one-guinea special envelope bag that is marvelous value. Swaine and Adeney, the famous whip makers at 185 Piccadilly, make stunning bags; also Henry Derfield, 48 Burlington Arcade; Russell and Allen, the Court dressmakers at 17 Old Bond Street; Fortnum and Mason's basement gift department; Dunhill's, 30 Duke Street, S.W. 1; Walter Jones, 195-196 Sloane Street, bags and leather writing table requisites.

* * *

It is possible to get marvelous reproductions of antiques in London done by specialists, worm holes and all. M. and W. Harlow, 187 Edgware Road, W. 2, specializes in walnut reproductions; Jade, 128 Wigmore Street, sofas; and J. Wolff and Son, 12 Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, W. 1, in period wall mirrors, wooden chandeliers and tables.

These are a few small but absolutely reliable antique shops: Constance Martinez, 138A King's Road, Chel-

More of the Same

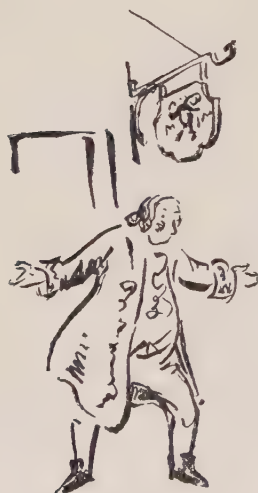
sea, S.W. 5; L. C. Radeglia, 64 Lower Sloane Street, S.W. 1; and Mrs. Herbert Waring, 21 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Road, S.W. 3.

* * *

Hooray! That's all of them—at last!

Part Two

*Housing, Also Eating
and Drinking*



Hotels



A LONDON hotel, the kind of hotel, at least, that Englishmen like and chiefly patronize, looks like a country house inside—or perhaps one of those very old, very drafty and very aristocratic clubs.

After giving the subject a lot of deep philosophical thought, we have decided that Englishmen detest hotels as such and want them either to offer a replica of home, or else to be so uncomfortable that the guest will have no wish except to rush back to his own fireside. Accordingly, London reveals on the one hand beautiful spacious hotels with suites and vast baths; and on the other great chilly places, that look like railroad stations and allow one bath for every ten or a dozen rooms. However, a revolution is now going on. The good hotels are being made better and the bad ones are rapidly being torn down or modernized. The essentially English quality of most Mayfair hotels remains—you wouldn't confuse many with those to be found in New York—but service and equipment are undoubtedly being Americanized.

We had an enlightening tea one afternoon with Sir

London is a Man's Town

Francis Towle, director of the Gordon hotels and president of the International Hotel Association, in his offices at the Metropole Hotel. Which reminds us to inquire plaintively why American business men do not add charm to their business day by adopting the English style of making an office look like a study. A tea set on the safe, an open fire burning brightly in the grate, book shelves and an arm chair instead of a swivel—and *voilà*, you have a cheerful effect and no efficiency sacrificed, so far as we can see.

Sir Francis holds to the typically English ideal—that the less a hotel looks like a hotel and the more it looks like the home of the individual away from his own home, the better for everybody. He said he thought the equipment of American hotels was better than in England, but insisted that Americans want hotels with a distinctive English atmosphere when they come to London—which is probably true provided the atmosphere is enhanced by lots of bathrooms and steam heat.

The English like the baths, but the steam heat nearly suffocates them. One woman told us of a week of torture at a modern West End hotel where even with the windows all wide open, the temperature stayed at sixty-eight. Another item which makes against modernity is that hotels built forty years ago in London were meant to last for two hundred years, and every time they want to tear down walls to put in a bath, they have to dynamite!

Hotels

For all this, if you know where to go and have the price, you can lead a more comfortable hotel life in London than anywhere else in the world because the service is so good and so personal.

Claridge's heads the list of de luxe hotels, all of which are as expensive as hotels of the same class in New York. Royalty stops at Claridge's, and Buckingham Palace sends the overflow of its house guests there. Outside, this annex to the Court of St. James is dingy Victorian brick; but inside it has lately been redecorated in the best modernistic style with just enough of the old left to remind a whimsical friend of ours of a beautiful old aristocrat who has had her face lifted. There is no place like Claridge's for chic luncheons, dinners, and supper dances; and in the rooms, the country house atmosphere is carried out in charming suites with modern furniture.

We inspected the bright pink and jade green bath that goes with the suite used by the Queen of Denmark when she stops at Claridge's; the dark red bedroom favored by the King of Spain; the pale pink and silver drawing room which is part of the suite of the Queen of Norway; and the Empire rooms—really the only cozy Empire rooms we ever beheld—which have been occupied by Mussolini, Poincare and Count Volpi on London visits.

No two suites are alike, and all is so gay and elegant that royal personages must sometimes regret the return

London is a Man's Town

to their musty palaces. To make the atmosphere more homey, each room is supplied daily with a basket of hot-house fruit and a bottle of whiskey and soda (which apparently nobody steals!).

The Berkeley, one of the smallest and most popular hotels in the world, is located in Piccadilly opposite the Ritz. Americans crowd in here during the season—when they can get in. Rooms are booked a year in advance and before you could be certain even of this, you'd have to be an old customer or at least the president of a corporation.

This hotel is beautifully "done up" in the best modernistic style—the sweetest hotel rooms we ever saw. The university set and the Bright Young Things make the Berkeley their headquarters especially for dinner, and supper dancing after the theatre. The floor is small and the place always jammed. There is a story that a lady fainted while dancing here one night but there was such a crowd her partner didn't know it until the dance was over! Tea isn't so amusing here, but any other time, you'll find pretty women and celebrities all over the place. Mr. and Mrs. Jascha Heifitz, the Dolly Sisters, Monte Blue, Genevieve Tobin, John Emerson and Anita Loos are among the regulars.

The Savoy is really our pet hotel—in fact the only real hotel in London, for it doesn't pretend to be a country house or a substitute for home. It is, however,

Hotels

an extra good excuse for leaving home when you're fed up and need a change.

The hotel was built on the site of the ancient Palace of Savoy, the erection of which was begun in 1246 by Peter, Count of Savoy. Beautiful suites facing the peaceful Embankment are appropriately done in the Georgian style. The front rooms are gayly modernistic. We once had a suite with a beige- and flame-colored bath paneled in mirrors. The plainest woman in the world would feel like a motion picture actress after stopping there even one night.

The grill and restaurant are always crowded with cosmopolitans who look as if they really were enjoying themselves. Lord Dewar and Senator Marconi live there. So do Chaliapin, Jeritza, Max Reinhardt, Rosa Ponselle and the Marquis of Londonderry, when visiting London. Owen D. Young, and once upon a time President Hoover, stopped here, too.

The tea hour is nice, for there are plenty of well-groomed, excellently-gaited gigolos for unattached women to dance with, and the orchestra is good. At dinner two bands play—one jazz and the other Argentine tangos. One Savoy feature is a dance floor that can be raised several feet so that everybody can actually see the cabaret. The grill is most popular for lunch and for Sunday night supper.

The Ritz is an elegant old dowager of a hotel, much more conservative than the Ritzes in Paris or New

London is a Man's Town

York. Queen Marie of Roumania and the Queen of Holland always stop here. The building is classic Louis the Sixteenth, and the place is so perfect you almost hate to walk across the carpets. We always take deep breaths before we go in, and then are too intimidated to exhale. The restaurant is charming—faces the Green Park and has a terrace which nobody is allowed to use for dining purposes. Luncheon is the time to go to the Ritz. It is sleepy at dinner.

The Carlton (which has the same board of directors as the Ritz, we are told) is like a younger member of the same conservative aristocratic family. In practically all smart English comedies when Lord Whosis suggests to the Lady Whatsis, "Let's all go to town for dinner," they pick out the Carlton for their repast. The food is exceptionally good and the lounge with its two little balconies arbored in palm trees looks like the out-of-door terraces of small casinos on the Riviera. An orchestra plays sweetly from these terraces during the morning cocktail hour and at teatime. The Carlton bar is especially popular with the Public School set on Saturday afternoons.

The May Fair, a Gordon Hotel, is very bright and English. There is an Anne Hathaway bar, though after everything the woman went through with Will Shakespeare it seems mean to name a bar for her. However, this bar is very Tudor and charming. The bedrooms are all named for flowers, with a spray of

Hotels

same on walls and the correct colors to carry out the effect. You cable for the delphinium or the wistaria suite, and have no numbers to make you feel that you are only a key in the mail box to the management.

The May Fair lounge is jammed at teatime and you can't get in for supper, probably because of Ambrose's band, the only conversational jazz band we've ever heard. The music throbs along rhythmically but on such a low note that you never have to raise your voice to talk to your dinner companion.

Although known as a truly English hotel (there are open fires and electric stoves as well as steam heat so everybody ought to be happy, whether from Scotland or Alabama) the hotel is so popular with Americans that they make it a rule now to fill it only two thirds per cent with Americans. Baclanova, Kipling, Gilbert Frankau, Michael Arlen, the Duke of Gordon and the Maharajah of Cashmir are some of the names in the guest book. Moreover, on its opening day the King and Queen inspected it because it was supposed to be one hundred per cent English. The Queen is said to have looked into all the cupboards, under the beds and behind the pots and pans in true housewifely fashion.

The Park Lane is the only London hotel that frankly admits it is not in the top de luxe group. Frankness apparently pays, for it is impossible to get in here without reserving in advance. All the pleasant, comfortable conveniences which the most expensive offer are to be

London is a Man's Town

found; and it staggered us to discover also that the prices are quite moderate for room and bath, though the location is second to none. The lounge is popular for tea and some of the best charity balls are given in the ballroom which has a gallery well adapted to seeing the show.

Grosvenor House Hotel is very new with lots of closet space, ice water taps and Americanized service. Its International Sporting Club and service flats make it unique in London. The ice rink is lovely, but of course you must join the club to enjoy this sport and also the swimming "bath," as they call a pool in London. A room and bath for two here costs from seven dollars up.

The Piccadilly is cosmopolitan and like some Broadway hotels, only clubbier. The lounge is popular at cocktail time and the Louis Fourteenth room is attractive for lunch. Rachmaninoff and the Schneider Cup people stop here.

London has a convenient number of first-class hotels which cater to wealthy conservative couples who hate noise and insist on good service and comfort. The very best type of Americans of this class stop at the Connaught Hotel in Carlos Place (there are several Connaughts so be sure of the address). Here is the country house hostelry again—good food, open fires in the corridors, lovely suites, and good, not showy, service in the best English style.

Hotels

The Langham is another old-fashioned hotel that attracts old-style county families. It is located in Portland Place at the head of Regent Street and is a huge gray house, like a club, and conservative. In this same group should be included the Hyde Park Hotel in Knightsbridge which rightfully gives itself airs on the score of being headquarters for county nobility when they come up to town. It is livelier than the Langham or Connaught, a good cocktail is served in the lounge, and the grill is attractive.

The Splendide, which used to be the Green Park, is small, select and well-located in Piccadilly opposite Green Park and almost next door to the Park Lane. Another small elegant hotel is the Curzon in Curzon Street.

And now we come to the old-fashioned eighteenth century type of hotel, the kind of place you plan to stop at when you leave the United States, but which is hard to find. One such hotel is New Clarges, in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, also known as Fleming's. Here are very quaint, beautiful little suites and one of the best small French restaurants in London. County families stay for long periods. It reminded us, in our sojourn there, of a Dickens house with its unexpected flights of steps, queer corridors and annexes.

Cavendish House, 81 Jermyn Street, is known to Americans because it is owned by the famous Rosa

London is a Man's Town

Lewis who has cooked for kings and will cook for you if you can afford such a special extravagance.

Part of Cavendish House was once the house of a French king in exile, and priceless antiques in the way of furniture, pictures, prints and pottery are everywhere. Suites can be had here and guests usually dine in their sitting rooms, though there is a big tavern-like restaurant downstairs.

This is not a hotel for a young girl just out of the convent, but a young man down from the Varsity would find it perfect. In fact, the little study nearly always is occupied by some young buck sitting in front of the fire sipping port. Mrs. Lewis has known everybody—including King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, Lord Ribblesdale and many American celebrities.

Thomas Beer, Dorothy Parker and O. O. McIntyre are among those who always stop at Cavendish House. It's expensive but worth it, we must say.

Rosa, who has wonderful white hair and red cheeks, was storming about in a gray tailor-made setting things to rights for the day when we called. She gave us the best drink of sherry we ever had and told us some stories which we are saving for our reminiscences.

Brown's Hotel in Dover Street is another old hotel notable for its good food and clientele. If you like lots of atmosphere and want to be comfortable in a home-like English way, try it. Oxford lads down for a holi-

Hotels

day often choose Brown's. Batt's Hotel across the street is of the same type.

Then there are three Gordon hotels—the Metropole, the Victoria and the Grosvenor. American business men, and tourist parties of the best sort, such as carefully chaperoned school girls, like the Victoria, which is just off the Strand, yet quiet and dignified. Banquets of importance take place in the Edward VII rooms; and the Royal Family has attended many functions here and made and listened to countless speeches.

The Metropole, next door, is something else again. Presided over by the famous Alf, its bar attracts the shipping crowd and Oxford and Cambridge men—the latter especially after the boat race in March. Alf is the varsity boy's guide, comforter and friend. Sometimes he lends them money, and Christmas he gets cards from them from all over the world. The Metropole was the home of the midnight-frolic, if such history interests you.

The Grosvenor, in Buckingham Palace Road, is the gateway to Europe. All the Continental trains are at the back door, so it's an ideal place to stop before starting out again—especially if one is catching an early morning train.

The Regent Palace and Strand Palace are extraordinary British institutions—nine shillings sixpence a day for a room and a hearty English breakfast, running water in all the rooms, and at the Strand Palace, a

London is a Man's Town

telephone in each room. The catch comes when you try to get into either hotel. The Regent Palace has accommodations for a thousand and fifty people and most of the time the place is so jammed you expect to see people being pushed out the windows. It is especially popular with provincials and tourists who are anxious enough about economy to be willing to stand in line for rooms.

Hotel Rubens in Buckingham Palace Road has lots of individuality. We like the fern baskets that decorate the portico—and the Rubens' guest is practically next-door neighbor to Buckingham Palace if that makes any difference.

The Hotel Rembrandt and Hotel Van Dyke are under the same excellent management. All three are popular with a good class of English who can't pay de luxe prices.

In the British Museum district, the Hotel Thackeray, opposite the Museum, is quiet and modern. The Russell Square Hotel is huge, and run in the old-fashioned English manner—even supper in the lounge if you want a bit of rare roast beef before going to bed.

In the Knightsbridge section, the Alexandra is well run and has been recently redecorated and reorganized. Women traveling alone find this location near Hyde Park corner pleasant.

The Hotel Waldorf is popular with Americans.

For men in transit, the bachelor rooms at the Char-

Hotels

ing Cross seem to answer nicely. For ladies, the Warwick Clubs are cheap and safe and liked by English-women.

The Belgravia, opposite Victoria underground station, resembles a medium-priced French hotel; and the Cadogan Hotel, 75 Sloane Square, is residential and patronized by English of better family than lavish means.

In addition, if none of our choices pleases you, get from the Travel Association one of those guides in which you learn the brutal truth about prices and so on.

House and Garden

WE think it's a pity Americans who rent country houses in England can't take on the owners, too, so that they may be shown how properly to enjoy the places. Since that's mostly impossible, the next best thing is to preserve as much of the British tradition and flavor as one can. Many, to give us our due, try to do this.

At least, Knight, Frank and Rutley, 20 Hanover Square, one of the estate agencies in London most popular with Americans (Yates and Yates at 12A Hanover Square are also good), tell us they have looked up all kinds of history about famous old London houses for interested American clients.

We are dealing with the English country house in chapters on sport, so that here we merely wish to say a few words about the town house and about the always-absorbing servant problem. In passing, however, we would advise those who want small country places to consult the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph* and *Dalton's Weekly* (a real estate paper) for advertisements and to visit several prospects before deciding. If you once say you'll take a place, you may have to pay a week's

House and Garden

rent, no matter how often you change your mind afterwards.

Because of the British income tax, Americans usually prefer to rent furnished houses in London. Renting an unfurnished one lays the tenant open to the charge of being "domiciled" and thus to the payment of enormous and complicated extra taxes. Another advantage of renting a furnished house or apartment is that they can be taken for as short a period as three, six or eight months. A lease for an unfurnished house or apartment often must be taken for eighteen or twenty-one years.

Half the rent is due when one takes possession, the rest in weekly payments. Rents paid by Americans range from twenty-five to three hundred guineas a week, depending on the size of the house and the neighborhood. Bargaining is quite usual and effective, even in select Mayfair—that is, if the asking price is thirty guineas, it's customary to agree on twenty-five.

Plate and linen are not generally nominated in the bond, but Harrods' or Hampton's will rent you these complete. Luckily, family heirlooms or sentimental mementoes are also generally either stored or sealed up in one room. An inventory of all furniture is made and checked off by both tenant and owner, with the agents of each present. Maybe you think this is a mere formality. We pause to snicker grimly. Wait! At the expiration of tenancy, everything is checked again and the person who rented is charged for what is known as

London is a Man's Town

dilapidations. No matter how conscientious both sides may be, several estate agents have told us, there are invariably arguments and often bitter quarrels on this Final Judgment Day.

One agent explained: "It isn't as though either were trying to cheat the other—it's just a question of a difference of opinion."

It's also a question of principle. Americans who don't mind paying three hundred guineas a week for a house may wax bitter over a four-pound charge for dilapidations they think they haven't committed. Sometimes a "difference of opinion" will last for a year over who is responsible for a cigarette burn on the grand piano, or that liquor spot on the library divan. Really important damages, such as the breakage of a priceless vase or the loss of some valuable small object, are extremely rare.

One long-suffering agent is sure that if ever there is another war between Great Britain and the United States, it will be caused by an altercation between an American millionaire and an earl of King George's realm over whether the hole in the billiard table should be patched or an entirely new cloth bought!

The renter need take nothing with him unless he has pet treasures he refuses to do without. When he arrives in his rented car, the door, if he pleases, can be opened by a faithful retainer of the landlord and in an hour or so he can be served with a perfect dinner, the constitu-

House and Garden

ents of which, including wine, have been leased with the house.

In case wine isn't already on tap, Berry Brothers and Company, 3 St. James's Street, will fill your cellar and take back at the end of the lease whatever isn't used.

All kinds of quaint little laws and customs are attached to the tenancy of English houses. Sometimes the law about dilapidations works in favor of the new tenant. We know an American who rented a house in London which had been occupied for years by two ancient maiden ladies. The law had required the outside of the house to be kept up but the inside was falling to pieces and the maiden ladies had to pay a big sum for dilapidations. Somehow or other (we can't give the recipe for this but it sounds like hocus-pocus) the American got the reparations money in hand and instantly put it all into beautiful colored plumbing. It was high time, for there was only one bathroom in the house and no bathtub in that!

It is a good thing to know that when a Londoner lets his house with a long lease, he is usually glad to pay half the cost of installing central heating if the tenant wants it. As he will, of course!

Mayfair houses have always been the most expensive and chic thing in London homes. But Mayfair just now is undergoing violent changes due to the westward rush of business. Grosvenor, Brook, Bruton and Curzon

London is a Man's Town

Streets are being rapidly taken over by dressmakers, smart shops and art galleries, while Park Lane is being built up into apartments and hotels, much to the disgust of the citizenry who resent such desecration of sites once occupied by dukes and earls. Also, many smart young people just starting out in matrimony, and many young bachelors who can no longer afford big houses and yet dislike apartments, are buying up the stables, garages and servants' quarters in the mews back of the great Mayfair houses and turning them into charming small houses. These new colonies, composed of artistic and society people, have no end of neighborly fun.

Houses with gardens may be rented furnished and for limited periods in Hampstead, London's smartest suburb, and in St. John's Wood. Sometimes the furnishings are pretty terrible, but often such houses have large studio living rooms with galleries or attractive working studios with skylights.

Here's a warning! Beware of subletting houses or apartments without consulting an agent or lawyer. We know an Englishman who rented a house with studio attached. Two months passed and then the rent check turned up a third of its former size and signed with a new name. Investigation revealed that the original tenant had sublet for considerably less than he had contracted to pay—and had collected a large premium from the subletters before leaving the country!

House and Garden

The trusting subletters were exulting over their marvelous bargain, for they had taken a long lease and believed the premium would be more than made up in rent saved. The case went to court and the owner won—that is, the fleeced subletters had to give up the house or pay the original rent. They paid and lost in addition the premium to the slicker.

One of the smartest residential sections of London is what is known as St. James's (near St. James's Park). Garrett House, Cleveland Row, here is often rented to Americans. The place is more than two hundred years old, and though it boasts two old-fashioned powdering closets, has been carefully modernized with central heating and plenty of colored-tile bathrooms. Tradition has it that Beau Brummell used to visit Miss Garrett for whom the house was named, and it is likely that this gallant gentleman not once but many times put the final touches to his already faultless coiffeur in one of the little powdering closets.

Garrett House was at one time Crownland—which reminds us of a quaint law applying to houses erected on Crown property in London. Whenever the Crown decides your house needs a coat of paint, you must give it one. The rule is once in three years, but after a rainy season the request may be made after two years.

Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Gardens are on Crown property, and residents of this distinguished and park-like section of St. James's must also keep up the

London is a Man's Town

greenery and gardens as a unit. In return for this community interest, tenants have a legal right to enjoy one another's garden plots, though nobody has ever been known to take advantage of the opportunity.

Our favorite London host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bossom, live at No. 5 Carlton Gardens. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire who live at No. 2 are among their many celebrated neighbors.

Mrs. Bossom was an American—the daughter of Samuel G. Bayne, president of the Seaboard National Bank—and Mr. Bossom, an English architect, built some of the most astonishing skyscrapers, not only in New York but in the West. In this friendly couple's eighteenth century drawing-room, a short walk from Whitehall and St. James's Palace, celebrities representing many countries, parties and classes meet to make a reality of such usually abstract phrases as "Anglo-American relations" and "international good-will." It is one of the few houses in London where at tea you are as likely to meet a ducal member of the Royal household as a fire-brand who is making political history in Parliament.

Carlton House Terrace faces the Mall. Mr. Gordon Selfridge, merchant prince and American born, lives at No. 5; and the home of the Duchess of Marlborough, often rented to Americans, is at No. 7.

Berkeley Square is another favorite section for Americans who care not how much it costs to become

House and Garden

a temporary tenant in Mayfair. The fine old Georgian house at No. 39 Hill Street, Berkeley Square, is often rented to Americans during the Season; and Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, designed by one of the brothers Adam, was occupied by the Selfridges for nearly nine years. One of the few great Mayfair houses still standing, it must soon make way for offices or a hotel.

We went to see it one afternoon at dusk. A plump, jolly-looking housekeeper showed us through the huge, high-ceilinged rooms still crowded with a ghostly company of Greek and Roman statues—one of the finest collections of ancient marbles in London. Gods and goddesses, nymphs and satyrs, stood in their dusty niches, leaned against the few remaining scarlet brocade chairs, or lay decently wrapped in sheets on the floor ready to be carried off to Christie's to be auctioned to museums or private collectors.

London matrons take a more personal interest in their homes than do New York women. Lots of them won't have a decorator but do their homes themselves quite successfully. The Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, whose lovely house is in Smith Square, Westminster, owned one of the first modernistic drawing-rooms in London, with gold and silver walls, interesting lighting, and a silver fireplace, designed by herself. She has been in great demand as a decorator ever since!

Another resident of Smith Square, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Mond, showed originality of a more practical

London is a Man's Town

type when she moved into her new home. She had suffered a good deal from losing her most precious china and porcelain in those sad accidents where things "come apart in me 'and, Modom." To combat this, she planned a kitchen sink without taps and worked by a system of flushes. The draining board is made of rubber, and there is a removable rubber lining for the sink itself—a lining which can simply be washed and hung up to dry.

But, of course, these houses aren't for rent. We mention them merely because they interested us. And there's certainly an idea in the Hon. Mrs. Mond's sink.

Americans keeping house in London will probably go mad—as we did temporarily—over the intricate London closing laws. Every grocery must close one afternoon a week. Those in the West End close on Saturdays. Some suburbs have Wednesday closing, others Thursday. On these afternoons, the chivalrous law, to do away with unfair competition, prohibits shops in the neighborhood, such as fruit stores or delicatessens, from selling anything but perishables. Thus, a fruit store may sell you an orange, which is perishable, but not a bottle of imperishable olives. The rule holds good after eight o'clock at night when all food stores are supposed to close. All of this is Dora, the Defense of the Realm Act, passed as a wartime measure to save man-power.

And now we proceed with relish to the servant question. The English servant is a distinguished product of the British aristocratic system—scarce since the War,

House and Garden

and more costly, but incredibly good in his best manifestation, and still much cheaper than in America.

The only fly in the ointment is that English servants are such specialized creatures that it's as difficult to get one of them to take on extra duties as it would be to persuade a professor of anthropology to teach the history of the Bible. Each has set tasks which he performs faithfully in return for a certain sum of money and certain privileges. As long as no more is asked, house-keeping goes on in a Utopian manner. But if a crisis arises wherein the butler needs must fry an egg, or the cook clean the silver—chaos! An American who employs twelve servants in London tells us that a New York house of the same size could be run by half as many people, but not so well. She prefers the English system of more servants, lower wages and fewer duties. It makes for perfect service and is less expensive than the New York system.

An English household is divided into three parts. There are the butler with the menservants under him; the cook with her kitchen staff; and the housekeeper under whom come housemaids.

Care of china, silver and glass is sometimes a sore point with the staff. Usually the silver and glass are looked after by the butler and his department; or in a smaller establishment, by the parlor maid. The cook's forces, however, wash the dirty dishes. But who cares for the china when it isn't being used—dinner sets that

London is a Man's Town

are only brought out on special occasions? That is a moot question never quite settled and always likely to arise at a critical moment.

To get on well with English servants you must not only not ask extra duties, but must preserve their dignity and protect their feelings. Never scold in front of other servants. And never, never discuss the butler with the cook, nor the footman with the parlor maid because this makes for revolution below-stairs.

About half an hour before dinner was to be announced at a party given by an American hostess, her husband discovered the butler—always before that a peerless creature—quite drunk on their best brandy in the butler's pantry. The sodden wretch was bundled into a taxi and out of their lives. The two footmen carried on at the party. As it was a small dinner with guests well-known to the hostess, she was dying to mention casually, American style, what had happened; but she didn't dare on account of the footmen's morale. They would have been shocked to the point of not being able to continue if she had not held them with a conspiratorial eye, as much as to say: "Now, Spellman, you and I know that the butler is even now on his way, our best brandy inside him, but these people must never know and everything must go on as usual."

Servants take great pride in their jobs and in the families they serve, and are beloved and valued in return. Nearly every rich Englishman who dies leaves be-

House and Garden

quests to old and loyal servants; and one servant not long ago left a bequest to his former employer, a peer.

Mrs. Hunt's Employment Agency, 86 High Street, Marylebone, W. 1, supplies many London servants. The Regina Employment Bureau, 55 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square W. 1, is also reliable.

Wages run according to the size of the establishment. Maids by the day are five shillings. Other typical prices are: single-handed manservant, seventy to eighty-five pounds; cook, where there are kitchen and scullery maids, eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds; parlormaid, single-handed, fifty to fifty-five pounds; under-parlormaid, twenty-eight to forty pounds; first footman, fifty to sixty pounds; kitchen-maid, single-handed, twenty-four to forty pounds; odd-man, twenty to twenty-five pounds. These figures represent yearly salaries for servants engaged through Mrs. Hunt.

English gentlefolk still have a feeling of feudal responsibility for their servants. You will often see advertisements in the *Morning Post* or the *Times* in which Lady So-and-So recommends her servants as she is traveling for six months, or giving up her country home. These servants, incidentally, are nearly always good.

Bed and Breakfast—Also Flats

BASING our notion of the London boarding house on personal observation of English pensions in Florence, and the realistic short stories of authors who evidently have a genius for making themselves uncomfortable wherever they go, we had always believed that these lodgings were inventions of the devil.

Nor are we even yet hasty optimists. Some boarding houses in London closely resemble our former mental picture; but there are plenty more that offer the best solution found anywhere for the housing problem of the unattached and impecunious. These combine a more human atmosphere than the space-saving cubicles in the skyscraper monasteries and convents occupied by New York bachelors and spinsters, with a less chaotic and more "refined" plan than that offered by Continental pensions.

There are three main types of English boarding houses. Everything in this book seems to divide itself into three parts! First comes the hideous, cheap place where for two and a half or three guineas a week you can get a room and three meals, as dreadful as anything

Bed and Breakfast—Also Flats

described by George Moore in his most pessimistic moments. An elderly, inefficient woman who thinks of herself as "motherly" usually runs this and insists upon taking care of lodgers who have the misfortune to fall ill. Even in health, her solicitations pursue the boarders. If they keep to their rooms she worries because they don't go out more; and if they go out often, she worries for fear they are overdoing it. She is a prodigious talker and a bad judge of food. The smell of boiled cabbage and mashed turnips broods over such a boarding house. The rooms are tall and narrow like tombs for corpses destined to be buried upright; and before the emaciated window, curtained in fringed red or bottle green, is usually placed a dresser so that no accidental ray of light shall penetrate. For anybody who is willing to make the sacrifice, such a house would furnish capital material for an autobiography if one later became famous.

Real bed and breakfast places of the better sort are hard to find. Many are dreadful, narrow, badly-furnished rooms. A few have running water and are really charming—more like chambers, and with good room service and a pleasant breakfast. However, unless you have plenty of friends to invite you out, bed and breakfast is a hard life, for you must go out to your meals and cheap yet good restaurants in boarding house neighborhoods are scarce.

There are two other methods of living cheaply in

London is a Man's Town

London. One is to find some one with a commodious flat who will rent you one room or two, and have her maid cook your meals and serve them privately. This is ideal for women, but can only be found through friends or advertisements.

We have a friend who has a two-room flat over an Italian restaurant in Soho and loves it. True, she must use the restaurant entrance; but she gets the most elegant meals included in her rent, which is only three guineas a week.

Or, sometimes you can take a top floor of a house and furnish it yourself, obtaining privacy by putting up your own door to shut off the staircase. We know one woman who did this but was later requested to move because the landlady said it was so quiet up there with the door closed, it made her nervous!

"Private hotels" for "gentlefolk" aren't as bad as they sound—in fact, are very good indeed if the "gentle" man or woman doesn't mind doing without a few modern conveniences in favor of atmosphere and appointments to feed the soul. The best of these lodgings are not only run for, but by, gentlefolk—ex-army officers and their wives, retired civil servants, and the like. Such people take over some dignified, old-fashioned house in Bayswater and add to the charms of its early nineteenth century architecture, their own furniture, including family portraits and curios.

We lived in such a private hotel full of lovely old

Bed and Breakfast—Also Flats

things—brasses brought back from India, beautiful hangings, good pictures; and a marble bust of an ancestor, which never failed to scare us out of our wits by its ghostly whiteness every time we came home late, but always seemed to impress callers.

This type of house has no central heating and the plumbing is as old as the house. The bathtubs were made for Victorian giants, and the ordinary-sized person needs a vaulting pole to leap into them. The sinister-looking, hooded shower has as many spigots as an organ has stops. Sometimes the star boarder's room has running water, but in general the bowl and pitcher prevail throughout.

Perhaps this isn't the moment for it, but we can't help advising here the purchase of a "spencer" or woolen vest. It comes light weight and in pastel shades, is cheap, and does duty as a bed jacket and to give warmth while using the bowl and pitcher. Otherwise, one would rather let his neck stay dirty than turn down the bathrobe to wash it!

Old houses where lodgers are taken usually are fitted out with gas grates which work when you poke a shilling into the meter. It must be remembered when bargaining for a weekly rate that one shilling only supplies about eight hours of heat! All the same, the grates give warmth and a more comfortable atmosphere than steam heat. Nearly always there is an arrangement at

London is a Man's Town

the top which lets down to reveal one burner on which tea can be brewed, or a small iron heated.

The lodger generally buys a teakettle, cup, saucer and tea as soon as he moves in, and orders a bottle of milk each day so that he can brew his tea eye-opener and his afternoon tippie. Quite a cozy habit when you get used to it.

A room and three meals usually costs from three guineas up, but one can take breakfast only, or breakfast and dinner. It is cheaper to take dinner as well as breakfast. Extras usually include one shilling, sixpence for light, and sixpence extra for breakfast served in the room. In some places, filling the hot water bottle costs twopence. Everybody uses a hot water bottle. In winter it's the only way to thaw out.

The lodger needs a pocket flashlight so that if the house rule turns off all the hall lights at twelve, he will have insurance on dark nights against wabbly banisters and trunks in the hall. Some boarding houses have trick lights that can be turned on at the door and will last about two minutes—until the lodger gets to his room, provided he doesn't live on the top floor.

Many boarding houses have large tables in the dining room, but the nicest offer privacy by means of tables for two sprinkled over a paneled hall.

Private hotels of the less expensive type usually have maids rather than menservants—often a Cockney slavey so hard-working, comical and uncomplaining

Bed and Breakfast—Also Flats

that you will immediately want to write a book about her or get her an engagement at a music hall—and a very swank and dainty parlor maid. A shilling a week tip to each of these is sufficient.

The de luxe type of boarding house costs four to five guineas for a room and meals, including tea. Professional boarding house keepers run these places, and the residents are those who actually spend their lives in boarding houses. They move from one place to another as the word gets about that the food is better at the house across the street, or that steam heat and running water have been installed around the corner.

Nowadays, some expensive boarding houses are advertised as run on American lines and these are wonderful and terrible to behold, with their disappearing beds, built-in wardrobes, telephones in every room (to the office only!), central heating in the halls, sometimes even in all the rooms, and once in a while—excess of luxury—gas fires, as well as central heating. Generally speaking, the better boarding houses can be classified as those with billiard rooms and those without. More men and breezier women are found where there are billiard rooms.

Bridge is the after-dinner diversion when there are no billiards. Weekly dances with a gramophone and monthly ones with an orchestra, fine Christmas parties and birthday celebrations enliven existence. In some magnificent old houses, tiny private theatres, covered

London is a Man's Town

tennis courts, ball rooms, many drawing-rooms and observatories, all remnants of Victorian grandeur, help to make life pleasant.

Inverness Court, No. 1 Inverness Terrace, is an example of this kind of thing. Such a boarding house is fine if you expect to live in London and want to get acquainted.

We would make three suggestions to prospective London boarding house residents: that they keep all the petty rules of the house; arrive on time for meals; and never criticize food or service before the help. The slightest comment you make about the mutton and cabbage, or the Princess Louise bread pudding, will be repeated to the landlady who makes a habit of feeling out the servants to discover what paying guests really think.

Your British landlady will make more fuss if you bathe after eleven, or forget to turn off your light, than her French equivalent would do if you were caught with a member of the opposite sex in your room. If you come on time to meals, virtue is its own reward. The food and service are better and you don't antagonize the maid.

Choose a street—if you can find one—plainly marked: No Musicians Allowed to Play Here. Otherwise you will be entertained by hand organs, player pianos, solos, quartets, trios and even sextets from morning until night. The funniest street music that

Bed and Breakfast—Also Flats

ever pestered our avenue of boarding houses was a Highland band. We were awakened one morning by the sound of bagpipes and martial boom of drums. We rushed to the window expecting a whole Highland regiment at least, and couldn't believe our eyes when we saw three young men in rags, two with pipes, one with a drum marching three abreast down the street while a fourth man ran up and down under the windows to catch the shillings as they fell.

Boarding houses in London are to be found chiefly in South Kensington (Cromwell Road, for instance); Bayswater and the streets off this road such as Lancaster Gate which is solid with them; Inverness Terrace; Leinster Terrace and Queens Terrace. Bloomsbury is full of them, too, and draws students from the university.

Here are the names of some private hotels: Pembroke Carlton, 8 Pembroke Square, W. 2; Pennerley, 23 Inverness Terrace (no luncheon nor tea); Cleveland Court, 17 Leinster Gardens; Inverness Court, No. 1, Inverness Terrace; Rutland Court Hotel, 63 Lancaster Gate; Duchy Hotel, 42 Lancaster Gate; Leinster Court Hotel, 19 Leinster Gardens; White Hall Residential Hotels, 9 Bloomsbury Square.

The best thing to do is to study the advertisements on the front page of the *Sunday Times*, or get a list from the English Speaking Union and look them over—for one man's castle is another's prison, and all board-

London is a Man's Town

ing places change management and cooks so often that we are leery about giving addresses.

From boarding houses to flats is a fairly long jump on account of the difference in price. Most flats in London, especially the new ones, are what the English call very dear. London is terribly proud of its service flats which are swank in appearance, with good service, but expensive.

Many Americans live in the Devonshire, Grosvenor House and Stratton House service flats. The prices are frightful, but the service is the best. In most of these flats, you buy a twenty-one or ninety-nine-year lease and do your own decorating, though with rebate for the latter.

Number 142 Piccadilly overlooks Green Park and is divided into one-floor apartments, unfurnished. Other houses of this type in Park Lane have been made into maisonettes—two-floor apartments.

Number 142 is interesting because it is three doors from the house of the Duke and Duchess of York. From the upper floors one gets a charming view of balustraded terraces, and on the Piccadilly side, of green lawns and little lily ponds—like the country. A lane runs along these back gardens where the curious meander to see the little Princess Elizabeth at play. Number 142, incidentally, affords a fine view of this small girl's sand pile.

At the Grosvenor there are not only unfurnished

Bed and Breakfast—Also Flats

flats which you lease for a term of years, but also furnished suites which you can take for a short period. One of the handsomest of the unfurnished has been "done up," as the saying goes, by an Indian potentate and has gold lacquer walls, wrought-iron doors and modernistic furnishings.

A thing we deplore about most furnished flats in London is that in a three-room suite, the one "public" room is always furnished as a dining room and then used for a sitting room instead of the other way round as in America.

Devonshire House has about the most impressive thing in service flats in London. The front looks like Park Avenue, and the central heating is one up on the average New York apartment for it is concealed in the walls and ceiling so that you are cozily warm without seeing whence the heat comes. There's not even a covered or built-in radiator.

The view of Green Park and Piccadilly from the front apartments is marvelous, and on a clear day you can see the towers of Parliament and all the way to Crystal Palace, not to mention the Ritz terrace across the street.

The Devonshire restaurants are charming, too—a small alcoved one and a large dining room.

The Albany is one of the oldest and most aristocratic of London apartment houses, but you must wait years for a vacancy.

London is a Man's Town

The small furnished apartment called chambers is unique to London and much nicer than a suite in a hotel. The most popular localities for chambers are Half Moon Street, Jermyn Street and Queen Street off Curzon Street. This type of lodging is a cross between a service flat and a hotel suite. There are a few as cheap as four and a half guineas a week, though usually they cost five or six guineas, generally including breakfast. Take a morning off and wander down both Half Moon and Jermyn Streets looking different vacancies over and making inquiries until you find one that suits.

We recommend Jermyn Street especially for men since it is in the club and theatrical section while some of the best hosiers, pubs, and food shops in London cluster in the neighborhood. Half Moon Street is more feminine, being near Piccadilly and not far from the shops of Curzon Street.

Some of the best chambers are run by ex-valets or butlers, and lady's maids. It is possible to have breakfast and other meals sent to your rooms all beautifully prepared and served, and at the end of the month or week an itemized account. The ex-valet will keep your clothes in order, too. Chambers usually include a bedroom, sitting room and bath, though a few have bed-sitting room with alcove.

Many distinguished bachelors keep such lodgings in town all the year round to be ready for the Season.

Bed and Breakfast—Also Flats

Country families sometimes keep such places, too, for week-ends in London.

You are likely to meet "top-hole" people there. We know an American who had chambers next to a knight who had been Queen Alexandra's secretary. And another American, through acquaintances made at his chambers, became great friends with a general and a viscount.

The best studios are to be found in Chelsea—crowded with celebrities who prefer its old-fashioned village atmosphere to more fashionable London quarters. The good studios have been mostly taken over by rich people who want something different, and these crowd out many real artists. One studio estate agent is to be found at 33A Cheyne Walk.

Art students often take studios in Charlotte Street off Tottenham Court Road, not far from the Slade School and in the midst of the cheerful garlic-scented atmosphere of Soho. You can get a marvelous studio with impressive furnishings, a small bedroom, and often even a private bath for three pounds a week; and to one willing to share the bath with other Bohemian spirits, the price is even less. Heating is the worst problem in these places—a coal stove is usually supposed to suffice for the entire apartment.

We haven't said anything yet about the geysers, pronounced geezers, which you will find in old-fashioned

London is a Man's Town

bathrooms. These fascinate us, as we have waited in chilly anxiety many a cold morning for one to get going in time for a hot bath before noon. What happens here is that you push some pennies into a slot, turn on the water, light a gas heater and then stand, bath towel about you, waiting for warm water to spurt out drop by drop. Once in a while, notable to relate, we used to coax our "geezer" into allowing us an entire luxurious half-tub.

Food—A Serious Chapter

THE English run down their weather, the way their women dress, and the food served in their homes and restaurants. Yet London is not always foggy, and probably the best-dressed women in the world are those English women who trouble about clothes. Also, it is entirely possible to dine with great enjoyment in London provided you know where to go.

The best and most typical English food is to be found in grills and chop houses, and the few remaining old English inns. The good restaurants are those patronized by men, and until recently chop house and grill were not considered suitable for women and children. The food was cooked on open fires—roasting jacks or silver grills in the basement—and women were supposed to mind the smells. Some of the largest grill rooms such as Carr's, Gatti's and Simpson's in the Strand still use the open fire.

Saddle of mutton, roast beef, steaks and chops are the foods to order in grills—not salads nor fancy dishes which are generally indifferent, if not actually dreadful.

London is a Man's Town

The curse of English home cooking has been the high quality of the raw product. With the finest cuts of beef and mutton to work with, there was no incentive for English cooks to use their ingenuity and imagination. There was no need, as in France, for housewives to employ all their energies to flavor up a piece of near shoe leather in tasty manner.

Since the War, however, Englishwomen have become more interested in things culinary, and households sometimes send their chefs to famous restaurants to learn to make certain dishes. Winston Churchill's chef has studied puddings at Kettner's; and Arnold Bennett, who is a gourmet, often sends his cook to the Savoy grill for lessons.

Fashionable young brides also go with their cooks to the Hyde Park Hotel's grill to get ideas which may aid in holding their husbands. An Englishman assured us that any Englishman, including the King, will go out to dinner with you if you invite him, he is so glad to get away from the everlasting mutton and Brussels sprouts at home.

Walter Hines Page said there were only three vegetables in England and two of them were potatoes. We disagree. There are three, but all three are cabbage or of the cabbage family.

The English when eating out usually order at lunch the *plat du jour* (beefsteak, or some other meat, pie,

Food—A Serious Chapter

oyster pudding or the like) and cheese. With this they drink lager beer.

Three or four courses for dinner is a maximum. Saddle of mutton is more popular with the English than roast beef, which is never a dinner dish in England nowadays except among Americans who love it with Yorkshire pudding.

For supper after the theatre, breakfast dishes such as haddock and poached egg with cream sauce (good at the Savoy), ham and eggs, and sausage or an omelette are ordered. A favorite midnight omelette has crabs in it and a touch of onions, and is served with champagne or lager beer.

Some Americans who buy up art treasures in England include fine cheese and proudly display Stiltons and Double Gloucesters when they get back to New York and Philadelphia. Stilton is the king of English cheese and the best comes from Leicestershire.

Gourmets who know about such things say that once the royal Stilton has become yours, you must place it on a shelf in a cool place and crown it with a cloth which has been lightly damped with beer. Every day its progress must be watched. When one side shows signs of maturing more quickly than the other, a shallow trench near the edge of the backward portion is cut and a little beer poured in. When at last the Stilton is brought to the table it should be served with a scoop and never, never cut with a knife.

London is a Man's Town

Other excellent English cheeses are Wensleydale, milder than Stilton, Cheshire and Cheddar (widely counterfeited so consult a conscientious cheesemonger before buying one), Double Gloucester, rare Wiltshire Loaf, Cheddar Loaf and Blue Vinny, year-old Leicestershire, which should also have a beer-soaked cloth applied to its head if it becomes dry.

The three golden rules for cheese buyers are: never buy a piece of cheese without tasting it, even at the risk of creating a queue of fuming customers; do not be misled by the seductive creamy quality of immature and therefore under-flavored cheese; beware of the cheese which bites.

Soho harbors many cheese merchants but one of the best is R. White, 49 Jermyn Street.

Other rare delicacies to tempt the palates of less traveled friends at home can be found at Fortnum and Mason's, 182 Piccadilly, established in Elizabethan times, or at Jackson's, 171 Piccadilly, an establishment that is 229 years old.

Both these firms have agents scouring the byways of the world for exotic dainties put up in fascinating boxes, jars and pottery receptacles. Fortnum and Mason's stock of hams is world-famous. The "ham grove," as they call it, includes Bradenham hams cured in treacle, Spanish wine-cured hams, beer-cured Suffolk hams, old farmhouse Devonshire-cured hams and peach-fed California hams.

Food—A Serious Chapter

Jackson's is the place for American canned food products in case you are homesick for grapenuts or pork and beans—also for caviar and fine wines and liqueurs.

Both these shops have all kinds of tea, specially blended to taste if you want it, and done in delightful Chinese boxes or jars which make pleasant gifts. Lyons' sell good tea, too, and more of it than any firm in England.

Hare soup, Dickens' favorite dish, is prepared at Simpson's in the Strand and we give the recipe, which we are assured is not difficult to follow:

Roast a hare and then pound it in a mortar. Fry some carrots, celery, onions, raw ham, thyme and parsley in butter; add to the pounded mixture more butter and cook over a slow fire. Add soup stock.

Tea breads are always in great demand in England. Here is Mrs. Mendelsohn's recipe for Devonshire scones which are served for tea in Devon. Mrs. Mendelsohn is one of London's most famous women cateresses who began her career at Selfridge's and now manages the kitchen staff at the popular Icedrome in Hammersmith. The recipe:

Into one pound of flour stir half a teaspoon of tartaric acid and a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda, then add a well-beaten egg with a tablespoon of milk in it, mix well, adding more milk until you have a dough

London is a Man's Town

easily rolled out. Roll to an inch thickness, cut into triangles, brush with milk and bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour.

Before we went to England we fondly imagined we should dine off Yorkshire pudding about twice a day. Actually we seldom saw it, for it is usually served only at restaurants like Simpson's in the Strand that are noted for their sirloin of beef and Yorkshire pudding. We think it's a much over-rated dish. The secret, we understand, is to cook it under the roast so that it gets saturated with the fat. Here is the recipe:

Mix one cup of flour with a fourth of a teaspoon of salt. Add one cup of milk gradually to form a smooth paste. Then add two eggs beaten very light. If you don't want to take a chance on your technique of cooking the pudding under the roast, a difficult feat, cover the bottom of a hot pan with some of the fat from the roast, pour the mixture into the pan one-half an inch deep. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven, basting with fat after it is well risen.

Americans sometimes order this for dessert, under a slight misapprehension, due to the name!

Pheasant is one of the most delicious of all English dishes, much served at houseparties and also at the best London restaurants.

English gourmets regard as one of the most attractive still lifes in the world the sight of a pair of roasted

Food—A Serious Chapter

pheasants deliciously browned, garnished with their own many-hued tail feathers and served up with bread sauce, rich brown gravy, browned bread crumbs and crisp fried potatoes. Here is the recipe for preparing the lovely birds:

Choose your birds carefully, taking note that the spurs are short, the legs smooth, the feet supple and the breast plump and firm. Then let them hang for from three to five days. Some people hang them for a fortnight, but allowing pheasants to hang until they are "high" makes them too much like any game bird and robs them of their distinctive flavor.

When they are plucked and drawn, wipe them inside and out with a damp cloth, sprinkle pepper and salt fairly liberally inside and put in the body a good-sized piece of butter and a small onion cut into quarters.

After covering the breasts with slices of bacon, roast them quickly for from thirty to forty-five minutes, according to their size, basting thoroughly from time to time, and dredging the breast with flour to help the browning process a little while before they are finished. Serve as soon as they are ready.

Sovrani's restaurant serves bear one day a week in winter, and such distinguished persons as the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lord and Lady Castlerosse, Tallulah Bankhead and Anita Loos eat it. We do not expect that you will have much bear meat around the home but we give Sovrani's recipe as a curiosity.

London is a Man's Town

Pickle the bear in a Dry Chablis (white wine) for eight days (the Chablis is another drawback to serving this delicacy daily in the U. S. A.!). Then take bear out of pickle and let it drain. Next cook in a sauteuse containing onions, carrots and "bouquet garni." When the meat is browned add a quart of the wine and fresh tomatoes. This requires eight hours' slow cooking. Take some cream and mix well with the sauce, and add the quarters and juice of oranges. Chestnut Purée, Corn Croquettes and Cumberland Sauce should be served with bear.

Cocktail parties in London have added to the demand for savories. Here are recipes for hot savories which the chef at the Hyde Park Hotel made for a party given by Lady Harcourt.

Roll some puff paste trimming into rectangular strips, spread thereon a thin coating of fish stuffing, finished with anchovy butter. Lay the anchovy fillets, prepared beforehand, lengthwise on this stuffing and cut into pieces about one inch wide. Place the pieces on a baking tray and put into the oven to bake for about twenty minutes.

Prepare a ribbon from puff-paste trimming. Spread thereon a very thin layer of very reduced Bechamel sauce, flavored with cayenne and combined, when cold, with very small dice of Gruyère and Parmesan cheese. Cut up and bake for twelve minutes.

Take some fresh, well-seasoned *foie gras* and cover with slices of bacon. Poach it in a basin with good aspic jelly. Leave to cool for twenty-four hours. Clear the

Food—A Serious Chapter

jelly of grease first by means of a spoon, and then with boiling water. Serve when solid, very cold, and accompany it with grilled, crisp, very hot slices of bread.

Christmas pudding is a great institution in Britain. It is considered unlucky to eat any before Christmas Day, but eaten in Christmas week gives you the opportunity of making a wish every time. The House of Commons Christmas pudding is quite an event and is served in the Commons' dining room the week before Christmas, defying bad luck. We tried to get the recipe but all we could learn was "a pound of everything to a pound of everything else, mixed with eggs and rum," which seems a trifle vague.

So here is a recipe for a Christmas pudding handed down privately in a country family for several generations. It makes four ordinary sized puddings (does anybody ever make four at once?):

One pound of suet; one pound of currants; one pound of sultanas; one pound of raisins; one-half pound of bread crumbs; one-half pound flour; one-half pound ground almonds; one-half pound brown sugar; one ounce candied peel; one teaspoon mixed spices; eight eggs; one-quarter pint brandy.

Chop fine, add one-half teaspoon salt and mix thoroughly. Boil for ten hours. Serve with rum butter for which take one-quarter pound of fresh butter beaten to a smooth cream with two tablespoons of rum, and sugar to taste.

London is a Man's Town

Kettner's furnish us with two recipes that they assure us are typical English puddings. We tasted both and found them delightful.

Crush eight ounces of lady fingers in a saucepan and moisten with one pint of boiling milk containing five ounces of sugar. Stir the whole over the fire, and add five ounces of candied fruit, diced and mixed with currants (both soaked in Kirsch), three egg yolks, four ounces of melted butter, and the white of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Set to poach in a bain-marie, in a low, even charlotte mold, or in a pie dish, and serve with apricot sauce.

For mousseline pudding, work four ounces of butter and four ounces of powdered sugar to a pomade, and add the yolks of ten eggs, one by one, meanwhile stirring the preparation. Flavor to taste. Set on a moderate fire until it veneers the withdrawn spoon; then immediately add the whites of seven eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the whole into a deep buttered border-mold, which only half fill, in view of the subsequent expansion of the preparation while cooking. Poach in a bain-marie for about thirty minutes, and let the pudding stand for ten minutes before turning it out. As an accompaniment serve a light fruit sauce.

Some of the expressions used in these recipes puzzle us a trifle, but we assume they will be clear to all good housewives.

—*And Drink!*

WE know an enterprising gentleman—English, too, not American—who has worked out a system by which, in spite of the licensing laws, he can drink legally in London practically all around the clock. His method entails going very early to Smithfield and Covent Garden, and obviously complicates his professional life; but he seems to find it worth while.

Our heads whirl when we try to explain those licensing laws, even to ourselves; but obviously we can't talk about drink unless we give prospective drinkers some idea of where and at what hours they may legally imbibe.

The purpose of the licensing law, originally a war-time measure, seems to be that people shall be allowed to drink for limited periods after working hours. Outside London the pubs are open for eight hours. The City of London gets an extra hour making nine (five on Sunday), but different districts have different openings and closings.

In Scotland, hotels serve drinks to bona fide travelers on Sundays—those who have journeyed a reasonable

London is a Man's Town

distance that day; the hotel to decide what is reasonable.

In the West End near Piccadilly, drink places can sell their wares until eleven at night, but with the important exception, that if food is served, they can sell drinks until twelve. Also, each restaurant can ask for an extension until two o'clock one night a week. After eleven on ordinary nights you must order something to eat with every drink, and at 11:30 you are warned to drink up everything in sight, else it will shortly be seized.

If, however, you are registered at a hotel you can have drinks served in your room at any hour, because for the time being the hotel is your castle. Deliveries may be made from wineshops at any hour during the day, but nothing less than a quart can be sold.

One of the oldest businesses in London is Berry's deep, low-roofed wineshop in St. James's Street, which supplied Queen Anne with wine. We had a pleasant half hour one day with Mr. Charles W. Berry, the owner, looking over his curiosities and handsome old furniture. Many Americans come here to stock up the houses they rent in London and the country.

In the quaint courtyard here, London's last duel was fought; and in the front shop is an ancient scales where seven generations of celebrities have weighed themselves, then inscribed their names and weights in a

—*And Drink!*

ledger. Incidentally, according to this record, Lord Byron, most romantic poet of his time, reduced from thirteen stone on January 4, 1806, to nine stone on July 15, 1811!

Berry's ledger checks on history itself. For instance, Beau Brummell was supposed to have fled England in 1816, never to return; but Berry's book records his weight put down by himself in 1822. Napoleon III, Warren Hastings, the Duke of Cambridge and nearly all speakers of the House of Commons are recorded here. And there is a splotch of wine spilled by the famous rake "Bluehanger," when somebody looked over his shoulder to see how much he weighed.

Among Mr. Berry's treasures is also the first letter Queen Victoria ever wrote. This was in 1822 to a relative of Berry's, a Mrs. Lewis, who was in the royal household at the time.

Another stylish place to buy wines is Christopher's, 43 Pall Mall. Chalié, Richards, Holdsworth and Company, 59 St. James's Street, wine merchants By Appointment to the King, were established 200 years ago.

By a special dispensation which marks them as "off-license," certain wine merchants can sell in small quantities. One of these, Sparling, 93 Queens Road, Bayswater, has an especially fine assortment of tiny bottles of liqueurs, champagne and gin.

The two favorite drinks of Englishmen are beer and

London is a Man's Town

whisky. Bass's ale is well known for quality, and Barclay's pale is a good safe drink for those who "feel their liquor" quickly.

Whisky used to be made at home in England as gin is in America today, and was not a fashionable drink. One of the best whiskies is Haig and Haig. Claret is no longer drunk, nor is wine bought by the cask and stored in cellars for the enjoyment of future generations.

Sherry is more popular and smarter than American cocktails. The visits of the King and Queen of Spain to London have helped to bring sherry back into favor. Toasts to the Spanish Queen are drunk in it as well as in champagne, and the King has a glass of sherry every morning at half-past eleven.

The chief point to remember about port etiquette is not to smoke before port is served. At the right kind of old English dinner, cigars are never passed until after the port rite. We are told that at dinners given by the King's Bodyguard at St. James's Palace, before port is served, servants pass big gold platters of ice. Each guest dips his napkin in the ice, and then presses the napkin behind his ears in order to sober himself completely for drinking the toast to the King.

The most popular bars in London are: the Savoy, very bright and modernistic, presided over by Harry Craddock who used to be at the Holland House in New York; the Metropole, under Alf, popular with the university boys and shipping men; and the Carlton.

—*And Drink!*

Although it isn't particularly quaint, El Vino at 2 Piccadilly Place next door to Bentley's Oyster House is convenient to know about because it is just off Piccadilly and Regent Street. It is rather like a Paris lounge bar, with comfortable divan seats around the walls, and is patronized particularly by racing people. Champagne by the glass costs one and six. Everything is on draught in huge tankards set into the bar.

The Man-in-the-Moon in Vine Street, situated between Piccadilly and Regent Street, is picturesque as well as convenient. In the saloon hangs an engraving of the sign painted by Hogarth for "The Man Loaded with Mischief or Matrimony" tavern, once at 414 Oxford Street. A fillip to enjoyment here is the fact that your next-door neighbor may easily be a plain clothes man from the police station near by!

The Intrepid Fox in Wardour Street was named for the statesman Charles James Fox because in 1784, its landlord was one of Fox's devout admirers. It is said that the Duchess of Devonshire, great Whig supporter, used to take her porter here.

The Running Footman, in Charles Street near Berkeley Square, has always been a favorite refreshment house for the menservants of this fashionable neighborhood, especially the "running footmen" who used to race before the aristocrats' carriages to pay toll dues, carry lights at night, and perform similar duties, often covering sixteen to twenty miles in two or three hours.

London is a Man's Town

The Crown and Two Chairmen, in Dean Street, Soho, is probably the tavern mentioned by George Augustus Sala as the one in which he first saw Thackeray, the night he sang "The Mahogany Tree"! The inn got its name from the fact that the bearers of Queen Anne's chair used to spend their time here while Her Majesty was sitting for her portrait to Sir James Thornhill across the street.

The White Horse, in West Street near Regent Street, is famous for its Swedish Punch, originally stocked for Swedes, who formed a colony in the neighborhood.

The Olde Port Wine House in Bishopsgate, better known as Dirty Dick's, is popular with tourists as well as Londoners. The floor is covered with sawdust and the room is dim and really our idea of a tavern. Besides there is a marvelous story connected with it.

In the eighteenth century lived a man named Nathaniel Bentley who brought his son up in elegant style though his own fortune was founded on the hardware business. The young man was engaged to a beautiful lady but on the wedding day came news of the lady's death. Young Bentley locked up the room where the wedding breakfast had been laid and commanded that it should never be opened again. Then he gave up his foppish ways and became known as "Dirty Dick." Upon his death the room was opened and scores of skeletons of rats and mice were found upon the wedding breakfast table. The contents of that room were

—And Drink!

removed to the present pub. Women mustn't go here alone for it is a fearful neighborhood.

A special favorite with Americans is the Cock in Fleet Street. Pepys, Thackeray and Dickens were patrons of the original Cock which stood on the north side of the street where is now the Bank of England's Law Courts Branch. Many of the fittings of the old shop including mahogany pews and the original Elizabethan sign can be seen at the new address.

At 15 Fleet Street is the Rainbow, known to Addison and mentioned in *The Spectator*. Parts of the present building are at least two centuries old. Observe the beautiful ceiling here—if you still can observe ceilings after a few draughts of the special ale of the house!

A most interesting annex to the Winter Garden Theatre is The Nell Gwyn's Tavern in Drury Lane. Prints on the walls depict scenes from Nell's life which as everybody knows began in a court off Drury Lane.

The Ship is in Little Turnstile which leads into Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was built in 1549. In the old days it was a secret meeting place for those who wished to worship in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. As the inn could be approached from four different directions, the chance of detection was diminished.

The Golden Cross at Charing Cross is mentioned in Pickwick Papers.

The Olde White Hart which boasts the oldest license

London is a Man's Town

of any inn in London is at 191 Drury Lane. Its date is 1216. Prisoners on their way to Tyburn to be hung were dropped here in the execution carts for their final drink.

And now for the important part of this chapter—recipes for certain stirring English drinks. We don't know what you will do with them, but we've gathered them and here they are. The rest is up to you!

First comes the Planters punch which Alf concocts at the Metropole:

Mix one part of sour to two of sweet; add three of strong and four of weak. Grate a little nutmeg on top, add two or three cloves and some stick cinnamon.

Translated, "sour" is lemon juice, "sweet" is sugar, "strong" is rum and "weak" is boiling water.

Next is the recipe for het pint, a Scottish Christmas drink:

Grate a nutmeg into two quarts of mild ale and bring it to the point of boiling. Mix a little cold ale with sugar necessary to sweeten this, and three eggs well beaten. Gradually mix the hot ale with the eggs, taking care that they do not curdle. Put in a half-pint of whisky, and bring once more nearly to a boil. Then briskly pour it from one vessel into another till it becomes smooth and bright.

Here are Harry Craddock's best cocktail mixtures from the Savoy.

—*And Drink!*

For the Charles Lindbergh take two dashes orange juice, two dashes Pricata, one-half Kinna Liblet, one-half Plymouth Gin and lemon peel.

A special rough cocktail is made with a dash of absinthe, one-half apple jack (known in America as "Jersey Lightning") and one-half brandy and served very cold.

A Leap Year cocktail is made with a dash of lemon juice, one-sixth Grand Marnier, one-sixth Italian Vermouth and two-thirds gin with lemon peel on top.

For the Will Rogers cocktail take one-quarter orange juice, four dashes Curaçao, one-quarter French Vermouth, one-half Plymouth gin.

You can drink two of these and go home, but if you take three you wouldn't hesitate to call the king your uncle.

The insidiously simple Side Car uses one-quarter lemon juice, one-quarter Cointreau and one-half brandy.

The picturesque Snake-in-the-Grass combines one-quarter French Vermouth with one-quarter Cointreau and one-half gin.

The Highland Fling, appropriately named, calls for one-quarter lemon juice, one-quarter Crème de Cacao and one-half Scotch Whisky.

Probably the best pick-me-up in the world is Sheffield stout made of a bottle of stout mixed with a bottle of champagne. The late Lord Iveagh insisted that he could hunt when he was seventy due to the fact that

London is a Man's Town

he drank a Sheffield stout—made of his own Guinness—at every luncheon.

After this, we had better add that all you need to do when you have a head in London is to walk into a chemist's and put your hand to your brow. The chemist will say, "What you need is a Piccadilly Pick-me-up," hand you the potion and a siphon and wave you to a stool!

Dining Out

FEW food rhapsodies have been written about London and we shall not attempt to be different. We did, however, gain weight on London restaurant dinners. The better hotels, as we have already pointed out, set good tables with the aid, usually, of French chefs.

Soho offers a group of foreign restaurants, some good, some bad. Around Piccadilly are Chinese, Indian, French and Spanish places. The real English restaurants, as has already been explained, are the chop houses and grill rooms chiefly classified as pubs.

Simpson's in the Strand is probably the most popular restaurant in London with Americans. One can always be certain here to get well-cooked food of good quality, attractively served and in a restaurant which allows for elbow room. Comfort is never sacrificed for quaintness in this old English eating house, and in the various dining rooms are always plenty of bluff and hearty Englishmen, too.

The ground floor dining room reserved for men is typically eighteenth century English. A plaque marks the wall seat where Dickens used to dine, and in the

London is a Man's Town

tourist season, Dickens fans will wait for an hour so that they can say they ate their mixed grill or roast beef sitting in this particular seat.

All the roasts are cooked on a roasting jack in an open fire as of yore, and are wheeled to the table and carved before the diner's eyes. Don't forget to tip the carver at the moment your plate is placed before you as this is a time-honored custom at Simpson's. We have a picture of six veteran Simpson carvers. The youngest of them has served there for over a quarter of a century and the head carver has been there for fifty-two years in which period he has sliced more than 200,000 saddles of mutton.

Throughout the Christmas season, from December 19 on, you can get boar's head at Simpson's, its profile tastefully decorated in butter. The restaurant is also noted for having the deepest wine cellars in London and the fattest boat crew in the world—once a year they have a race with the crew of another London restaurant. Simpson's is open on Sundays, after 6 P.M.

Taglioni's at 16 Gerrard Street, W. 1, is an Italian restaurant that specializes in international food and an English clientele. This has a cozy cosmopolitan dining room with divan seats along the walls. The food is the best of each country. The chicken supreme and lobster are particularly good. Desserts are wheeled in on a wagon, French fashion. Something you never forget are the glasses—Venetian goblets, extra large, with

Dining Out

black cupids and nymphs frolicking about over them. Taglioni's is smart for lunch and dinner and also a favorite for supper dancing as the orchestra is always good.

Kettner's, 29 Church Street, is a cosmopolitan Soho restaurant of the best type, more Bohemian than Taglioni's and not quite so expensive, though the food is as good as any in London. The luncheon at five and six is a bargain indeed. You can dine table d'hôte for eight and six, or à la carte. Supper is à la carte. There is no band, as people come here for good food accompanied by good conversation. Americans get superior attention from Giordano, manager, a huge genial fellow who wears the liveliest waistcoats, brightest ties and finest mustaches of any restaurant manager in London.

You need not dress for Kettner's. Regular customers include Sir James Barrie who often comes on Sundays, Lord Rothermere, owner of the *Daily Mail*, Stanley Baldwin, ex-prime minister and leader of the Conservative party, Lady Cunard and sometimes the Prince of Wales.

Tour Eiffel is one of the most curious and exciting restaurants in Soho and the food is superb. The restaurant stands at the corner of Percy and Charlotte Streets, its bright yellow curtains and highly-painted exterior bringing a cheerful Latin note to an otherwise rather drab neighborhood. Indoors, everything is fantastic to the point of being improbable. Fern baskets and canary

London is a Man's Town

bird cages hang from the low ceilings, the lights are red, and modernistic and Victorian pictures cover the walls. Rudolph Stulik, proprietor, a stout handsome man with black mustaches was attached to Lord Kitchener's staff in Egypt.

Stulik follows the excellent practice of serving any kind of food his patrons may ask for: Italian, French and the best English dishes. All fish foods, especially those with sole as a basis, are wonderful here. Canard à la presse, sole mornay and crêpe suzette are specialties, served day or night.

All the aristocracy of Bohemia come here as you can see by glancing into Stulik's autograph book, a fascinating volume which shows that among his visitors have been Arthur Symons, Augustus John, Angela Forbes, Michael Arlen, Gladys Cooper, Ellen Terry, Charlie Chaplin, W. B. Yeats, Compton MacKenzie, George Moore, Lady Diana Manners, Clemence Dane, Jacob Epstein, Harry Payne Whitney and Pauline Lord. The Prince of Wales, too!

Sovrani's is one of the smartest small restaurants in the West End, its gay green doors giving a French touch to Jermyn Street, one of the most English streets in London. Its owner, M. Sovrani, once managed the Savoy restaurant and before that, Ritz-Carlton restaurants in New York and Philadelphia.

There are a tiny drawing-room lobby where you can wait for a table or the friend who is meeting you, and

Dining Out

a second dining room—an alcove-like extension of the main one—where you may dine in the evening in day clothes. The cooking is French and Italian, and good. Luncheon here is nice, for the place is always packed with a chic group of regular customers, well-dressed women, and men who all look as though they had just got back from hunting big game in Africa.

This restaurant has two shifts of dinners—one before the theatre and one later for those who will remain for the dancing. Then there is an after-theatre supper with an excellent orchestra. If you come to dinner you can return for the dancing after eleven, supper optional. Thursday is the night that bear meat is served, also the night the place is allowed to stay open until two. People like the Duke and Duchess of York, Lord Ashfield, Lord and Lady Castlerosse come here regularly.

Near Piccadilly one finds a group of restaurants and brasseries resembling the French boulevard cafés of the Napoleonic era. The oldest and most famous is the Café Royal which still bears an N on its front entrance—an historic place and for years one of the best for French cooking in London. It leads a double life, as the side entrance goes into the Imperial Café, with red plush divan seats and marble-top tables that create an authentic boulevard atmosphere. At the cocktail hour the tables near the door are occupied by groups of theatrical men and sportsmen, and their

London is a Man's Town

women friends, who drink apéritifs, eat potato chips and make love in as hearty a French fashion as if Paris were not across the channel.

This is a good place to come for a beer after theatre if you are not in evening clothes and want a peaceful place to talk to your companions. The atmosphere is decidedly cosmopolitan and Bohemian—Russian peasant frocks mingling with theatrical looking evening costumes. The waiters are glad to tell you who's who among the celebrities—Epstein, the sculptor, comes here regularly; Gracie Fields, the comedienne, and her husband, Archie Pitts; newspaper men and actors. Saturday night is best for the theatrical crowd.

Near-by in Piccadilly Circus is Oddenino's with a new brasserie and buffet in the basement done up in quaint English style, though the stuffed wild life that decorates the walls probably wouldn't fool anybody.

Then there is the Monico, which has a series of restaurants, a grill room, and a brasserie, quiet and inexpensive. The famous Trocadero is one of the best medium-priced restaurants with cabaret to be found in Europe. There is an after-dinner show which goes on from 8:15 until 2:00. You are always assured of an excellent Cochran cabaret revue, a good dance orchestra and supper at a reasonable rate. Sunday night is a special table d'hôte dinner.

The Maison Basque in Dover Street has a startling

Dining Out

black and orange front and no orchestra. The only sound is that of gourmets enjoying perfect food and memorable wine.

Among the character restaurants we might mention Veerasawmy's in Swallow Street, a spotlessly clean Indian restaurant, large and comfortable, with just enough seductive Oriental atmosphere to be interesting without being stuffy. Turbaned Indian waiters in starchy white, and scarlet sashes, serve chicken curry which can be ordered mild, medium or of volcanic heat according to taste.

Martinez's Spanish restaurant, at 25 Swallow Street, W. 1, is patronized by the King of Spain and is famous for its sherry.

The Hungaria, where you can have sublimated goulash and other Hungarian dishes expensively and conveniently, is in lower Regent Street.

Gennaro's, 63 New Compton Street, a popular-priced restaurant, and Taverna Medicea, 45 Frith Street, serve excellent Italian food.

The Palmerston furnishes about a quarter of a mile of subterranean restaurant at Bishopsgate, E.C. 2, which specializes in foods of all nations, including American. The planked steak is particularly good here.

Among hotels, the Hyde Park boasts of twenty-five cooks, twenty-three French and two Italians. W. K. Vanderbilt, Joseph Widener, the King of Spain, the

London is a Man's Town

ex-King of Greece and the Duke of York dine here.

The Savoy grill room has better French cooking than you get in France; also good English dishes.

The Carlton is excellent for dinner, and the Berkeley for dinner and supper. The Ritz is fine for lunch; the Carlton, too.

Good Housekeeping has an excellent medium-priced restaurant in Oxford Street directly opposite Selfridge's, with salads and the kind of entrées American women like for luncheon. They serve small portions for children—such a clever idea we wonder why other restaurants haven't thought of it.

Although tea is a meal in England as important as breakfast or dinner, it is not a social rite as in the United States and there are not many attractive tea places. It is best in the home, in the bosom of an hilarious English family, where you will get excellent sandwiches, cakes, and really wonderful tea, strong as coffee and served with milk.

Among the good tea rooms are: Liberty's, small, cozy and quiet with good service and good food; and Stewart's in Piccadilly near Burlington House.

Lyons offers a remarkably cheap tea with music at all Corner Houses. Our favorite Lyons Corner Houses are in Oxford Street, near Piccadilly Circus (Coventry Street) and the new modernistic one in Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street.

Department stores nearly all have attractive tea

Dining Out

rooms—Peter Robinson's; Gorrings in Buckingham Palace Road; Selfridge's, in its soda fountain. Peter Robinson's has tea dancing as do some of the others. The Regal picture show at Marble Arch has a beautiful tea room arranged for dancing.

All the hotels have table d'hôte tea served in the lounge.

The Savoy has a tea dance every afternoon. The Claridge orchestra plays and there are professional male partners (don't call them gigolos in London unless you want to see shocked looks on the faces of your English friends).

The Café de Paris has cocktail dances from 5:30 to 7:00, and tea from 4:30 P.M. The music is good and there are professional dancers here, too.

Rumpelmayer's is popular because of the chestnut cakes, and the fact that the Prince of Wales, being a neighbor, has been known to tea there.

Here are some other tea shops, not terribly chic, but good for two or three women who enjoy light lunches or tea: Orange Tea Galleries, 133 Wigmore Street; Devonshire Tea Rooms, 140 Great Portland Street, W. 1; Fir Tree Restaurant, 162 Wardour Street, W. 1; Ann's Little Tea Shop, 18 Beauchamp Place, S.W. 3; Gunter's, 72 New Bond Street; Fuller's, a chain store confectioners, something like the Mirror ice cream and lunch places in New York and conveniently located throughout the shopping section of London. The small

London is a Man's Town

shops sell candy only; but the big one at 206 Regent Street is an excellent place for luncheon, tea or the mid-afternoon ice cream soda.

P.S. We forgot to mention in the proper place that the Hotel de Paris at Bray, near Maidenhead (table d'hôte dinner, fifteen shillings, sixpence), is about the only one of the Thames group of eating places worth a visit. It is London's nearest approach to the out-of-door restaurants of the Bois. The famous Kit Kat bands go there to play for the tea and dinner dancing over the week-end, and you can dine out-of-doors on the terrace overlooking one of the loveliest rivers in the world.

So attractive, in a rather jazzy manner, are the hotel and gardens that it is no wonder as many as 800 people gather for dinner over a week-end. To be certain of finding a table, telephone the Kit Kat management before you leave London as they will make reservations direct. It is pleasantest to drive to Bray, but it is also possible to go by train. A bus from the hotel will meet you.

Gentlemen Prefer Pubs

LONDONERS won't hurry over their tea, but they are learning the quick lunch habit. Both men and women patronize the great backbone of the commissariat of London: Lyons, A.B.C. and Express restaurants of the tea shop order, which are distributed throughout the metropolis, like oases in the desert of the hungry city.

And lately the taverns—particularly those of the City and the West End—have made a feature of quick lunch counters, with a varied and appetizing menu of cold viands.

Simpson's at 76 Cheapside, known for its Fish Ordinary, is a homely little City restaurant which is jammed at one o'clock every day with business men who have come to lunch well for two shillings—and to try to guess the height, girth and weight of a giant cheese brought in at the end of the meal and placed on a pedestal of oak made from a beam of the old *Victory*.

Get there by ten minutes to one or you won't find a seat near your own flag at the big communal table. Simpson's is the only place in the City that still has a

London is a Man's Town

restaurant chairman. This official calls on colonial visitors for jokes and speeches while everybody waits for the cheese to be brought in. Champagne and cigars are given to all the guests on days when, as occasionally happens, somebody guesses right. Luckily, the waiter whispers an approximate number to strangers so they won't be too far off the track.

Simpson's was founded in 1723 in the famous fish market of Billingsgate, where some fishmongers challenged a man named Simpson to cook a fish they supplied him. He followed the first dinner with others which became popular. Later he moved to Bird-in-Hand Court and called his place The Queen's Arms Tavern, which it still is officially, though popularly known as Simpson's in Cheapside. Simpson's is closed on Saturday.

A much more pretentious place is The London Tavern at 53-55 Fenchurch Street, E.C. 3. On May 10, 1554, Queen Elizabeth, then a princess, dined at this tavern after her release from the Tower of London; and the metal dish from which she ate her meal of pork and peas may be seen on the vestibule of the first floor. There is a snack bar here where business men grab sandwiches, or cold fish, or oyster luncheons; also a luncheon buffet with giddy mural decorations in tiles; two grill rooms; one of the largest dining rooms in the city; and a fish department. In fact, you could eat here for a week and never twice in the same place. We liked

Gentlemen Prefer Pubs

the snack bars best, but most women wouldn't, probably.

There are almost as many London restaurants where Charles Dickens dined as New England inns where Washington slept. Carr's at 264 Strand is one—his favorite dinner resort, we hear, when he was editor of *All the Year Round*. This is a big restaurant, completely remodeled since the Dickens days; but the Dickens room, the main dining room, is as much like the original as possible. You can choose your chop or steak here and see it cooked on the open grill at the end of the room. A woman could dine in the main restaurant here with perfect propriety. Dickens wrote of the place in *All the Year Round* for June 18, 1864:

"If I desire a substantial dinner off the joint with the agreeable accompaniment of light wine both cheap and good I know of only one house, and that is in the Strand, close to Danes Inn. There you may wash down the roast beef of Old England with excellent Burgundy at two shillings a bottle for you may be supplied with half a bottle for a shilling."

The Burgundy here is still good, and the place is open for dinner as well as lunch.

The Cheshire Cheese is the most advertised pub-restaurant in London. Because everybody asks if you have been, you finally go in self-defense. The Cheese is in Fleet Street with an entrance leading from Wine Office Court. It is famous for its quaint sanded interior, and

London is a Man's Town

the table where garrulous Johnson is supposed to have lingered over his luncheon of steak and kidney pie—still a specialty.

We marveled, though, how he could have lingered long for conversation when the waiters are so anxious for you to clean up your blue plate of food so that your place can be taken by other lunchers. In fact, we should as soon lunch in the midst of the London Museum on a Sunday afternoon as here, but that's a matter of taste.

Snack lunches are served at little ledges around the walls at The White Hart, situated at the junction of Cannon Street and Church Lane. Here there is standing room only at lunch time, when the grilled chops are especially good. This is one of the oldest city taverns. In the grill is a notice calling a meeting of the Common Council of Candlewick Ward, to be held at The White Hart on the last day of December, 1751.

Rule's in Maiden Lane, just off the Strand, is one of the most famous and also one of the best medium-priced restaurants in London. It has been patronized by the theatrical profession since 1798. The walls are covered with autographed pictures and old programs, the best collection of its kind, it is said, in the world. This is a cozy place for lunch or dinner and also for after-theatre suppers when the stars appear. The oysters and wines are elegant; also the grills.

Birch's, at 39A Old Broad Street, in the heart of the

Gentlemen Prefer Pubs

city, is one of those perfect bits of carved Georgian architecture that billionaires yearn to buy up and take home with them. When Birch's was at No. 15 Cornhill around the corner, it was considered the oldest and most picturesque shop in London. It is still picturesque for the famous shop front with its three arched windows was removed to the new premises without mishap.

Birch's specialties are turtle soup and punch. Its proprietors, Ring and Brymer, a firm of caterers, supply the Lord Mayor's banquets. The business was founded in 1690.

On the ground floor is the pub proper and snack bar. The old venison hooks, the exquisite Chippendale bench, and the framed evidence that Samuel Birch in 1814 had his own turtle soup served to him when he was made Lord Mayor of London, are all worth looking at. The restaurant is upstairs, two small cozy rooms, open Saturdays, by the way, only until 2 P.M.

Oysters are an institution in London, and the oyster bar a favorite type of eating house. Scott's, 18-20 Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, is an old-fashioned, substantial restaurant dedicated to sea food, its black marble front and mahogany and gold interior reminiscent of the late nineteenth century. There are several dining rooms—small ones—wherein one may dine well on lobster, oyster soup and other fish dishes, but the

London is a Man's Town

oyster bar at the entrance is one of the most convenient places to eat if you haven't much time for a snack before going to the theatre. Oysters, brown bread and butter and ale is the conventional diet here.

It is interesting to know that the site of Scott's restaurant was the original Piccadilly, so named from Pickadilly Hall, an estate which occupied the present location of Scott's and adjoining properties, and belonged to a tailor named Robert Baker. In the time of the Stuarts it was the fashion to wear a stiff frilled collar round the neck, called a Pickadilly. A wit hearing that Baker had built himself a fine house about the Windmill fields assumed that he had made much profit out of the sale of the frills and dubbed his place Pickadilly Hall.

Gow's is another famous old-fashioned oyster house (or rather a series of houses); and Bentley's at 8 Swallow Street, between Piccadilly and Regent Street, has a small excellent oyster bar where you can buy ale or champagne by the glass.

Restaurants as famous for their fish as for their Number One cocktail are Pimm's, popular both with Americans and Englishmen. There are five Pimm's restaurants in the city but our favorite is at 3-5 Poultry, E.C. 4, because the building is so old. Like a Quaker meeting, the ladies are separated from the gentlemen, the first floor being devoted to men only. This quaint

Gentlemen Prefer Pubs

room with its dim old paintings is said to be four hundred years old. The floor above, one of several where ladies may dine, is three hundred years old and has more ancient paintings on the walls, some very good, and all atmospheric. Pimm's often caters to hunt breakfasts and shooting parties, but you can get the house specialties such as thick turtle soup and prime York hams at the restaurants.

Pimm's Number One cocktail, which can be bought in bottles, is considered the original gin sling, a long drink and very refreshing. Pimm's Number Two is a whisky sling, and Number Three is of brandy. Number One costs three shillings a half pint; the other drinks are four shillings each. Stilton cheese in a very prime blue condition can be bought here, and Christmas puddings of various sizes.

Pimm's is open until seven o'clock week nights and until 2:30 on Sundays. Branches are at 42 Threadneedle Street, E.C. 2; 1 Billiter Square; 94-100 Bishopsgate, E.C. 2; 58 Mark Lane, E.C. 3; and 57 Old Bailey, E.C. 4.

You can grab excellent sandwiches and wash them down with very good liquor at Hatchett's snack bar, patronized by literary people, publishers, and actors who go in society. Everybody knows everybody else here.

London is a Man's Town

All snacks in London are more substantial than those anywhere else, for there's something in the climate that makes hearty eating enjoyable. Men think nothing of eating chops three times a day.

Part Three
Education



From Nursery to Crew Captain

A JOLLY log fire was crackling in tune with the rain pattering on the window pane. Outside were mist and chill and bleakness, inside, cozy warmth and comfort—not an unusual London contrast, and probably one reason visitors so easily pick up the tea habit.

Anyway, there we were at our first London tea-party. And there was our English hostess, smiling a courteous welcome. There, also, was the tea table with a buttery aura hanging over it that promised hot muffins; and near-by, politely sniffing the aura, were three rosy, healthy-looking children.

“The tea hour in England is the children’s hour,” our hostess explained after the children had got through their deft little curtsies and bows. “When you accept an invitation to tea at any house where there are offspring, you must expect to be in for them all.”

After food had been handed about, the small boy was requested by his mother to recite, and did so without tiresome hanging back. The bigger girl as readily sang a little ditty about a star. The smaller one, aged five, entertained us with an account of her walk.

London is a Man's Town

"Surely not a walk in all this rain!" we exclaimed with a shudder, glancing out at the downpour and silently praying we'd be able to get a cab.

The child looked astonished, even shocked. "But we go a walk whether it rains or not," she assured us.

When we learned more about the Spartan training English children receive, we understood better the little girl's surprise at our thinking that rain could interfere with a walk.

At an age when little American babies are being coddled in cotton wool or its equivalent, British infants are braving the elements and learning to fight back. During the period that the average tiny American is lording it over the household, monarch of all he surveys, the little Britisher is learning that his place is in the nursery.

New-born infants never know what it is to be muffled up and are taken out on cold, blowy days with nothing on their heads. Two- and three-year-olds play naked in the family garden in early spring when visiting elders—from America, at least—are shivering in woolens and bemoaning the steam heat of their homeland.

The average English mother starts with one great advantage over the average American mother—she is able, because of the difference in servants' wages in the two countries, to afford a full-time nurse. A "nanny," as English children fondly call the woman

From Nursery to Crew Captain

who enters the nursery with the first baby and stays until the last is old enough for boarding school, is paid about \$150 a year. In America, her equivalent could not be had for less than \$1,000 at the very least. Nanny takes entire charge of the children, knits stockings and sweaters for them, mends their clothes, teaches them manners and punishes them when they are naughty.

Her charges live and have their being with her in the nursery, and this is undoubtedly the reason that English children in modest households seem so much better-mannered than children in the same kind of American home. They have such a completely separate life from the adults that only Nanny really knows the tantrums, sulks and pouts that have to be overcome before the manners that appear in the drawing-room are perfected. And because they see their parents so seldom and are so infrequently disciplined by them, the children regard Father and Mother as a special treat. The grown-up in general becomes, under the system, a superior but friendly being who is given unquestioning obedience. In turn, grown-ups treat the child as a human being and equal.

We went along with a friend when he took his thirteen-year-old boy to the races for the first time, and were vastly entertained to hear the two discourse like old cronies on the merits of this horse or that. The boy

London is a Man's Town

placed his own bets and to our chagrin (because we bet other ways) invariably won.

The tendency of such relationships is to cause English children to outgrow babyishness at an earlier age than American children; also, quickly to develop a sense of responsibility and sportsmanship. The merest babe is taught to take his bumps without howling. No matter how many times he may fall down in the park, he must always get up smiling. Nobody ever offers, as in America, to kiss the hurt to make it well. Rather, nurse or mother says in buoyant tones before the child has fairly touched the pavement, "It didn't hurt. Jump up, now. It didn't hurt!"

Every child begins to learn sports almost before it can talk. We know a baby boy of two who is brought regularly to a swimming pool near his home and already paddles about like a little dog in the water. Children begin to ride as soon as they begin to walk, and fencing is usually started at four, after which bouts are arranged and spectators asked. At nine, the average boy is excellent at both boxing and fencing.

English mothers are great believers in dancing, and this may account in part for their children's splendid carriage. Present-day parents are, however, much divided as to the merits of various dancing schools. Princess Mary's boys take lessons of an old-fashioned teacher who introduces much bowing and clicking of heels; but many day and private schools teach the

From Nursery to Crew Captain

newest in eurythmics, and even village schools sometimes go so far as to import teachers from London for this course.

Sports and fairy tales mark the only real excitement British children have, for the rest of their régime is marked by the monotonous regularity which makes for stolidity and steady nerves. An American mother tells us that her nervous, high-strung children were transformed into quiet, robust youngsters after six months in an English-run nursery.

The daily period of story telling is invariable. Fairy tales are encouraged throughout the United Kingdom, in humble homes or royal. A friend of ours came in excitedly one day to tell us of her encounter with a little girl in search of fairies. She had been standing before the statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens when a little blond girl pulled at her skirt and requested to be lifted up to see the "faiwies." Our friend obliged and as she set the child down, two women rushed up—the Duchess of York and a nurse. The child was the little Princess Elizabeth who had run away to find the fairies.

Just in case any mother is interested, the unbreakable British nursery routine includes a minimum of six hours out-of-doors winter and summer, four meals a day and plenty of sleep. The four meals include a good-sized hot breakfast at eight, with porridge, fruit or fruit juice and bacon or egg; luncheon, the main

London is a Man's Town

meal, very starchy and meaty, served about half-past twelve; high tea at five, with bread and butter, milk and egg or bacon, and a supper of bread and milk before the child goes to bed. Bedtime is six-thirty until a child is six. After that, he may stay up until half-past seven. English children are so accustomed to naps that girls keep up the habit even after they come out, which is doubtless why you seldom see tired eyes and drawn faces at *débutante* parties.

Norland nurses are British institutions, almost as well advertised throughout the world as the bobby or Tommy Atkins. The Norland Institute was founded by Mrs. Walter Ward, herself a trained kindergarten teacher, who believed there was a need for educated children's nurses to fit in somewhere between the old-fashioned nanny and a governess. The pupils are drawn from gentlefolk, many the daughters of county clergymen and the like, girls who don't care for the modern secretarial or business jobs open to women and who really love children. Having a Norland nurse stamps you as a person of some importance. If they don't like your references you can't get one, and if your conduct should be unbecoming that of an employer of Norland nurses, you'd go on a blacklist.

A Norland nurse is the ruling head of the nursery government, and to get along with one you must allow her to run things in her own systematic way. Norland nurses like to be called in for a first child and then

From Nursery to Crew Captain

stay on while the nursery grows in population. They feel that the mother of a first child, being quite stupid and helpless, will allow them to get control and keep it. Some even refuse to be engaged for an older child, for then they must undo all the mistakes other nurses have made. The Norland system prescribes gentle firmness as the attitude to adopt with the child and to obtain such a paragon for your nursery, you must pay about \$25 a week. Norland's address is 10 Pembridge Square, W. 2.

The invigorating process of hardening is kept up after the English child starts to school. All except the very poor in England go to private schools, and perhaps because so many Englishmen in government appointments must live in colonies where the climate is bad, the boarding school idea has always been more taken for granted than in this country. Now, however, a controversy has developed in the matter, and some parents are adopting the American plan of sending younger boys and girls to day school so they can be at home during the formative years. But most British schools continue along the old lines and find plenty of patronage.

The English have a theory that their educational system is especially helpful in fitting boys for life because three separate times they must win their way up in the world, and three times must be cast down again to start all over. That is, they enter private school,

London is a Man's Town

which corresponds to our prep school and must prove themselves before any notice is taken of them by their mates. Then, no matter how striking has been their success in private school, they find themselves again at the bottom of the ladder when they enter public school, which incidentally is not public at all but extremely private, not to say exclusive and expensive. Public school finished, the university provides another beginning.

The private boarding schools where the average boy goes at seven are managed and taught almost entirely by men, the head master's wife usually being the only woman with any authority in the pupils' lives. British boys are almost invariably delighted to get loose from their Nanny's apron strings. One little chap of eight and a half, who had been delayed in his start to boarding school because he was an only child and too adored to be given up easily, said with a sigh of relief, the summer before his release: "Well, I'm glad I'll be done with women after this year."

There are three terms in the English prep school—September 20 until Christmas; January 20 until the end of April; from the end of May until July 28. This makes a holiday of about a month both at Christmas and Easter and a six weeks' period in summer called the long vac. Public school life carries on the healthy, rigorous training begun in the nursery—cold baths, boxing, physical drill, dancing, games and only occasional indulgences from the tuck bag which every boy

From Nursery to Crew Captain

takes from home filled with toffy, chocolate and other sweets to be doled out by the head master during the term.

The better public schools are mentioned even by men in high place with absolute reverence. Parents will make any sacrifice to send their sons to Harrow, Eton or whatever public school the father attended. In a three-guinea London boarding house we met a captain whose boy was at Harrow, his own old school, and to make it possible for the child to stay there, the parents had to live apart, his mother in the country with relatives, his father in London to be near his work.

Public school friendships are kept up always, and prowess at sports as a schoolboy means prestige throughout later life. To get boys into the better public schools, names must be entered at birth.

Public schools are run on a system of decentralization of authority. Prefects, chosen by the masters for a combination of scholarship, sportsmanship and executive ability, govern the other boys. Sports are compulsory about four times a week, and each public school has its own special game in which students are perfected. Eton for example, stresses rowing and there are also a Harrow game, a Winchester game and of course Rugby at Rugby and cricket everywhere—the game for true-blue sportsmen in England.

“The Public School Year Book” published each year by H. F. W. Deane and Sons, Year Book Press, is a complete guide to public schools. Here they are listed

London is a Man's Town

alphabetically, with postal address, motto, brief history, patrons, governing body, staff, terms, tuition, and so on. The best of the lot are called unofficially "the sacred nine," and these include Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Exeter, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Charterhouse, Winchester and Chester. We couldn't get any two people to agree as to what schools actually comprised the sacred nine, but they all included Eton and Harrow at the top of the list. Eton costs 230 pounds a year, inclusive, Harrow about 216 pounds.

Girls are not usually sent away to school until they are nine or ten. Until then, they have governesses or go to day school. One of the best of the town schools is the Frances Holland where the Duchess of York went—very conservative and supposed to develop a back-bone-of-the-nation type of girl.

Among the conservative country schools for girls is what is known as the girls' Eton-Rodean, not far from Brighton in Sussex. About 600 girls attend this beautiful place by the sea.

Hayes Court in Kent is another sumptuous country house school. The aristocratic willowy type of English girl goes here. The curriculum is conventional, but the girls have self-government through a Parliament, and concerts and musical opportunities are famous.

England now has some schools patronized by exclusive old families which are trying out new and unconventional methods recommended by Bertrand Russell,

From Nursery to Crew Captain

Aldous Huxley and other radical educators. Usually these schools are either for girls or else co-educational, for the English are not anxious to experiment with their sons.

Maltman's Green at Gerrard's Cross, is a school for girls which has been established in a beautiful country house surrounded by a farm. It claims to give the children every possible means of expressing themselves. Each girl is allowed to keep pets, with the understanding that she must care for them, keep them clean, feed and house them. Each also has a little farm plot which it is her duty to sow and care for. She makes her own curtains, frescoes her walls, puts up shelves and even builds furniture. One group actually planned and constructed a studio wing, the older ones helping the little ones. No child here is forced to do anything that does not interest her. One little girl expressed a desire to skip when she first came to the school. Accordingly, every day for two weeks, she skipped uninterruptedly. Finally, she became bored with solitary skipping and so interested in what she saw the other children doing, that she began to take part in the life of the school.

Another little girl knitted steadily for an entire week before she expressed a wish to try anything else. The students make out their own time tables, and the only requirement is that they must stick to a decision once made and finish what they begin. Perfection is considered more important than speed, and proof that the

London is a Man's Town

method works seems to be shown in the fact that the pupils of this school make remarkably high marks when they take the qualifying examinations for Oxford and Cambridge.

Most of the "new" schools that boys can attend are co-educational. The oldest is Bedales near Petersfield in Sussex not far from London. It is a large school, a little world of its own where the Dalton plan—used with modifications in some New York grade schools—is carried out.

A very modern co-educational school in North End Road, near Kensington Gardens in London, is the King Alfred which is pioneering in an effort to make use of the normal conditions of human life by avoiding not only the separation of boys and girls, but the taking of children from their homes at an early age. The courses here run up to university age.

Another school of the more recent order, founded by A. S. Neil, Scotch educator, is Summerhill in Suffolk. It follows the principles of the New Health Society's scheme of vitamin value foods and provides a vegetarian diet, as well as a modern laboratory workshop where concentration and gifts for the homefolks are turned out in large quantities.

If these schools do not appeal to you consult Truman and Knightley, 61 Conduit Street, or Miss Lennox Carr, 37 Old Bond Street, who recommends schools and governesses.

Higher Education

GETTING an American boy into Oxford or Cambridge really ought to be started by parents before the child is born. And even then, he isn't likely to be admitted until he has appeared in person to be looked over by the proper authorities.

London University is less difficult and an increasing number of Americans enter the School of Economics and Political Science, one of the seventy-five bodies more or less closely connected with the university.

Rhodes scholars, of course, while they have their troubles before they come, find their paths on the English side magically smoothed; and, indeed, once in an English university, all is simpler than in America. Except, of course, for the distinction between the college and the university which takes some preliminary mental agitation to grasp. The point is, to enter a university you must first be accepted by one of its colleges. In general it may be said that the university examines the applicant for a degree and presents it after his college has tutored and instructed him. In

London is a Man's Town

universities having the college system, each college is in itself a corporation, possessing a head and fellows who constitute the governing body. The university appoints professors, lecturers, readers and demonstrators, and the colleges nominate lecturers and tutors. The program of formal instruction is prepared by college and university officers coöperating on boards of study. The university disciplines students outside the college walls.

This somewhat complicated arrangement is one reason why the American custom of publishing lists of courses in the university catalogues is not followed in England. The lecture list appears a few days before the opening of term in the *Cambridge Reporter* and the *Oxford Gazette*. Lectures and classes are simply two of the methods of preparation for examinations, and the student's private reading and work with his tutor are equally important or even more so. A student applies to take examinations whenever he feels fitted. He gets his degree upon the score of the general knowledge which he possesses at the end of his university life.

At Oxford, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin, the Faculty of Arts is not subdivided, and the B.A. is given after three years' work whether the course pursued has been literary or scientific. In Scotland, there is no B.A. and the M.A. takes its place as a first degree. In other universities a course in Arts leads to

Higher Education

the B.A., in Science to the B.Sc., and in Commerce to the B.Com.

In order to take any course at Oxford or Cambridge, you must get written permission from the professor who teaches it. But as no attendance record is taken, you could attend all the courses in the university without being a student, were it not that the porter won't let anybody into a lecture hall without a gown. Also you could attend none, if you thought it wise. Some Americans go, not for a degree, but to listen to lectures in English. One may attend almost all the English lectures by buying a ticket at the registrar's office and joining (at Oxford) the Delegacy of Non-Collegiate Students, or for women, the Society of Home Students. Members of these societies must be over twenty and look it. They may live out of town or in the suburbs, and are not subject to the discipline of the university. American college girls often take English courses in this fashion.

Any American who wishes to study in England should write for information to Mr. R. H. Simpson, executive secretary of the American University Union, from whose wide store of knowledge we have cribbed shamelessly.

Undergraduate expenditure varies with the individual, and to some extent, with the college—for, in the first place, the general standard of living in any college depends upon the general level of income of the

London is a Man's Town

undergraduates at the college (which is not the same for all colleges) ; and in the second place, colleges differ in the proportion of the cost of each undergraduate which they can afford to throw upon their corporate revenues derived from endowments. It is these variations that make general statements difficult.

To the university an undergraduate pays on matriculation an entrance fee of four pounds, and subsequently terminal dues. In addition he pays for any examinations which he may take. Ordinarily, the examination fees, from first to last, come to about twelve pounds. On taking his B.A. degree, an undergraduate pays to the university a fee of seven pounds, ten shillings. It is, however, to the college that the bulk of an undergraduate's payments are made. Those include, generally, an entrance fee, and thereafter terminal charges for room rent, tuition, board, service, laundry, athletic clubs, coal, lighting, and any groceries or other supplies which may be bought from the college stores. The terminal bills presented by the college are known as Battels at Oxford, and in most cases are presented for payment at the beginning of the term succeeding that in which the debt is incurred. An average man's Battels, at an average college, today, might safely be put at a figure approaching sixty pounds.

The total then for the academic year of three terms is 180 pounds, with no allowance for clothes, books, amusements, doctors, charities, or for any of a hundred

Higher Education

and one small personal expenses. Four hundred pounds a year is the bare minimum that will be needed.

Some Americans feel more at home at Cambridge than an Oxford, which is more ecclesiastical in atmosphere; but as a matter of fact, it takes time to feel at home in either school for Englishmen make friends slowly. Americans in the beginning get along best with the Scotch, Irish and North of England men. The South of England man and the American puzzle each other. Eventually they would get on, but the American grows impatient because the process of becoming acquainted takes so long, and he begins to find his friends among other Americans. The Englishman sees this clannishness just as he was about to make up his mind to be friendly, and goes back into his shell for keeps.

Yet both Oxford and Cambridge are intensely social in the most informal and delightful way. Undergraduates continually entertain one another at breakfast, lunch, tea, or coffee after dinner, either in their rooms in college or in their lodgings in the City. Hardly a day goes by that an undergraduate of any sociability does not share a meal or a chat over tea or coffee with some of his fellows. In fact, if he does not take time for this relaxation he gets an unenviable reputation as a grind. The first-year man, once he becomes acclimated, does not usually feel bound to spend more than half of each day over his books, especially in

London is a Man's Town

summer term. For that matter, the scholastic year is only twenty-four weeks long. However, a good deal of work is done in vacation and when the test comes, knowledge must be on top.

Friends reading along the same lines join one another for reading parties in Devon, Cornwall or North Wales. Others gather in London for a sturdy go at studies between theatres and the pleasures of the City. Most American students seize the opportunity to travel on the continent, roaming from Norway to Spain, and from Brittany to Sicily. Rhodes scholars have the privilege of being entertained in the great homes of England and enjoy marvelous vacations at wonderful Scotch castles and English country houses.

In the term year, time in each life must be allotted for sports. Each college has its crew, and its football, track, cricket, hockey, tennis, and golf teams. There are long and hotly contested intercollegiate meetings, with cups real or mythical, to serve as rewards. The intercollegiate matches and the preliminary games of the varsity are generally the only contests during the term, but Cambridge and Oxford meet on neutral ground in London during the vacations. The American plan of long journeys to distant cities, luxurious hotels, and swarms of coaches and trainers are generally unknown to Oxford and Cambridge men.

Each term is enlivened by a "major" sport. Michaelmas has "rugger" which is a pet name for Rugby foot-

Higher Education

ball. Sports, meaning track and field athletics, come during the late autumn and winter. Many Americans successfully go in for running, though the English athletes usually excel them in distance runs. Americans are best at sprinting and field events.

The most picturesque of all English games is cricket, accompanied by tea and played in summer term on shaven lawns by cricketers in immaculate flannels. Each college has a pavilion fronting a stretch of turf for cricket and tennis. The best cricketers begin to play on the drawing-room floor at the age of four and continue until they are seventy.

Tennis is played the year around on hard courts, and in early spring, autumn and summer on firm English lawn. Golf is also played all the year round.

Almost every undergraduate, sooner or later, goes out for rowing. It is a revelation to an American to see a river crowded with eights of all degrees of skill. Here again one finds none of the narrow and limited specialization of American college athletics. Rowing is a sport for all from the indifferent oarsman of 140 pounds up to the giant of 200 pounds.

Hockey, swimming, boxing and fencing round out the sporting list. None is neglected, yet learning, for all that it is absorbed so casually, almost lazily, comes first.

The university polices actions outside the lecture room, or diggings, quite sternly. Saloons or pubs are

London is a Man's Town

taboo, though there is no stated limit to the amount of intoxicant any undergraduate may consume at approved restaurants. Undergraduates are sometimes stopped on the street by university officers who request introductions to women companions, "to make certain that relations are all that could be wished." Two proctors, appointed from college faculties, and two servants (popularly known as "bulldogs" and chosen for their fleet-footedness) are empowered to enforce the rules and regulations of the university throughout the district. They patrol the streets and take the names of undergraduates who may be found disorderly, or in places forbidden in the statutes.

The proctors combine strictness with the utmost tact and courtesy. "Your name and college, sir," the senior proctor requests upon apprehending a criminal undergraduate. These are easy to spot because university regulations require the undergraduate always to have his gown when he appears on the street at night. He does not have to wear it, but it must be visible—draped over his shoulder, or over his arm, or worn like a scarf around his neck. When the name is given, the proctor says, "Thank you," tips his mortar board, bows and moves on. The next day the culprit gets a brief note requesting his presence before the proctors "precisely" at a certain hour and date.

In cap and gown he appears at the appointed time and place. The senior proctor tips his mortar board and

Higher Education

states the charge. The word of the undergraduate is taken unless there is unmistakable evidence against him. If convicted, the penalty may be a fine or "rustication" (a temporary dismissal from the university) or the culprit may be "sent down."

The word student in the American sense is not used at an English university. The dons, or teachers, are sometimes known as students but the members of the undergraduate body are always undergraduates, though of two kinds: scholars, very important, and commoners, less so. Scholars hold scholarships which they have won at secondary schools or in public examination, and they must read for an Honours degree (commoners may if they wish). Every act of a college is done in the name of its "Head, Fellows, and Scholars."

When you have digested all this, you will find there are still dozens of mystifying exceptions which you must also learn, or appear completely stupid.

Women at Oxford and Cambridge know they aren't wanted and go about with chips on their shoulders, rebellious and a little militant in their attitude toward the opposite sex. They feel they are on trial and therefore grind all the time to justify their existence. Women who want careers are usually the ones who enter the universities, and these are not as a rule the sisters of the wealthy, leisured gentlemen associated with Oxford and Cambridge.

At Oxford the women's colleges are St. Hilda's, St.

London is a Man's Town

Hughes, Lady Margaret's and Somerville. Girton, the first girls' college at Cambridge, is three miles out of town, so fearful was the university that women would pollute the cloistered atmosphere. The girls ride to classes on their bicycles. Women can get a regular university degree at Oxford but at Cambridge only a special.

The lads and lassies never dream of speaking to one another when leaving or entering classes. An American man we know said he spoke to a girl his first week at Oxford and she blushed so that he couldn't imagine what he had done until a fellow student explained. We even knew an Englishman who had the misfortune to fall in love with a girl student at Oxford. He was almost sent to Coventry. We also know a man who went to the London School of Economics for two years without ever being spoken to by an Englishman. Our effusiveness bewilders the average Londoner. You have to be gentle with him.

As at other English universities the student at London University takes his courses under the college administration and his examinations for a degree under the university. The secretary of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington will give information about courses, and the Registrar of London University about matriculation or examinations for a degree.

But remember that higher education in England means what its name implies. No slackers need apply.

Odds and Ends of Culture

FRIVOLOUS bits of knowledge may be picked up here and there in Paris without great exertion. But in London, the American seeker after polish must remember that life is earnest, culture is regarded seriously, and art nearly always begins with a capital letter.

The Slade School of Drawing, Painting and Sculpture is probably the nearest approach to an unconventional institution of its kind in England. But even here have been turned out artists of the tradition; for mural paintings and sculptured medallions along otherwise dingy corridors offer mute testimony to the competitions won during their student years by such men as Augustus John and Sir William Orpen.

It was a great surprise to us to discover after many inquiries of Bloomsbury taxi drivers, helpful bobbies and the usually omniscient street flower vendors, that Slade School is connected with the Department of Fine Arts of University College, London University. Geographically, Slade is as closely affiliated with University College as one section of a building can be with the main edifice—that is, it occupies the right wing of

London is a Man's Town

the gray stone neo-Greek college building in Gower Street. But temperamentally the two sections are far from affinities—are, indeed, militantly unlike.

At the very door, Slade reveals a healthy air of almost defiant independence, while its neighbor as obviously is calm, conventional and cultured. Art students speak lightly of University College undergraduates, and these speak in similar fashion, or more so, of the artists. Slade students are also a good deal less than enthusiastic about the traditional art of the Academicians although W. W. Russell, Royal Academician, is a "visitor" at Slade in addition to being head of the Royal Academy's school; and Sir William Orpen, considered one of the most royal of R.A.'s, established the Orpen Bursaries which give financial assistance to poor but promising Slade students.

But though Slade stands for the free creative spirit, it also believes in discipline and the fine drawing course offers opportunity to obtain a solid foundation in both painting and sculpture. The school does not scorn the practical rewards of art, either, and often obtains mural commissions for pupils. A competition for decorations to cover the walls of a new refreshment hall at Lord's famous cricket field was in progress when we visited the school. The sides of one huge studio were covered with fascinating pictures of cricketers, coquettish ladies and gallant beaux of Victorian times.

We were told that when students are judged suf-

Odds and Ends of Culture

ficiently advanced (after drawing for some time from the antique) they are allowed to paint and sculp from life. This sounded encouragingly like the hearty French spirit of the Grande Chaumière. Imagine then our amazement to discover that there are two sets of life classes, one for men and one for women, and that never the twain may meet. Any life classes at all are considered wanton by some conservatives, though not by the present administration. Until about thirty years ago, women were allowed to draw from life only while men instructors were not present. When the time for criticism arrived, all the blushing damsels withdrew from the studio, the instructors came in, wrote their criticisms on the drawings and filed out. Then the ladies came back to see how their work had been judged!

Only once a year, the night of December 19, is there a hint of the rowdy art student life of the Latin Quarter. This solitary exception is a students' ball, so-called, though it is more like an Event, the rough studio floors not presenting much parquet space for dancing. Everybody is encouraged to wear fancy dress of a humorous rather than spectacular nature, and a barrel organ furnishes the music. For weeks in advance of the great night, murals are painted on the walls of the rooms destined to be used for the dancing, and the best are left on for the year. The work which wins the annual grand competition is also left on the school walls. Thus it is that Augustus John's virile mural of Moses

London is a Man's Town

and the Serpents is still to be seen at Slade. Some of the other best bits, however, have been sold to raise funds for the school.

Slade enrolls between twenty and thirty Americans each year. They are welcomed and popular there, usually living in studios of the adjacent Bloomsbury section. The staff includes P. Wilson Steer, famous landscape painter; Professor Henry Tonks; A. H. Gerard for sculpture and F. Ormrod who teaches ornamental design. Famous alumni are G. K. Chesterton, Mrs. Steven Bone (related by marriage to the famous Bone artists), Mrs. Edna Clark Hall, Stanley Spencer and Eric Gill.

Not far away, at 11-13 George St., Baker St., W. 1, is Heatherley's, another art school that practices modernism and is a serious rival to Slade. Heatherley's is conducted on the Paris system, with an absence of formality and restrictions. There are no entrance examinations, no terms or sessions and students may join at any time and for any period. The school also follows the French plan of having a well-known visiting artist-critic, at present Frederic Whiting, one of England's finest portrait painters. While individuality is encouraged, pseudo-Bohemians in *bérets* and affected poses are not.

Thackeray studied at Heatherley's when he intended to become a painter and sent his hero there in "The Newcomes."

Odds and Ends of Culture

Pupils who don't like the democracy and criticism of the big classes can take private lessons from Mrs. Gertrude Massey, wife of the principal, Henry G. Massey, and one of England's most noted miniaturists. She has painted twenty-five members of the royal family, including Queen Victoria, the present Prince of Wales when he was a little boy, Queen Alexandra, and Queen Maud of Norway. The last Christmas present King Edward and Queen Alexandra gave Queen Victoria was a miniature of her two pet dogs done by Mrs. Massey. The artist showed us the very white envelope banded in black that accompanied the gift. On the envelope is written in pencil in a flowing feminine hand: "For dearest Mama from Alix and Bertie, Christmas 1900."

Diametrically opposed to Heatherley's is the Royal College of Art, Kensington, endowed by the government and patronized by the royal family. Here future Academicians are nurtured.

The Royal Academy of Music at York Gate, Regent's Park, N.W., lists among its patrons the King and Queen, the Duke of Connaught, and the Princess Louise. Within its impressive Georgian building is provided expert instruction in everything from operatic singing and acting to ballet dancing and deportment. The pianoforte department is particularly fine, and classes are given in orchestral conducting, choral work, military music, pipe organ and all orchestral instru-

London is a Man's Town

ments. Advanced students in the opera classes also get first-rate opportunities for practical experience in producing and stage-managing.

In order to be admitted here candidates must pass examinations, and if accepted, must leave the matter of what professor they shall have absolutely to the discretion of the principal, John B. McEwen, who has a degree in music from Oxford and enough other honorary letters after his name to occupy one entire line of print in the academy's catalogue. Students are urged to take part in the social life and general activities of the academy, such as student orchestras, choirs, opera classes, conductor's orchestra and drama classes. Sports, too, are encouraged and there is a students' branch to arrange athletic contests. Cricket and football never are considered out of place in England, not even in the realm of high Art.

And now we come to Madame Novello-Davies, creator and for years the conductor of the Royal Welsh Choir. Madame Novello-Davies has toured the United States many times and until four years ago taught her tonal physicals in New York. Practically all the younger group of singers and actresses have studied with her at some time or other. This plump, lively little Welsh woman knows everybody of consequence and has been everywhere. Her choir took first prize at the Chicago Exhibition thirty years ago and afterwards at the Paris Exposition at the Trocadero.

Odds and Ends of Culture

She wears a decoration of diamonds, emeralds and rubies given to her by Queen Victoria, and another from King George and Queen Mary. In her gay French drawing-room is a huge Sèvres punch bowl, gift of the French government, and said to be the only Sèvres piece of its kind ever given to anybody not royalty. Madame Novello-Davies' personality is so dynamic that you can quite understand why she prefers pupils who are unpromising to those with beautiful natural voices.

"When they come to me able to do little more than grunt, then I am really interested," she declares with relish.

Her pupils include a little girl who won a prize as the best child movie type in London, an actress who came with a voice like a buzz saw and has just landed a fine contract in the talkies, a South African who wants to be produced as an opera singer and an American who expects to be helped towards a dramatic career. This extraordinary teacher can introduce promising material to whatever managers are necessary to success, after, of course, they have undergone a course in tonal physicals.

These are exercises that develop the body, so that the body in turn can develop the voice. Madame Novello-Davies claims you must sing with your body plus your mouth plus your mind—not with your vocal cords. We saw some of her girls perform in bathing suits at a health exhibition. They did their exercises and

London is a Man's Town

at the same time warbled in round vibrant tones quite easily, though the process looked awfully difficult to us.

Mrs. Percy Pitt, wife of the director of Covent Garden, has a unique organization for placing American singers under the proper teachers and for getting them a hearing in London. It is called the Musical Advisory Bureau, is located at Grotrian Hall, 115-117 Wigmore St., W. 1, and is a great boon to Americans who might otherwise be preyed upon by unscrupulous professors and impresarios, charging great sums and doing nothing.

When a singer who has trained several years in America arrives in London with a scholarship or a sum of money, Mrs. Pitt first finds out whether the applicant has a real voice and then chooses a teacher. Later she arranges an audition with the right managers. She charges a guinea for the audition and, extraordinarily enough, does not take a commission on the engagement obtained thereby. One of the first singers to benefit by her bureau had a successful season at Covent Garden last year.

And now to poetry! The weekly poetry readings at the Poetry Bookshop, 38 Great Russell Street, have become internationally famous. At six o'clock every Thursday evening, students and writers from Bloomsbury gather to hear such men as Shaw, Drinkwater and Galsworthy or lesser lights. The tickets cost sixpence, and the audience files through the bookshop into

Odds and Ends of Culture

a tiny room with a box-like arrangement like a gymnasium shower bath hung in striped purple curtains. The room is dark except for a bright light shed into the box and here the poet stands and reads from his works.

The effect is really fine, for you are untroubled by the rest of the audience and conscious only of the poet who seems to be reading to you personally. The reading lasts three-quarters of an hour and the time goes like ten minutes—provided, of course, the poetry is good.

Time flies, too, at the Dalcroze School of Eurythmics, supposed to be the finest training course for teachers anywhere outside of the parent school in Geneva. At night there are special courses for amateurs who wish to be limbered up.

The Margaret Morris School of Dancing, 1 Glebe Place, S.W. 3, also takes amateurs and teaches educational gymnastics. Miss Morris is the daughter of the famous William Morris who, with Ruskin, fostered the arts and crafts revival of the late Victorian period in England.

The Gwladys Dillon Stage School, a sort of academy for stage dancing, is a picturesque place which might interest younger American girls. It's at 17-18 Rupert Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, in the heart of what corresponds in London to the roaring forties of New York. All London's nicest chorus girls get their training in

London is a Man's Town

high kicking and splits here. Also, many society ladies their training in limbering up. Lady Paget and her young daughters, for example.

We attended a graduation there one night and stood with prominent London producers, stage stars and now famous former students watching future chorines solemnly do their stuff. Later there was coffee and cake—and ball room dancing. This part of the festivities was as decorous as a small town high school party.

We recommend the Dillon school as a preliminary to English house parties. Think what a belle the lady who knew a few Dillon tap dances and songs-with-gestures would be!

London offers all kinds of serious lectures during the winter, including those at schools run by political parties to teach voters how to become politically-minded. The Fabian Summer School and Fabian lectures of the Labor Party are internationally known. Deep subjects are treated in a light manner at the Fabian lectures where Shaw, Harold Lasky, Bertrand Russell and members of the Labor cabinet may be heard. Equally interesting are the questions from the floor put by the man in the street before the close of the meeting.

The best way to be sure to hear Shaw and the favorites is to buy a season ticket. Shaw draws a crowd second only to the Six Day Bicycle Races at Madison Square Garden, and seats are sold out months in ad-

Odds and Ends of Culture

vance. The Fabian Society's London address is 11 Dartmouth Street, Westminster, London, S.W. 1, in case you want to write.

Lectures at the London Museum are given on all days except Saturday and Sunday. Although these are primarily intended for school children, the public may attend. Special lectures can be arranged, but application must be made by letter to the Museum at least five days in advance.

At the National Gallery, the services of a lecturer can also be obtained for special parties and free of charge if four days' notice in writing is given to the secretary of the gallery.

Free lectures are given at the National Portrait Gallery from 3 P.M. to 3:45 P.M. daily. In addition, special lectures to schools or parties, of not less than six members, can be arranged either by letter or in consultation with the lecturer.

The British Museum, too, supplies free lectures, a schedule of which may be had by applying to the Official Guide Lecturer, British Museum.

Part Four

Amusing One's Self



That Elusive Little Ball

MOST typical American globe trotters begin as frenzied sight-seers galloping harassedly from country to country, finally returning to the homeland wasted but triumphant, and already making plans to go back and do it again.

Somewhere in their preliminary travels, however, they pick up the notion that earnest touring is vulgar and so, disdaining couriers and guides, they abandon themselves on the next crossing to continental spas and Riviera gambling resorts. During this period, it is a point of honor with them to do as little as they can as indolently and expensively as possible. Since at heart, though, they are touchingly American and energetic, they soon tire of a champagne diet and such sad scenes of Monte Carlo as their fellow citizens grimly bent on having a good time. The next thing you know they've settled in England for a season of those invigorating British week-ends pour le sport.

We put in a lot of time finding out how an American should go about becoming part of the British sporting landscape instead of merely a collector of it in

London is a Man's Town

prints. In the process we sunk our putter (whatever that means) forty-five thousand times at the last count, fell off twenty strange horses, and got shell-shock from guns (our own) that backfired. But we don't mind. For now we know.

The most convenient American approach to British sport is by way of the golf course. The London and North Eastern Railway, which serves the east coast of Great Britain, will send for the asking a useful pamphlet which lists courses in England and Scotland giving number of holes, distance from station, address of secretary, green fees and other tiresome but necessary details.

The International Sportsmen's Club with headquarters at Grosvenor House in Park Lane, London, also offers information and welcomes candidates for membership (initiation, five pounds, five shillings, annual dues ten pounds, ten shillings!). This membership gains entrée to the Hurlingham, Roehampton and other clubs where polo, tennis, and golf matches of the season are held, and permits play at well-known golf clubs in the neighborhood of London such as: Wentworth, Sunningdale (a favorite of the Prince of Wales), St. George's Hill, West Hill, Worplesdon, Beaconsfield, Sandy Lodge, Ashdown Forest, and Moor Park, as well as other greens within easy motoring distance.

But for golf, par excellence, we went to Scotland. To get there, we took the Flying Scotsman, the fastest

That Elusive Little Ball

train we've ever ridden on, and were whisked from London to Edinburgh in something like ten hours. We had our hair shampooed, bobbed and waved en route just to prove what can be done while flitting past some forty stations at a mile a minute—and the Louis XVI dining room so bowled us over by its elegance that we could scarcely eat.

In Edinburgh, we stayed at the North British Hotel, where Princess Mary was also a guest, having come for a dedication or something. The management used to smuggle her out the service entrance so the crowds couldn't get at her, but we were allowed to use the front door without molestation. And then we wended our way to the golfing country.

Write the town clerk of any Scotch golfing section for golfing information in full. He serves as the town press agent and chamber of commerce combined.

Foremost among Scotch courses is North Berwick, forty minutes from Edinburgh, famous because it has ten first-class golf courses within a radius of ten miles. These include Muirfield, a champion course, Archerfield, and Gullane. Anybody who is anybody turns up at North Berwick some time during the summer and early fall. Poverty-stricken titled folk started the vogue because North Berwick was cheap, but the mob immediately followed with the result that cheapness fled. However, North Berwickian air, though expensive now, is still said to be the driest in the Kingdom—

London is a Man's Town

which means a lot in this amazingly air-conscious country, where natives continually brag that Margate ozone, for instance, flows in a direct and uninterrupted line from the North Pole!

If you want to seek further opinion on the North Berwick courses, you might ask former Ambassador Joseph Choate, Thomas Lamont, Otto Kahn, former Ambassador Houghton and Bobby Jones. They have all played there.

Titled English regulars include Lady Astor, Lady Oxford (the famous Margot Asquith who is said to play an excellent game, though a talky one), the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Rosebery and Lord Charles Hope.

Golf has been played on the Old Course at North Berwick since the time of James I. The advantage of the course is that it is not long, yet is tricky enough to be amusing, with fast greens, difficult approach shots and natural hazards. The soil is sandy and you can play in the rain or immediately after. We usually played in it.

Most Scotch courses are run by clubs, members of which play without charge as a reward for maintaining the links and collecting the fees. The public fee on the Old Course is four shillings a day, eighteen shillings a week or forty shillings a month. Places must be booked on the links the day before, and then every-

That Elusive Little Ball

body, member or stranger, takes his fair turn. Justice is one of the main principles of a Scotch course.

North Berwick has a professional, supposed to be one of the best golf teachers for children in Great Britain; also Ben Sayers, who makes and sells clubs in a little house on the links, and has taught Lady Oxford, Princess Bibesco and Princess Aspasia of Greece to handle the famous short fifteenth hole.

The only industry in the clean little village is renting houses. One hundred pounds a month will obtain for the season a house facing the golf course, with three public rooms, twelve bedrooms, servants' quarters, bed linen, table linen, cutlery and a tennis court. Small villas facing the sea rent for fifty pounds, in case you want to economize. And of course there are hotels.

The fashionable inn at North Berwick is the Marine which faces both links and sea. This is one of those ostentatiously simple hostels, with no conveniences to speak of but plenty of comfort. There is no bar, the rooms do not have running water, and most of the private baths, instead of connecting with the suites, are in a wing to themselves. Yet the service is excellent and life most pleasant here. Also, children can learn the Highland fling, and there are a croquet lawn and a three-piece woman's orchestra. In summer, the cost of meals and suite for three persons with sitting room, two bedrooms and bath is seven guineas.

London is a Man's Town

And now we progress to the noted course of St. Andrews, situated on a bay between the Firth of Forth and the Firth of Tay. The course has been played upon by almost every famous golfer in the world, and several royal golfers. In 1922, the Prince of Wales played himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and the Duke of York will duplicate the performance.

The Royal and Ancient Club which runs the Old Course (there are three other courses, one for working people) is the world autocrat of golf, but its democratic spirit is shown by the fact that in the lounge the portrait of Andra Kirkaldy, St. Andrews' famous pro, hangs near that of Earl Haig.

The Old Course is open to the public for two shillings and sixpence a round. During August and September, members are allowed the course to themselves for an hour and twenty minutes in the morning and for the same time in the afternoon. The tourist season is on in July and August, and most of the British golfers come, as a rule, in September. In crowded times, your name and the hour you wish to play are written on a slip and mixed up in a hat with the specifications of other would-be players, and somebody draws so that the succession is all fair and honorable.

A putting course was laid out for women at St. Andrews in 1867 and there is now feminine St. Rule's—a cozy little club house with windows that face the

That Elusive Little Ball

first tee and the last green of the Old Course. A letter from a qualified American golf club will earn any lady a welcome here.

One of the special human inducements to visit St. Andrews is Forgan, who has a shop near the first hole. Another is Kirkaldy, the pro. Forgan has sold clubs to champions for sixty years and once held a royal warrant to make clubs for King Edward; but the king was not a keen golfer, so the warrant meant more honor than business. Forgan likes to tell of the time Kirkaldy brought the present Prince of Wales to his shop. The pro had promised that the Prince would buy a new set of clubs and, in an attempt to persuade him, began pulling sticks out of the royal bag one at a time, saying of each: "Your Highness canna play more with that club, 'tis na gude."

The Prince waited until all the sticks were out of the bag. Then he began jabbing them back again, saying as he pushed each one in: "No, I won't throw that club away—I like it!"

Forgan lost the business but with true golfing spirit, boasts of the Prince who remained loyal to his old clubs.

We went to call on Andra Kirkaldy and found him soaking his feet in hot water in the front parlor, which embarrassed us a bit but him not at all. Andra caddied for the Prince of Wales when he came to St. Andrews in 1922 (stop us if you get too tired of hearing about H.R.H. the P. of W.!) and declares the Prince is a nice

London is a Man's Town

boy and plays a good game of golf. The old pro has known four generations of the royal family. Queen Victoria, he said, "pinned the Victoria medal on my left side and kissed me on the right cheek," this, after he had served her in Egypt. He was gun-loader for King Edward on many shooting parties, and recalls that if the gallant king was surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls when the birds came toward him, he was as likely as not to push his gun away and say, "Let the birds go, Andra, we can shoot *them* tomorrow."

The two chief hotels in St. Andrews are the Grand, which overlooks the golf course and is only a few steps from the Royal and Ancient Club House, and Rusack's Marine Hotel around the corner. The Prince of Wales stopped at the Grand, but Rusack's balances by offering hot and cold running water in every room and priceless antiques as furnishings. The rate there is twenty-five shillings a day, including four meals, and if you write Captain Rusack he will arrange for a golf partner to be waiting for you when you step off the train. How's that for service?

St. Andrews takes great pride in the fact that it offers its patrons mixed bathing, though there is a private pond for ladies who prefer the unmixed kind. Scotland is particular about such things.

Both Scotch and English complain bitterly that Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire, owned by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, is too comfortable.

That Elusive Little Ball

They seem to feel that a stop-over in a Scotch hotel ought to be an endurance test. Warm convenient places like Gleneagles, with hot and cold water gushing from basins in every room, and plenty of baths, apparently threaten the national fiber. The traveler in Scotland who mentions Gleneagles is certain to be led aside and tempted with a tale of the cunning Scotch inn that Lady So-and-so patronizes, which only takes six guests and where old-fashioned hip-baths are rolled into the room each morning.

All the same, Gleneagles is filled even to improvised cot-and-billiard-table beds every season; for in addition to the rooms-with-bath, there are the allurements of Sunday golf and a cozy bar. Not all the guests are American, either—some of the men wear the kilts of the clansmen on gala nights, and many of the country gentry come regularly for week-ends. Gleneagles was made from a moor, and the turf was transplanted from Gretna Green and laid out by a golf landscape gardener. Although young, the courses are good and certainly have great beauty and variety, for clusters of pines, little lakes, and fairish hills break the monotony. Also, the golfer who likes to fish may combine the two here.

In England and Scotland, to call a golfer "keen" is to award him the ultimate in commendation. This does not necessarily mean that he must be a good golfer, only enthusiastic and tireless. Incidentally, many older

London is a Man's Town

sportsmen feel that the American influence is ruining sport among the young in Britain, causing them to perfect themselves in one game instead of pursuing several indifferently well as in the old days. The entire English point of any game is to enjoy it, and to play it faithfully and in a sportsmanlike manner.

The really keen golfer is the chief patron of Cruden Bay in Aberdeenshire, which consists of hotel and golf course. The hotel stands perched high in the air at the head of a long flight of steps, and the golf course which rolls in grassy humps and bumps along the beautiful bay is considered one of the best in the kingdom. The cellar at the hotel is also well thought of. The regulars are chiefly titled people who know one another. One couple has had the same suite every August for twenty-seven years. If any patron doesn't come, there is tremendous competition among those on the long waiting list as to who will get the vacant place. Bowls and pitchers are used throughout, and plush and cutglass prevail except for one modern touch—a large victrola in a corner of the lounge. But this instrument is locked on Sunday so that the visitor who doesn't know his Cruden Bay won't be tempted to dance.

In order that regulars who come for golf may get their undisturbed sleep between rounds, no orchestra or other disturbing influence is allowed in the hotel. During the season, the day's businesslike routine is something like this: breakfast, everybody on the links

That Elusive Little Ball

for a round of golf, luncheon, nap, more golf, dinner, and bridge, followed by bed. Surprisingly enough, considering its conservatism, Cruden Bay has Sunday golf. To salve the tender consciences of those who play that day, however, they are allowed to pay caddies three shillings a round instead of the week-day shilling and sixpence.

Turnberry Hotel sits on a high hill above the sea on the Firth of Clyde. The golf course runs along the sea, and in one corner near the lighthouse is the ruins of Robert Bruce's castle—this hint merely in case there are school children and golf widows in the party!

Like North Berwick, Turnberry is the center of a rich golfing country. You could play from course to course along the sea almost all the way from Glasgow to Ayr and thence to Turnberry.

On the hotel grounds is the headquarters for the Turnberry Golf Club which is a very old, very exclusive club indeed, and officially used only by members, though when one registers at the hotel, one becomes a member for the stay.

Turnberry was the first course in Scotland to have Sunday golf, a fine evil practice which it keeps up. In season, a professional dancer and his wife act as hosts at the hotel and guarantee that not longer than two hours after arrival, the guest will meet other guests.

The Turnberry course is supposed to be at its best in May and June because that is the season of the young

London is a Man's Town

grass. It's a good place to spend the beginning of a European trip, and is rather nice at the end, too. You needn't be such a keen golfer to enjoy it, either.

Golf is a game that it does not do to become casual about in Scotland. We heard once of a man who was put off a course near Edinburgh because he couldn't seem to stop talking; and one gentleman is reported to pay a professional golfer two hundred pounds a month in the season just to have somebody good to golf with.

The Sport of Kings

WE had always imagined that hunting was hereditary. But we find that anybody with a horse (owned, borrowed or rented) can ride out with the most famous packs in England. Which makes it all just too lovely, doesn't it, for Americans who have always yearned to don red coats and gallop away to the notes of the hunting horn?

According to tradition, Leicestershire is the finest hunting country in the land. The Pytchley Hunt and the Quorn Hounds of Leicestershire (the Prince of Wales used to hunt with the latter pack) are also supposed to be the most fashionable hunts extant.

The International Sportsmen's Club (already mentioned as at Grosvenor House) or your tourist agency can locate a hunt to suit your taste; and the week's hunts are also announced on the sports pages of the London daily papers. Most packs hunt about three times a week during the season. The hounds are kept up by subscription—something around twenty-five pounds a year per person—but the stranger can hunt once free, or contribute what he likes.

London is a Man's Town

Hunts meet at different times of the day according to the season. In summer, because of the heat, they begin as early as eight or even half-past seven. In the fall they meet at ten o'clock for the cub hunting, which consists of chasing young foxes to break up families and scatter the little ones over the entire county, so there will be sport later. The real hunts begin after November 1. At the first November hunt there is an especially festive hunt breakfast when everybody makes his *début* in the hunting pink. Up to then, ordinary riding habits are worn. Hunting pink is part of the English ritual and means so much to hunting folks that a hunt master's daughter, who married recently, dressed her bridesmaids in it, having the materials especially woven and dyed to get the precise shade.

Hunting clothes cost about forty pounds, including boots, which are eight pounds all by themselves. Then there are miscellaneous expenses, such as a car to drive to the meet if you go in style; and a horse for yourself, and another for your groom. For a city person to hunt properly costs about 2,000 pounds a year. In short, hunting is not a cheap amusement by any means, and many kings we know would now be put to it to finance the so-called kingly sport!

Our first huntsman talked about hunting as a man talks about his earliest love, voice thrilling with emotion.

The Sport of Kings

"Hunting—it's my life," he crooned; and when he had taken us to see—and hear—the pack, and when the huntsmen were starting off from the courtyard across the field, we began to feel as if we had partaken of some new kind of drink and had an irresistible impulse to shout, blow horns and jump fences.

It's so contagiously exciting, perhaps, because everybody loves it so much. Indeed, after you have talked not only to the huntsman, but to a few grooms and some of the "field" you begin to think that nothing in the world is really important *except* fox hunting. Our huntsman heaped laurels on the practical side of the sport, declaring that it benefits every business—tailors, bootmakers, harnessmakers, blacksmiths. Recollecting some of our ancient views on the subject, we here asked as casually as possible about the fox. The huntsman maintained that nobody hunts to kill, and that only about two out of ten foxes are killed during a season, anyway.

"A fox is not a wee timid beastie," he explained, "but a very game animal. His death is instantaneous, and he always gets the last bite. We only kill him in the end because he must be kept off the hounds. What anybody joins a hunt for is a good gallop and the sport of it, not the kill."

So that was that. But we had a good many other things to learn; as, for instance, that you must call the pack *bounds* not *dogs*. The fine for making this mis-

London is a Man's Town

take is a shilling, and there's another shilling forfeit for calling the hound's tail anything but a "stern." However, you can partly make up your losses by blowing a blast on the hunting horn—if you can. One bob is the reward for this feat—and it's surprising how few ever win it. The horn is often quite small, like the kind little Willie gets for Christmas—for all it's of expensive copper and silver. But just try to blow it once!

It is wretched hunting etiquette not to give the fox a break. After the hounds have found the fox and begun to "speak," the master waits until he has counted thirty slowly before the hounds are allowed to pursue him; and the "field" always waits until the fox is one field away before they start after him. If you should have the misfortune to head off a fox—get in front of him while wandering away from the field—you might as well not hunt with that pack again because you've committed a terrible breach of etiquette and will be politely made to know it.

When the hounds find a fox they begin to "give voice" and it is a most musical din, pitched in a combination of baritone, tenor and bass. The huntsman adds to the noise by giving different calls to make the hounds work well; and when the field is finally allowed to pursue, the huntsman or the master blows the horn.

We defy any one to watch one hundred riders dash-
ing across an open field on a crisp blue and gold October morning without getting excited. Ahead is the hunts-

The Sport of Kings

man in pink, surrounded by the hounds; and in the rear is a "whipper in" to keep the pack in order. The hunters are of all ages—often a child on a pony, hunting with his parents. Somebody tells us that the Duke of Montrose's eldest daughter used regularly to ride off with her parents when she was only eight. A groom led her pony and a nurse rode on one side. We saw boys go through the ceremony of "bleeding" after a kill—that is being smeared with the blood of the fox. This is a ritual attending a first hunt taken especially seriously by male children.

Lovers of hunting keep up their interest even after they are out of the field. We saw a funny old man in a bright royal blue suit stumping through the hedges on foot and after the pack across-country. He was once a great huntsman but is now too lame with rheumatism to sit his horse. Another great huntsman was unable, because of an accident, to ride astride and used a woman's side-saddle, quite unself-consciously; and nobody thought it odd.

Hounds are important members of a community. Puppies of a pack are distributed among the hunting farmers of the district to raise; and to be given a puppy to "walk" is a great honor. The farmer or his wife receives the animal when he is eight weeks old and keeps him for about seven months. The pup must be raised rigorously—must never be allowed to sleep in the house,

London is a Man's Town

must never be petted when he whines, and must be "walked" regularly.

We heard of one little girl who had a terrible experience. A hound puppy strayed into her yard one day, and she took it in. Knowing nothing about hounds, she thought she'd let it sleep at the foot of her bed for an hour or so; but later it began to cry, so she let it sleep on her bed for the rest of the night. The story got around the country, and she was considered to have perpetrated such a breach of form that people would hardly speak to her for weeks. Later she married into a hunting family, but her past was not discovered until after the nuptials or Heaven knows what might not have happened!

Various country inns located near famous packs advertise themselves as prepared to take care of persons who wish to hunt for a few days only. The Haycock, a charming place with old-world gardens, about eighty-three and a half miles from London on the Great North Road, provides horses and arranges for hunting with the Woodland, Pytchley or Cottesmore hounds. Any American who rides well should try at least one hunt for the sake of the thrills, and anybody who can afford it ought to do a season if possible.

Those gilded souls who are anxious for a real go at shooting or hunting in Great Britain, and can pay handsomely, should consult the American Express in London; or if it is preferred to make arrangements in

The Sport of Kings

New York before sailing, the White Star Line, the Cunard Line or Raymond and Whitcomb, for information about renting shooting boxes.

A maharajah not long ago paid four hundred pounds from July 21 to November 7 for a place with shooting rights in Hertfordshire. A small shooting box of twelve hundred acres in Suffolk rents from June through October for a thousand pounds. It includes a hall, dining room, smoking room, gun room, drawing room, nine bedrooms, three baths, eight servants' rooms, a four-car garage and a twelve-dog kennel, also central heating.

Now hunting mustn't be confused with shooting. Here again we had much to learn. Before he took us on a shoot, an English friend explained what every Englishman knows—that you shoot birds, not hunt them, but that it is considered unsporting to shoot a sitting pheasant or any bird when running unless he has been incapacitated from flying by a previous shot. Some of the smartest house parties in England have for their chief end and aim grouse shooting. The usual procedure in shooting grouse is to motor to the moor where the ponies are waiting to carry everybody to the butts—little parapets or shelters made of wood and covered with turf. The shot hides behind this camouflage, his gun-loader behind him. The beaters—men who are supposed to round up the birds—move across the moor about fifty feet apart. The birds rise and the

London is a Man's Town

beaters drive them ahead. When they are high in the air, the gun-loader hands over your gun and you bang away.

A Scotch friend told us something which may help to assuage the grief of sentimentalists who deplore grouse shooting. It seems that during the War, when there were no shooting parties, the grouse multiplied and intermarried to such a disgraceful extent that they deteriorated sadly. In short, shooting some each year is actually necessary to protect both the morals and health of the grouse body-politic.

Grouse shooting is a tremendous gamble. The person who meditates renting a shooting box must be prepared for the fact that after he has signed the lease, great storms may drown the young grouse before the shooting season begins. Then when your party arrives, there won't be anything to shoot.

The proper grouse-shooting clothes are rough, neutral or dark tweeds. The Scotch run to russet browns which match their hair and mustaches. Americans must be especially careful not to wear anything but the regulation. The whole countryside is still laughing about some Americans who went shooting last year in white flannel knickers.

Very effete house parties are held in southern England for pheasant shooting. These parties go in for games as well. One woman who is particularly unnerved even by charades, and loses her head completely

The Sport of Kings

when it's a game where you have to sing, told us about being invited for a week-end by a hostess who after guests arrived, went up to town to buy games. The games were delivered in bales and trucks before she came back and our game-shy friend suffered such mental anguish at their number and complex appearance that she quickly had herself sent an urgent telegram to rush to the sick bed of a friend.

Really complete shooting boxes rent a ghost with the furniture—extra, of course, for the better class of apparition such as ancestral white ladies, drummer boys and so on. Other prerequisites are the fruits of garden and orchard. But the caretaker of a castle of a hundred rooms and eighteen thousand acres, renting to Americans, complains bitterly that the tenants eat up in one month all the fruit and vegetables for the year! Americans usually lease castles of this kind for August and part of September. Until recently, this particular castle had its own piper (in private life the village barber) who piped to wake up everybody at eight each morning and could be rented along with the house, ghost and vegetables.

We visited one castle belonging to a duke which rents every year to Americans for the grouse shooting. This place affords enough grouse for a party of ten to shoot each day during the season, and the castle is supposed to be one of the ugliest and most comfortable in Scotland, with its hundred rooms and 8,000 acres.

London is a Man's Town

Lennoxlove, owned by Major Baird, is one of the most romantic Scotch castles occupied each August by Americans. Ambassador Houghton and his family are among a long list of notables who have taken it for the shooting. It is noted not only for its well stocked moors and its impressive fifteenth century architecture, but its history. Once called "Lethington," the castle was renamed when willed "with love" to the Master of Blantyre by his cousin the Duchess of Lenox and Richmond, the lady whom Charles II so greatly admired he wished to divorce his queen to marry her.

Part of the family's servants are left for the renters at castles where twenty to thirty servants are required for houseparties. There often are twenty-five guests at a time. These guests shoot during the day and at night dance and play bridge. And then, if they are at all like us, they retire to nightmares where guns go off at the wrong time and shoot all the wrong things!

Hook, Line and Sinker

FISHING in Scotland means salmon fishing. A salmon is a fish; anything else in the piscatorial or near-piscatorial line is known by its Christian name as: trout, whale, and so on.

And fishing—meaning salmon fishing—is a rich man's sport nowadays, because there are only a few rivers left where salmon can be caught. In particular there are the Tay and the Dee. All the good salmon rivers in Scotland, including these two, seem to run continually through somebody's estate; and though the public is quite welcome to sit on the bank, or promenade beside it, the only way to fish there is to lease a stretch or a beat from milord who owns the preserves. Angling rights furnish the chief revenue from many large estates. Sometimes they go with shooting boxes, but not often, and never for nothing!

A few years ago, the average angler paid about twenty pounds for a stretch along the Dee sufficient for one rod for a month; and that was considered an enormous sum. Now he pays 100 or 150 pounds for one rod for a month, and an excellent stretch along the Dee was

London is a Man's Town

last year leased for 1,400 pounds for the season. Next year it will probably fetch at least 2,000 pounds. Usually a stretch or beat means only one side of a river bank; but sometimes when a lease expires, a land-owner will buy up the rights to both sides of a river so that his anglers won't be bothered by competition.

The head porter at Gleneagles can fix you up with a party and the proper equipment to fish anything—in season, of course. Salmon fishing on Loch Tay and the River Tay, and trout fishing at Carsegreck can be arranged through P. D. Mallock of Perth, a famous tackle-house. Carsegreck is bountifully stocked with trout. Sport is restricted to fly fishing, no trolling or bait fishing being allowed. Also, two rods only are allowed to fish from one boat and all trout under nine inches must be put back into the water. The charge for trout fishing is twenty-five shillings a day for each boat, and the fee covers the services of one boatman. The season opens April 2nd and closes the end of September.

On the small lakes near Loch Lomond, men often get up a crowd to take a houseboat at five or six pounds a week and then rent a little outboard motor boat and cruise about in search of fish. Women are rather *de trop* on trout fishing expeditions.

Good salmon fishing can be secured at Ballantrae if you are golfing at Turnberry. The porter at Turnberry can arrange a trip for you at thirty shillings a day—

Hook, Line and Sinker

which won't mean that you'll have sole rights by any means.

James Harper, who owns the William Brown and Co. fishing tackle shop in Aberdeen and fishes the Dee, says that American fishermen should make their fishing plans far enough ahead so that they will be able to get something in the way of a beat that is worth paying for. Fishermen who lease fishless stretches (and there are some each year) regret the time and money wasted less than the ridicule heaped upon them by merciless fellow-anglers.

The late Lord Northcliffe, according to Harper, once took a superb beat for which he paid high—at the wrong season of the year! When he discovered his misfortune, the publisher took it well—said, in fact, that he didn't mind being done, though he certainly hated to become the laughingstock of the countryside.

Good beats along a salmon river are always secured far in advance and leased for a month. The same people lease a stretch year after year, and these old customers naturally get the first refusal.

Fishing tackle dealers and hotel porters in a salmon fishing center often know of a rod who is temporarily ill and will sublet his rights if somebody wants only a week or so of the sport. Sometimes, too, a party will take a beat for two or three rods for a month so that perhaps eight different men may each have a fortnight. Often this can be combined with other sport so that a

London is a Man's Town

crowd can do the thing in relays. On a golfing trip along the East Coast, for instance, it is easy to stop off at Aberdeen or along the Tay and alternate golf and fishing.

The salmon fishing season technically begins February 11 and continues until October 31, but for sporting purposes it really finishes in July, or at the latest, the first half of August. Since the fish come in from the sea to spawn up the river, the lower reaches are best in February. Harper claims he has caught from ten to fifteen fish a day near the sea in February. The middle reaches of the Dee near Aboyne teem with fish in April, May and June. Glentaner waters are fine fishy waters, too, in these favorable months.

A fisherman, unfamiliar with a section, should supply himself with a local ghillie or game keeper who knows the best pools. It is the ghillie's job to carry the paraphernalia and the fish (if any), in addition to acting as guide. For all this, he charges from two pounds, ten shillings, to three pounds a week.

If you have no past experience to guide you, better buy tackle in the locality of the stream so that it will be exactly right. Some blundering anglers arrive with expensive big tackle when what they need is small cheap bait and vice versa. Brogues, the heavier the better, and with plenty of hob nails to prevent slipping on the rocks, and waterproof wading breeches, are what the well-dressed salmon fisherman or woman

Hook, Line and Sinker

wears. Harper says he has measured Edna May for waders and many other women, for the fair sex may become expert at this sport. In fact, the biggest salmon ever caught in northeast Scotland, or so the story goes, was landed by a woman—a Mrs. Morrison, wife of a captain. The prize weighed fifty-one pounds and that's no fish story either. A friend of ours saw it, reclining in stuffed state in a what-not cabinet.

Sportsmanship demands that fishermen catch no more fish than they and their friends can eat. A certain nobleman became quite *déclassé* because he sold salmon to the fish market.

Huntley Arms at Aboyne, and the Tor-na-coille Hotel at Bouchory, are amusing fishing inns where one may put up to be near the river; and though an angler will often form an attachment for a city hotel and travel fifteen miles a day each way to stay there at night, as many do for the Palace in Aberdeen, everybody ought to spend at least a little time in a true fishing inn.

The inn usually stands beside a stream in which guests are not allowed to fish. The walls are hung with stuffed fish arranged under glass, like old-fashioned mourning wreaths. These fish represent the victories of by-gone fishermen. The prizes of present guests—or at least the better catches—are displayed in endless prodigality on the desk beside the register. Everybody who comes in is required by the etiquette of the situa-

London is a Man's Town

tion to murmur approvingly in his throat, and never, no, never, to mention previous overwhelming prowess of his own.

In Aberdeen we saw fishermen start out at eight every morning in motors eager for the sport. Some returned at dinner time with nothing but excuses, others with excellent catches. Anglers may go out together but they never fish together. Only at mealtime and back at the hotel at evening do they meet to compare fish and fish stories. We have not yet learned how far a keen British sportsman may go in the matter of fish stories. But judging from some of the stories, the limits are liberal!

In Aberdeen, a hospitable Councilman took us to look at the fishing docks, this being the site of the third largest fishing port in Great Britain. After seeing fish of various types spread about most informally, we facetiously inquired for filet of sole. Our guide took us quite seriously and began asking about among the fishermen for filet of sole. Of course there were none, but the fishermen advised taking us to a big fish exporter in the neighborhood where we could see a filet of haddock. So in spite of frantic protests, we were led there and invited to view the entire process by which haddock becomes filet. This is the actual home of the dish. We saw the fishies scrubbed with soap and water by pretty girls (the prettiest we saw in all Scotland, in spite of their big gum boots); saw the fileting, smok-

Hook, Line and Sinker

ing over peat fires and damp chips, sorting, salting, and packing.

Filet of haddock is now the most fascinating fish on the market to us—though our clothes will never smell the same. A workman even told us how to cook the creature—in a little milk and only a few minutes so as not to ruin the flavor!

To Kew in Lilac Time

IF your only interest in motoring is whether or not the little old bus can really do ninety, then we don't mean you.

But to the quiet adventurer, that one who is willing to sacrifice speed for the breathless beauty of gray old villages, unbelievably green meadows and mysterious roads that wind and twist like intricate picture puzzles, we unhesitatingly recommend a motor vacation in England.

We took a tip from the poets and did our English motoring when the spring was there, even went down to Kew in lilac time and to Kent when it was raining violets—more or less. Still, for all that, we picked up a lot of practical hints which we might as well clear up at once, and get on to more joyful topics.

For one thing, we learned that it is better to rent a car in England than to take over your own. You can rent quite reasonably—four days at a pound a day for one of those modest drive yourself arrangements; or eighteen pounds, eighteen shillings for 250 miles with

To Kew in Lilac Time

chauffeur. Tourist agencies will arrange this for you.

Not but what transporting your own car can now be done very cheaply and conveniently, too, thanks to arrangements made by obliging steamship companies who will bring it over uncrated at bargain rates. But there is a two-fold objection to availing one's self of this service. In the first place, the English drive to the left instead of the right and their cars, therefore, have a right hand steering gear. It has been our experience that you will find the shift in sides easier with the left-hand wheel. Its unexpected right-handedness keeps reminding you "Drive left, drive left!"

In the second place, the average English car—not of course the wildly expensive models—has a smaller horse power than the average American car. This is partly an effort to use less gasoline—petrol they call it and it costs about thirty-five cents a gallon!—and partly a scheme to lessen taxes. Automobiles are taxed in Great Britain according to horse power (which by the way, since we are being technical today, means something quite different in England than here). The smallest car in England, the kind that you can lift out of the road with your two hands—we actually saw a bobby do that one day!—is taxed about thirty-five dollars a year. The American who takes his car over must pay taxes for the time he is there and is likely to be surprised at the amount.

London is a Man's Town

There is no test for driving in England, nor is your number plate changed from year to year. You merely get a new slip of paper to attest that you have paid your tax and this you keep under isinglass ready to show. English bobbies have a singularly cheery and lax attitude toward speeding, but they will snap you up in a minute if they consider you are driving recklessly, no matter what your speed. The bobby will do it courteously, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir," but he will mean it all the same and don't try to bribe him.

There are no motor cops in England, unless you count as such the scouts provided by the two automobile societies, the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association. These two deserve all the praise we can give them. On all lonely and dangerous provincial roads they keep repair scouts equipped with boxes of tools, and when you have a breakdown, there they are, not only efficient but pleasant as well. Moreover, they aren't permitted to take tips and *mirabile dictu*, they don't.

A friend of ours lost her cape out of her car and reported the loss to an A.A. scout. He telephoned all over the country until he found it and wouldn't accept a penny. To get even at all, she finally had to join the A.A.

One odd little habit of the A.A. scouts you must note and put down for future references. If your car

To Kew in Lilac Time

carries the badge of membership, it is their custom to salute as you drive past; and if one fails in this, be sure to watch your step. He means to let you know there is one of the rare speed traps somewhere ahead—a policeman with a stop watch. In the early days when automobiles were anathema to the average Englishman, the A.A. was formed by a few men who believed the new mode of locomotion would eventually come to something and so it has. All the same, the lower classes in England still dislike motorists. Many have actually never ridden in an automobile, much less driven one, and so they have literally no notion of how a car runs. That is why mobs of villagers coming from the pub will walk along in the middle of the road utterly heedless of a warning horn, even looking back lazily and laughing as if it were all a very good joke. Bicyclists, too, are a nuisance on country roads. With their girls, they ride four abreast, hands on one another's shoulders, disregarding all honks. There is as yet no law against this and so bicyclists and pedestrians continue to regard the road as theirs and the motorists as interlopers and rich bloated beasts.

Another difficulty you will meet—we're giving you all the gloom—is a scarcity of petrol stations. Experienced English motorists carry a rather unornamental extra tin of petrol fixed to the running board or the fender, for sometimes stations are miles apart. And they all close early at night, especially on Sunday night.

London is a Man's Town

Between Exeter and London, a distance of 200 miles, we only remember one petrol station open at night and that was only forty miles from London. In the country, most of the petrol is poured from tins or else supplied by old-fashioned pressure pumps, of which the owners are inordinately proud. The proprietor of such a pump in Dartmoor, patting his treasure affectionately, asked us: "Do you have these in America yet?"

All things last longer in England than in America—cars included. People aren't always turning in this spring's model to get one dated three years ahead. Cars are kept for seven, eight, even ten years and are cared for tenderly. An Englishman's car is always immaculate even though it may be the oldest car in the world.

Once when our Violetta had got herself shamefully muddy, the little boys in a village street yelled: "Whyn't yer wash 'er?"

Partly because the cars are not so high-powered and partly because the roads are older and narrower and wind through innumerable small villages, distances seem much greater and more tiring in England than in America. It would be nothing to drive from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles for dinner and the theatre; but you would be thought insane if you attempted so great a distance in England for the same purpose. We once traveled 394 miles in one day to get back to London from Cornwall, and when we happened to

To Kew in Lilac Time

mention why we were so tired, our British hostess thought we were joking. "Don't be silly," she adjured us; and not a soul would believe we had really gone so far in one day.

English eating places and hotels are a drag on the motoring idea, too. There are no tea rooms in our sense of the word; and one must everywhere go either to the local hotel where there is usually a set meal of meat, potatoes and pudding, whatever time of day it may be, or to a pub where there is only bread, cheese and beer.

We arrived supperless at a garage about ten one night, seeking petrol. The garage man hospitably put on the kettle and made us some of the blackest and most comforting tea we ever tasted. He had a cup with us, too, and it was all most cozy and heartening. Of course we tipped him. You must tip everybody in England except the A.A. scouts—tip the man who fills your tank, the one who makes repairs, even the proprietor.

You will always have difficulty getting into village hotels if you arrive as late as midnight, for everybody is sound asleep by that time. The best thing to do is to discover the village constable who will be somewhere about, watching over his flock. He will undertake to knock on the hotel door until the proprietor wakes up.

And now we must break it to you that when you

London is a Man's Town

first enter an English garage, everybody will seem to be speaking a language you have never heard before. This sensation is caused by the difference in English and American motor terminology. Just remember that: your hood is a bonnet to them; your top a hood; your fender a wing; the bumper a fender; the crankcase a sump and your license plate a number plate. Then all will be well.

We have now given you the worst of motoring in England. And we still beg, provided you care about beauty and are not too dependent upon creature comforts, that you try it. Nowhere in the world can you find such a marvelous range of scenery—a range that in a few hundred miles parallels that from the Adirondacks to California.

One morning, you are in Devonshire, warm and cuddly, with its thatched roofs, green lanes and hedges. In two hours, you have reached Cornwall which belongs to the sea—a strange, wild, rather unfriendly stretch, but so exciting that your breath comes more quickly as you view it. Or perhaps you will choose the Cotswolds, with gray stone buildings and rolling hills, beloved of many; or Kent, with white sheep grazing. Where you go will not matter, once the countryside gets you in thrall.

We have mapped out our favorite drives. They may be taken separately, or together as a circular

To Kew in Lilac Time

week-end outing. In any case, consult the A.A. and get one of those valuable maps and guide books of theirs that is as good as a Baedeker.

The first journey is to Stratford-on-Avon, which you must visit though it's ugly (aren't we the heretics?), and the Cotswolds, which are lovelier than you can dream. Go out of London by Watford By-Pass, Kings Langley, Hemel Hempstead, Tring, Aylesbury, Bicester and Banbury.

The distance to Stratford-on-Avon is between 90 and 100 miles. You might stop over night at The Lygon Arms, Broadway, and the next morning be sure to see the charming Cotswold villages of Stanton, Stanway, Snowhill, Chipping Campden, Upper and Lower Slaughter.

Travel back to London by way of Moreton in Marsh, Chipping Norton, Woodstock (the Duke of Marlborough's estate, Blenheim, is here), Oxford, and on by way of the Oxford-London road, through High Wycombe (famous for its chairs), and Beaconsfield, where Burke lived.

The second trip is a short one through Kent and part of Sussex. Leave London by way of the old Kent road and Deptford where Marlowe was killed squabbling over the reckoning of an afternoon spent in a pub. You will pass through Bromley, Sevenoaks, Tonbridge, to Rye. Stop here at the Mermaid, which is a seven-

London is a Man's Town

teenth century inn, near a small ruin which commands the Marshes. Henry James' house is round the corner from the inn.

Then there is the Sussex Down country across Surrey by the delightful towns of Guildford, Godalming, south to the famous Downs; tiny Petworth, with its fruit trees blooming in the spring; Fittleworth; Arundel (Arundel Castle is owned by the first duke of the kingdom, just twenty-one!); Chichester; Midhurst; Petersfield; Winchester (the school here ranks with Eton and Harrow and there's a cathedral, too). Stop at the Black Swan in Winchester.

Carrying on from here, you go through Hampshire, Romsey and the New Forest, which was new perhaps four centuries ago and grazes wild forest ponies and cattle. Then there are Ringwood in the heart of the forest; Wimborne Minster just out of it; Wareham and the beautiful ruins of Corfe Castle which was destroyed by Cromwell.

Going through the town of Corchester, which was Hardy's home, you come to the center of Dorset called Wessex because of the old Wessex kings; then on into Devonshire; charming Lyme Regis, associated with Jane Austen; Ottery St. Mary, where Coleridge grew up; and Exeter, with its cathedral, a little less than two hundred miles from London.

You cross Dartmoor, very high and bleak, pass Princetown in the moor center with its grim prison;

To Kew in Lilac Time

come out of the moor at Launceston, through Tavistock and into Cornwall where are Boscastle, Tintagel, Camelford and Port Isaac, Cornish fishing villages. Slipping down, you are in the beautiful Penzance of piratical fame, Marazion, and off Marazion, sitting in the sea on an infinitesimal island, is St. Michael's Mount which was once a monastery. You have now traveled about four hundred miles from London, straight across southern England and are not far from Land's End.

You must go home through Somerset, Wiltshire, Berkshire, stopping at the George and Pilgrims Inn at Glastonbury in Somerset, and at Wells where there is the most beautiful cathedral in England, with saints going up to Heaven on one side of the front and the damned going down to Hell on the other. Then you proceed across Salisbury Plain past Stonehenge and finally reach the London road.

Address Trust Houses, Ltd., 53 Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, W.C. 2, for information about picturesque inns in all parts of England.

Inns that were built three and four or even five hundred years ago have not running hot and cold water in every bedroom, but you will find good service and much charm. The English country inns are among the oldest buildings in the land. They have changed little with the centuries, and many fine old houses are still carrying on the same trade which they were plying

London is a Man's Town

when the *Mayflower* sailed on her historic voyage. Some of them, even, were standing, much as they stand today, when Columbus set out to discover the New World.

The visitor from America, arriving at Southampton, has some of England's most historic inns close at hand. There is the Dolphin, in Southampton's High Street itself, an inn long established when the little *Mayflower* set out from this port.

Only eight miles from Southampton, on the way to Salisbury and its glorious cathedral, is an even older inn in the shadow of a great Norman Abbey. This is the White Horse at Romsey, a queer little town on the fringe of the New Forest. There is a tradition in Romsey that the nuns of the Abbey used to grow a particular and beautiful kind of white rose, much coveted by Englishmen who went upon the Crusades. And perhaps there is masonry today, in the cellars of the White Horse, that could tell tales of those roses, and the Crusaders who came to beg them before taking ship at Southampton.

Another fine inn is the Crown, with queer gables, at Amersham, which lies in wooded Buckinghamshire, only about three-quarters of an hour from London; and of easy access from it are Rickmansworth, where William Penn lived for five years with his bride at Basing House; Jordans, near Chalfont St. Peter, where the founder of Pennsylvania lies buried in the

To Kew in Lilac Time

peaceful little Quaker burial-ground; and Chalfont St. Giles, where the poet Milton's cottage still stands.

The Red Lion in Colchester, oldest recorded town in England, goes back nearly 2,000 years, for it stands on the site of a Roman villa and beneath it have been found Roman pavements. In its vaulted cellars, today, may be seen stonework six hundred years old, and the present house is a gem of medieval architecture, most of it erected about 1470.

Many English inns are described in Dickens' books—in fact, practically every inn you see points with pride to some mention of the sort, and many have what seems like Dickensian atmosphere. Only don't expect the comforts of a city hotel. Atmosphere and real comfort are antipathetical, we find!

Seeing Things at Night

WE are assuming for the purposes of this record, that night life means life after dinner—that is, the theatre and whatever comes later.

One Londoner cautioned us to be wary in writing about night clubs.

"They are registered one night and raided the next," he said.

We thought it sounded like New York. But London night clubs are legally allowed to serve liquor so we shouldn't think they would often need raiding.

But perhaps we'd better start with theatres in order to be chronological. There are fifty theatres in the West End of London, nearly all in a mile area and close to the hotel district which centers around Piccadilly Circus. Usually there are plays by Barrie, Shaw, Drinkwater or Galsworthy running, and these, with Gilbert and Sullivan and Sheridan revivals, are always worth seeing, for they have an entirely different flavor in London.

Detailed theatrical information is published in the daily and weekly newspapers; and in addition, an Offi-

Seeing Things at Night

cial Theatre Guide is issued by the Society of West End Theatre Managers and is displayed at the railway stations. A pocket edition can be obtained free at hotels, boarding houses and clubs.

Theatre box offices are usually open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Reserved seats, boxes, orchestra stalls, dress and upper circles may also be purchased from theatre booking agencies by telephone or direct, in which cases a small fixed booking fee is charged. Alfred Hays, Ltd., 26 Old Bond Street, from whom the Prince of Wales gets tickets, is one of several good booking offices. Pit and gallery seats are usually unreserved which leads to one of the quaintest and most characteristic bits of London atmosphere—the queue. At any popular play you will find a long line of people—chiefly women—sitting on infinitesimal camp stools waiting patiently for the box office to open so they can buy seats at from one shilling three pence to three shillings six pence for the hit of the season. People like standing in the queue, apparently, for the left-overs often stay even after notice has been given of the point in line where the prospect for tickets ends.

Theatres that reserve seats in the pit and gallery are the Haymarket and the Hippodrome.

Don't depend on your ticket for information about the hours of theatres or the address, as these are seldom indicated. Plays open anytime from eight o'clock to a quarter to nine, though eight-fifteen is the most usual

London is a Man's Town

hour. With characteristic love of tradition England clings to early theatre hours of an old-fashioned day though now everybody dines much later. All you can do is skip dinner, grab a sandwich at Hatchett's or some oysters at Scott's and wait for supper after the theatre. Most plays start about the time a gourmet prefers to be engaged with soup and sherry.

Coffee is served between the acts at most theatres at night, and tea in the afternoon—all brought to your seat. Programs are sixpence and you need not tip the usher as in Paris. Don't forget to rise at the end of the performance when the orchestra plays "God Save the King."

To prove that London is a man's town, smoking is permitted in practically all theatres, and pipes in some. There are bars in most—certainly in all variety shows—and everybody takes refreshment in the intervals. Her Majesty's Theatre was even known on one occasion to serve champagne in the boxes.

The theatre in London, at least in the West End, is very dressy. In the stalls and dress circle the men wear dinner jackets and opera hats, and the women dress up to them. Certain theatres always have an unusually dressy clientele, no matter what the play, so wear your best when going to the Haymarket, the St. James's, His Majesty's and the Savoy. The Winter Garden, on the other hand, and the Hippodrome, are not necessarily elegant.

Seeing Things at Night

The most beautiful theatre is the newly renovated Savoy where Gilbert and Sullivan is often given for an entire season by the original Rupert D'Oyly Carte company. London does not offer a greater diversion than the sight of an audience which sums up the best and most decorative of Empire conservatism, laughing at all the most sacred British cows, such as the law, the navy and officialdom. It is impossible to get the full rollicking satire of Gilbert and Sullivan until it is seen on its native heath.

The Savoy, next door to the Savoy Hotel, is done up in brilliant modernistic style, the walls and ceiling all shining silver, each chair differently upholstered, like a flower garden. There is one tiny royal box; and a cocktail bar and lounge make this the comfortable and joyous place a theatre is supposed to be and so seldom is.

The Drury Lane is one of the most historic theatres in London and is often patronized by the King and Queen. There has always been a Drury Lane Theatre on this site, the second theatre having been built in 1674. A third built in 1805 was destroyed by fire in 1809. Dr. Johnson's first play, "Irene," was produced at the Drury Lane in 1749, ran nine nights and brought its author 195 pounds and seventeen shillings.

Among the out-of-the-way theatres worth visiting, is the "Old Vic" in Waterloo Road, originally opened under the name of the Coburg Theatre as a home for classical drama. Large and fashionable audiences used

London is a Man's Town

to assemble here, attracted partly by the novelty and partly by the comfort of knowing that the theatre maintained its own staff of police to see them safely home. Sometimes Shakespeare and sometimes a season of grand opera for the masses, at four shillings top price, is offered here. The theatre serves as a kind of training school for young actors and actresses, too.

Quaint old plays are revived with such loving care by Sir Nigel Playfair at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, that they are more than worth the ride there in the underground. The casts are wonderful, the costuming and staging perfect and the whole thing is done with imagination and light humor. "The Beggars' Opera" runs here intermittently, and such entertainments as Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring."

At the "Q" Theatre at Kew Bridge (reached by tram from Hammersmith to Shepherd's Bush) new plays are often tried out by producers who haven't quite enough money to take a chance in the West End. Mrs. Pat Campbell has appeared here in her lean periods.

Then there are the subscription theatres which successfully get around the Lord Chamberlain's censorship of certain plays by giving them privately. The tiny Gate Theatre Studio which used to be a billiard hall, the Arts Theatre Club, much more decorative but just as much a family affair, and the baby theatre, called The Players, in New Compton Street underneath the

Seeing Things at Night

old abode of the "Playroom Six," are probably the best known of these organizations which are far from being either amateurish or little-theaterish in their scope.

Subscriptions to these theatres are ten shillings sixpence a season, and performances almost always take place on Sunday night when professionals are free of engagements. You can't get in unless you are a member, but if you are in London any length of time it is not difficult to join.

Actors we should recommend seeing in London include Sir Gerald du Maurier for his casual fantastic humor (especially if he is appearing in *Peter Pan*); Sybil Thorndike if she is in something heavy as she is a great tragédienne; Matheson Lang, tragedian; Gracie Fields, a girl from Lancashire who has made good in London and is a killinglly funny comédienne appearing often at the Winter Garden in very broad farces and revues; Leslie Henson, comedian, who always has lots to say in magazines and newspapers as well as from the stage; Cedric Hardwicke who ought to be seen in Shaw if possible; Marie Tempest; Mrs. Pat Campbell to whom Americans need not be introduced; Henry Ainley, one of the best dramatic actors, with a beautiful voice; and Peggy O'Neil, delightful American actress, who broke the long-run record with her "*Paddy the Next Best Thing*," and is adored by the English.

An American actress perennially popular in the

London is a Man's Town

music halls is the charming, diminutive Ella Shields, creator of Burlington Bertie. It will do your heart good to hear music hall audiences applaud her.

Look up current motion pictures in the newspapers or in the weekly calendar published by the American Express. But at the Avenue Pavillon, 101 Shaftesbury Avenue, you are pretty sure to see good high-brow foreign pictures or revivals of classics from the days of the silent films.

A children's theatre is run all the year round at 81 Endell Street and plays, folk songs, dancing and pantomime are given by West End actors and actresses who lend their services to the joyful occasion. Seats range from a halfpenny to five shillings ninepence, and it is possible to take over the whole theatre for birthday parties.

For supper and dancing after the theatre, you have a fairly wide choice in spite of our friend's caution about raids.

First, you may like the Café des Anglais which is pleasant and not too formal. This café faces Leicester Square and inside is small and intimate, hence tremendously popular. Theatrical people, society, demi-mondaines and Americans crowd the floor. The fact that you can barely move for the dancers seems to be one attraction for Londoners. Patter songs known as "blue," which is English for dirty, are sung often; and while you wouldn't want to take your grandmother to

Seeing Things at Night

hear them, you could your granddaughter. Extension night here is Wednesday—which means that liquor can be served until two.

Both the Café des Anglais and the Kit Kat Club, which is under the same management, have birthday books in which regular patrons inscribe their names and the dates of their birth. Feminine patrons then receive large bunches of pink roses on their natal day with the compliments of the management. In the Café des Anglais book we found Lady Londonderry, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Lord Tennyson, the Prince of Wales, Margaret Bannerman, Dorothy Dixon, Tallulah Bankhead, the Honorable Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, Dowager Lady Annesley, and Baroness d'Erlanger.

The Kit Kat Club's extension night is Thursday. You must dress to dance or to sit on the main floor at supper, but you need not dress to enjoy the music and cabaret from the balcony. So that you may not take the young lady you met on the boat to the Kit Kat and find yourself with insufficient funds, we warn you at once that the minimum charge for supper is fifteen shillings sixpence, which includes an elegant supper, couvert charge and the privilege of dancing. Wine is extra. You can order à la carte if you wish but it is more expensive.

The Kit Kat is probably the best known restaurant for supper and dancing in Europe, and one of the most popular with Americans. It used to be a night club with

London is a Man's Town

exclusive membership, but several years ago was made into a restaurant and its popularity grew apace with the appearance of that Queen of Red Hot Mammies, Sophie Tucker, as entertainer. Sophie and her Mammy songs are still talked about, for London never forgets a stage favorite who once takes its fancy.

A celebrated series of American jazz bands have wailed their internationally modern rhythms across the Kit Kat's long dance floor—Ted Lewis, Paul White-man, Brook Johns, Ben Bernie and Abe Lyman, to mention only a few.

The Café de Paris is one of the few public dancing restaurants that London's élite regularly deign to patronize. It is small, elegant and quite French in atmosphere. You must dress to dance or dine below; but here, as at the Kit Kat, you may watch the dancers from tables above in case you want to come in for supper and to hear some good music in your plus fours. The two bands which alternate during the evening, and for the cocktail and tea dancing in the afternoon, are always good and the cabaret is as much on the exotic side as possible. The Café de Paris clientele is very chic, so women should don their best Paris evening dresses, and men should wear tails rather than dinner coats.

People you are likely to see dancing about with great pep and abandon—everybody tries to be quite informal and Bohemian here—include Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord Molyneux, Lord Milford Haven, Lady Furness,

Seeing Things at Night

the Earl of Portarlington, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Abingdon. Royalty, too, every now and then: the King of Spain, the ex-King of Greece, the Duke and Duchess of York. Our cinema aristocracy has been represented by Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson. Jack Buchanan is another regular visitor when he is in London. Extension night here is usually Wednesday which is often, in the West End, the best one for seeing the chic crowd as they are all back from one weekend and haven't made off for the next. The minimum couvert charge is twenty-one shillings—about five dollars—for supper. Wine extra, of course.

The Embassy is undoubtedly the most exclusive place to dance in Europe. It seems a little futile to describe it to anybody who doesn't know a member, for there isn't a chance of getting in without that introduction. No tourist agency can help, either.

There is no cabaret, for Luigi, courtly and elegant manager, says the fair lady members and their guests are all the ornamentation the Embassy needs. An excellent dance orchestra, however, plays from a little gallery. The best night to go—if you can contrive the feat—is Wednesday night when you will see the most charming women in London, really elegant ones, dancing about in frocks that discreetly whisper the fact that they came from the very best Paris couturiers. Male partners, needless to say, are all tall, handsome and perfectly groomed Englishmen of the type that you

London is a Man's Town

previously believed existed only in E. Phillips Oppenheim stories and Henry Raleigh illustrations.

Royalty from all over Europe comes here—the King of Spain, Marie José, the Belgian princess who married the Italian prince, and the Prince of Wales. Nobody stares at anybody else at the Embassy because each considers himself or herself equally worth being stared at. There is, however, a famous Embassy cat which dares to look at the kings.

Luigi has a charming custom of giving a bouquet of six orchids at luncheon time to the lady who is either herself the most notable or who is with some famous man he wants to compliment in a delicate manner.

Other dance clubs include *Ciro's*—probably the best known next to the Embassy—and the *Bat*, patronized by the élite who like something not quite so formal as the Embassy and with the incomparable Douglas Byng as an entertainer. This delightful and wholly British type of cabaret clown is also the guiding spirit of what we consider the most amusing night club in London—the *Kinde Dragon* in Garrick Court, St. Martin's Lane, in Chippendale's old workshops, approached by way of the oldest piece of cobblestone paving in the City.

For the main restaurant, you enter, by a crazy outside staircase, a quaint, crowded and uncomfortable little room on the second floor. Friday night is theatrical night, and the celebrity of the moment is asked to sit in the place of honor along the wall. Although it

Seeing Things at Night

looks a little rowdy and Bohemian, the Kinde Dragon has a high-hat patronage, too. For instance, Princess Arthur of Connaught (the princess royal), comes here to eat beeksteak and fried onions.

Besides the visiting guest of honor, other stage stars who can't be paid enough to appear at a private entertainment—Gracie Fields, for instance—often turn up and give entertainment which is better than anything they ever do on the stage. It's a costly place, however—a couple of sandwiches and a bottle of champagne come to as much as dinner at the Savoy.

The Cosmo Club in Wardour Street is one of the oldest and most popular night clubs in London; not exactly high-hat but very well patronized by all kinds of people, theatrical, financial and sporting. There is a genuine air of enjoyment about the place, and the cabaret entertainment is excellent, also the food. The best American dishes we had in London we had here—corn fritters, grilled ham and wonderful American coffee. It is not necessary to dress to dance at the Cosmo. Extension night is Thursday.

The Blue Lantern Club, 14 Ham Yard, W. 1, both before and after midnight has more vitality than most places in London. There is one small room always packed to the doors with theatrical people. Various stars get up and give extemporaneous stunts, brilliant imitations sometimes of people who are present.

The only public dance hall we visited was the

London is a Man's Town

Astoria Dance Salon and Café, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2. This is amusing if you want to see London life of another sort. Like the old Palais de Danse in Hammersmith, provisions are made for those who come minus an escort or a lady friend. The omission can be remedied by selecting yourself a dance partner at the pen, a railed-off enclosure where professional dancers wait until their services are wanted at sixpence a dance.

Mysterious Mayfair

LET no one think that smart writers who speak of Mayfair as if every real lady had to have a lover, or a divorced husband, or both, portray the true standards of modern British society. Any of these methods will fail the American who uses them to try to break into the inner circle, where the line is still as carefully drawn as when Henry James wrote "A London Life."

London society is a sort of geological formation of two strata. Sometimes the upper layer uses the lower one for big charity pageants or other profitable purposes, but seldom invites it to small dinners or country house parties.

It is no longer possible to tell who's who by studying the formerly convenient Debrett's, either. Some titles that were the proudest names society could boast fifty years ago have been dragged into the dust of notoriety by the indiscretions of the younger generation; but of course Debrett's still lists them. Nor is wealth a criterion, for high position secured by the money of certain great Victorians often has to be abandoned because of scandalous divorce or some other breach of English propriety.

London is a Man's Town

The real dictator in British society is Queen Mary, who has a genius for surrounding herself with ladies of impeccable character. Her close friends (such as the Duchess of Devonshire) are the leaders of London society, and this leadership is not always dependent upon title, wealth or position. Men who began their careers as laborers and have worked up to high government positions are received with their families at Court in the warmest and most gracious manner; provided, as one in the know delicately puts it, the ladies of the family have "kept themselves nice."

Contrary to the more or less general belief, we find no real prejudice against Americans in London society—in fact, quite the reverse. But many Americans get off on the wrong foot at the start, fooled by some title that is high in the peerage but of the lower social layer. Appearance in the society gossip column is no criterion for picking friends, for there is a vendetta on between the writers of these columns and many of the élite who don't like publicity. The result is that the professional gossipers purposely eliminate the notoriety-scorners, who are often the real thing socially. Needless to say, once an American has become associated in the minds of the great with the wrong people, she is lost.

Among the many Americans who have made the grade are the Countess of Granard, intimate friend and lady-in-waiting to the Queen. The Countess was Beatrice Mills, daughter of Ogden Mills of Staatsburg,

Mysterious Mayfair

New York. The Earl of Granard is Master of the Horse in the Royal Household and the Countess rides in processions with the royal family and is a real personage. Her town house is Forbes House, Halkin Street, and her country home, Castle Forbes, County Longford, Ireland.

Then there is the Duchess of Roxburghe, the erstwhile May Goelet, one of the richest of English peeresses. She often entertains royalty at her two homes—Floors Castle, Kelso, and No. 2 Carlton House Terrace, in London.

Still another American who has made good in a big way in Mayfair is the wife of the Earl of Ancaster, joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England. This countess was Eloise Breese of New York. She lives at Grimsthorpe Castle in Lincolnshire and has entertained Princess Mary there, and other prominent persons at Eresby House, Rutland Gate, in town. Lady Ancaster is one of the few women who really looks well in a top hat. She is a keen sportswoman, and always provides plenty of hunting and shooting at both Grimsthorpe and Drummond Castle.

The way of the American hostess in London is made more difficult by the reluctance of the English to let you know you've erred. Not by so much as a lifted eyebrow will they reveal that you have outraged one of their social customs.

The Duchess of Devonshire is reputed to be the final

London is a Man's Town

arbiter of Conservative approval in British society so far as Americans are concerned. The opinions of the Duchess of Sutherland are also revered by her followers.

One of our favorite American hostesses gave us a constructive warning for our countrywomen in London. That is: be sure to entertain cliques separately. London's social structure is cleft by many groups not based on age nor social distinctions but only on an intangible likeness of viewpoint, if you know what we mean. There are military cliques, dowager cliques, Liberal cliques, cliques formed by little groups who went to certain public schools together, and so on. The members of different cliques may be of exactly the same social level and may even know one another by name quite well. Yet they often disapprove of or are indifferent to one another to the point of not speaking.

One American woman, adventurous soul, even after repeated warnings, decided to have a big party and mix up a lot of sets just to see what would happen. The effect was amazing. People sat about as though turned to ice by some witch's enchantment. Nobody made the slightest effort to talk to the persons next to him. The American pioneer won't try that again!

The most difficult people to entertain out of their own set are the intellectual, society Bohemians. Dowagers sometimes rather enjoy being placed next to one of these terrifying creatures but get no quarter when they are. Kindly hostesses protect such old ladies

Mysterious Mayfair

from Liberals and the young, for they have had things their own way so long that they don't realize their star has set and suffer terribly when treated roughly.

On the other hand, these dowagers are the very ones with whom Americans must be firm and self-respecting. One American woman became the talk of London because she refused three invitations to take tea with a titled lady who considered herself a goddess. The American actually had a previous engagement each time, but the goddess was so impressed by the daring one's courage in not responding instantly to the imperial summons that she gave the American a rush and quite made her socially.

One formality that many Americans have outgrown in New York and must return to in London is the custom of leaving cards after parties. In London during the season, there is a regular snowfall of cards after a big dance, as pasteboards must be dropped within four or five days following the event.

A good many home customs must be unlearned, too. For instance, an American boy we know went with an American girl to a party and was introduced to an English girl. He said, "Pleased to meet you," talked a minute or two and then moved on with his partner. She upbraided him severely, saying he should have asked the English girl to dance when he was introduced. He asked the next girl and she could only give him the fifth dance on the program. By the time it was reached, our

London is a Man's Town

poor friend couldn't remember the girl so he placed himself in the doorway and let her find him. This method worked so well that he used it on all the girls he mislaid, and recommends it to American boys at their first English ball.

He complained bitterly that none of his partners would talk—said he tried them on all topics from sports (about which he knew nothing) to politics, without success. They won't talk at dances and they won't introduce strangers, either, as the American girl does. This will not, however, let the man off social obligations. If he has a free dance and tries to slip off for a smoke, American stag fashion, he is caught at the door by an agile and smiling hostess who bears him off to meet some bud with whom she knows he is "dying to dance."

We interviewed a certain American actress and one of the most charming women in the world on the art of being a successful guest in English society. She has been a guest at all kinds of swanky homes and gets asked again, more to the point! She says the two best rules to follow are "Be yourself," and "Be on time." You may think it smart to make an entrance, especially if you are a woman, but in London it's wiser, if less striking, to be in your seat at table when the dinner hour sounds.

English people may be a little slow in deciding whether or not they want you, but once they have de-

Mysterious Mayfair

cided in your favor they are your sincere and loyal friends for life. First they invite you to a quiet luncheon or tea. Then if they like you, they ask you back for a formal dinner or a country house party.

This actress's own entrance into London society was by way of a supper party at the Duke of Manchester's town house. She was nervous at the idea of having a duke as her host—until the duke was discovered cooking ham and eggs for his guests, a white apron tied round his perfect evening clothes.

The best English parties are home parties. In her home, a hostess displays little arts and thought for her guests which Americans never bother about. Thus each hostess has a special way of serving, seasoning and decorating the special dishes for which she is noted. At one great country house, the drinking services are planned to suit different types of guests—tiny goblets surrounded with circlets of jewels for dainty little women, and big pewter tankards for important men!

A man-about-town told us that the most awful party he ever lived through in London was one given for about thirty stage celebrities. Parties for a single stage star in London are always great successes; so this gallant host figured a party for thirty of them would be just thirty times as good. The stars were all placed together at four or five tables; but because each was so great in his or her own right, no other guest dared single out any one to say, "How marvelous you are in such-

London is a Man's Town

and-such a play." Deprived of their usual meed of applause, the stars sat sulking and the other guests were almost nervous wrecks before the evening was over.

The charity balls and pageants of London are of special interest to Americans because anybody can go to them and see there absolutely all of British society, including members of the royal family, who contribute their presence for sweet charity. Balls at Claridge's and the Ritz are especially elegant—though almost any charity affair is worth the money it costs an American who wishes to enjoy the fun of at least a superficial contact with London society.

There are three different groups of charity affairs during the year (great numbers during the Big Season): one group from May to August; another group during the Little Season which begins in London after the Highland shooting season is over; then another group during the Holidays.

These shows bring together the sacred inner circle of London society, the stage, Bohemia, the ambitious newly rich and clever women with more energy and ideas than money. And of course Americans.

Many different methods of ascending the social ladder are open to Americans in London—but the greatest of these is Charity. The immense charity projects are the aftermath of the War work done by London society women. They got used then to pulling together for a Cause and now continue the fun of organization,

Mysterious Mayfair

foregoing the etiquette of the clique for the benefit of hospitals and educational funds. The enterprises also provide a livelihood for numbers of women of good family and social connections who have lost their money, but not their prestige. They raise money from the rich and socially ambitious by promising to see that their names are placed on committees with prominent persons. Then the climbers can invite the committee members to small preliminary luncheons or cocktail parties, and be asked to their homes in return. The organizer gets a percentage of what she raises.

One such business woman, an impoverished widow, is said to keep a card catalogue of all the Americans in London, listing just how much they will give, what types of charities they are interested in, and in what capacity they can best serve the cause.

One of the most popular and efficient of London pageant organizers is an American woman who has collected hundreds of thousands of pounds for worthwhile English charities—168,000 pounds in three years for one charity alone. She has great tact and common sense, and has not only helped many a motherless babe and suffering mother, but has also aided many friendless newcomers among American women to find niches in London.

The secret of a successful charity function is a good chairman, one with a notable name, charming, popular, sympathetic, and clever enough to know that it is bad

London is a Man's Town

psychology to send six tickets in a letter to a rich man demanding that he buy.

The system which produces these innumerable balls is something like this. The organizer and her secretary and the chairman meet privately. They decide what kind of a pageant it will be—funny, exquisite or stupendous. The spectators usually like the humorous ones best, but the performers prefer pomp and circumstance and gorgeous costumes. After the time, place and type of pageant have been settled, a list of patrons and a general committee are chosen. Then about two weeks before the event—after endless committee meetings and rehearsals—a cocktail party with champagne and caviar, or a luncheon, is given for the press at Claridge's or some equally good hotel.

The charity balls begin with dancing, usually from ten to midnight. Then comes the pageant, beauteous ladies and men in fancy dress, perhaps, parading from the platform down the middle of the ball room on a kind of gangway. After the pageant comes more dancing and more—until two in the morn. The bigger the crush, the greater the success. If the floor is so packed you can't dance at all, then the occasion is a real wow.

Here is a list of some of the pageants which took place in one season, just to show the fertile brains that work behind the society brow: Galaxy Ball at Park Lane; Cabaret Ball at the Kit Kat for the Invalid Children's Aid Association; Joy of Life Ball at the Royal

Mysterious Mayfair

Covent Garden Opera House with a hobby horse race run by six society girls wearing Lido pyjamas; the Stage Guild Ball, fancy dress, and a balloon battle as a feature; Mystery Ball with innumerable treasure hunts and a nice embarrassed young man winning a ticket to have his already curly hair permanently waved; the Living Christmas Dinner Ball with the "grand procession" appearing as various solids and liquids beginning with oysters and ending with champagne; the St. Andrews and Caledonian Balls which are Scotch and very chic; the Silver Rose Ball at the Carlton where society girls appeared in white dresses with silver leaves in their tresses; the Fairy Tale fancy dress ball of the Three Arts Club at Grosvenor House; and the Orange Grove Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel where actresses sold oranges at fancy prices.

The worst that can be said of these charities, which add to the glamor of London society besides supporting many worthy causes, is that to an American they seem impractical and wasteful. But apparently a business-like collection of funds for charities won't work in England or has never been tried. A pretty young matron even asked us incredulously if in New York people would actually give to a charity without going to a party!

The Season



CERTAIN events which occur between April and October concerned with the People Who Count in England are spoken of as The Season. Just like that, in caps. The Season interests American visitors because they like to get in as much of it as possible.

Crammed into this period are such functions, mentioned higgledy-piggledy, as the Courts and Levees at Buckingham Palace, the Royal Tournament given at Olympia in May for service charities, the Trooping of the Colour, the Aldershot Tattoo, the Derby, the opening of Grand Opera, Ascot and the annual garden party at Buckingham Palace.

Then there are the various athletic events—Wimbledon, Henley, Cowes, horse shows, dog shows, cricket matches, polo. At night there are great private balls. And although public events like the big racing days bring out the lower classes as well, the élite manage to keep themselves separate. The Leander Club enclosure at Henley and the Royal Yacht Squadron clubhouse enclosure are examples of how they manage this.

The harbingers of the Season are house painters.

The Season

Around Easter, the houses along Park Lane and Upper Brook Street and around Berkeley Square are brightened with newly decorated window sashes and gayly blooming window boxes. All this fresh color means that the family has come back to town. Officially, the Season begins with the Royal Academy's Private View at Burlington House early in May. The Private View usually takes place the day before the exhibition opens and celebrities of the church, stage and state mingle with Big Business and Society. Here one sees all one's friends, gives and accepts invitations—and the Season is on.

The grand opera season also opens early in May and lasts until July 4. Italian, English and Wagnerian works are given by the world's best singers, but the chief significance of opera in London is social. Seats for Covent Garden in the height of the season are hard to get because subscribers take most of the tickets. If you apply to the agencies far enough in advance, however, you may be able to obtain good vantage points well up among the diamonds and tiaras for individual performances, since subscribers sometimes turn back single performance tickets to be sold.

Covent Garden is an experience—both the house itself and the gorgeously dressed audience. Englishwomen are lovely at night and look their best at the opera. And Englishmen in evening clothes—well, we have no words!

London is a Man's Town

The first Court occurs early in May and usually there is another later in the month. The *Morning Post* (conservative organ) announces several days before the event that ladies wishing their dresses described should send in the descriptions in advance. On the day after the Court, pages and pages of names and descriptions of gowns appear. First comes the name, very black, like an obituary notice, then a colorful description of the toilette, ending with the name of the dressmaker, thus: "Miss Blank:—Girlish gown in all-white chiffon with a pretty petal skirt. Soft satin *beauté* train completed the ensemble. Rosalie, Inc., Grosvenor St. W."

A girl who was presented tells us that she hired a dancing teacher skilled in Court manners to show her how to manipulate a train and how to keep the back rigid in a curtsy which makes young muscles—even those accustomed to sports—scream impassioned protest.

Because of the enormous line of cars in the Mall on the great day the débutante must start to Court as early as four o'clock. Those who arrive early can remain in the Throne Room after being presented. Clasp ing a chicken sandwich (invariably chicken, presumably as being most delicate for a deb) in one hand and her bouquet with its silver frill in the other, she sits patiently in her car and waits and waits. Sometimes cocktails in a thermos bottle are added to the picnic lunch.

The Season

The cars in line make a lovely Roman holiday for the mob. Policemen have difficulty in holding back the crowds that brazenly gaze inside and comment to their companions on the comparative merits of the dark girl in the Rolls-Royce and the red-haired one in the Daimler next door. It's a happy hunting ground for news photographers, too, and most of the debts are quite willing to pose for the photographs which appear in great profusion the next morning in the papers—looking, we must say, much alike, since there are only a limited number of ways in which to wear three plumes.

All that is most glamorous in the Military forms an operative background for the Courts. The King's Bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard is on duty in the Palace. A guard of honor is mounted in the Quadrangle. The King and Queen, accompanied by other members of the Royal Family, enter the Throne Room at half-past nine and the band strikes up the National Anthem. It is a gold Throne—properly capitalized—with a looped crimson canopy. The King and Queen stop at the Throne and behind them forms the Royal Circle.

In the corridor, five hundred débutantes wait. Eventually, a troop of majestic attendants spread out each girl's train and pass her card up the line to the Lord Chamberlain: "Lady So-and-So presenting Miss Such-and-Such."

Miss Such-and-Such gets a blurred vision of scarlet and gold, keen soldierly faces with silvering mustaches,

London is a Man's Town

Edwardian tiaras and then—in the soft golden light of glittering candelabra—the Queen. Dipping a profound curtsy to Her Majesty, the débutante moves three steps back, three steps to the side, and dazedly on to the long picture gallery. There she eats a few strawberries off a gold plate, uncertain whether she is eating ambrosia or fruit; then the National Anthem sounds, four gold Sticks-in-waiting walk backwards before the Queen—the cloakroom woman disentangles the débutante from her feathers and veil—and she has been presented at Court!

Americans desiring this experience must apply to their ambassador, armed with credentials and introductions from the highest-placed persons they know. And it's a good thing to apply several years in advance. Each person must be presented by a woman who has herself been presented, often, of course, the wife of the ambassador in the case of Americans.

The King receives foreign ambassadors and legations at his Levees; but except for colorful uniforms, the occasion is not nearly so vivid as the Courts. In fact, it is rather business-like. One thousand presentations were actually made in an hour at one such affair recently. But the uniforms are gorgeous—Colonials in white and sun helmets, turbaned Indians wrapped in red and gold, the army in scarlet and gold, the navy in dark blue, the air force in light blue and the King's Bodyguard, forty men all over six feet tall.

The Season

As each man approaches the King, his name is called out by each member of the guard in turn and he is hustled along as quickly as possible, but at the same time looked over carefully to be sure that his costume is right to the last button. If it isn't, back he is sent, like a naughty schoolboy.

The Chelsea Flower Show, also an event of May, takes place at the Royal Hospital Gardens. The King and Queen go and fuss about the blooms in quite a suburban manner. So do thousands of smart, near-smart and utterly plebeian Britishers.

The Ladies' Kennel Association Show at Olympia is in May, too. Here hundreds of dogs of many breeds are brought together to compete for prizes, and dog fashions for the year are set.

Other sporting events of the month include Eights Week at Oxford, and polo at Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton.

The Season waxes more exciting during June. Their Majesties hold two more Courts; Trooping the Color takes place on the King's birthday, June 3, and on June 4 comes the Derby at Epsom, the great race of the year.

Speech day at Eton is also the fourth. Half the big men in England are ex-Etonians and they all go back as a sort of religious rite.

Then comes Ascot with the Royal Hunt Cup on June 18 and the Gold Cup race on the 19th. Although Ascot is as open to the public as the Derby, it succeeds

London is a Man's Town

in being a supremely exclusive social event because of the Royal Enclosure. Many hearts and social reputations are smashed by the Royal Enclosure matter, for getting in there is the greatest social triumph of the year. No wonder embassies are pestered by hundreds of mammas with marriageable daughters and social ambitions. Applications for the Royal Enclosure must be in by March 31. Letters of introduction are addressed to Ascot office, St. James's Palace, W. 1.

There are four indescribable days of Ascot, with an Edwardian flavor added by the appearance of numbers of coaches-and-four, the tops of which provide pleasant places for luncheon parties between races. One reason Ascot is a great feature of the Season is that it is always graced by their Majesties. On Gold Cup Day the Royal Procession flashes down the course, driven in a semi-state open carriage drawn by four horses with outriders in scarlet.

Gold Cup Day is also the occasion when women wear their loveliest gowns of lace and chiffon, their widest hats and daintiest slippers and promenade between the races to look at one another.

But if you want to hear a strong silent Englishman gush, ask him to tell you about the Aldershot Tattoo, held during Ascot week, which is surely one of the most stirring and beautiful spectacles to be seen anywhere today. If anybody but the English—and military English at that—were to put on such a show, tours would

The Season

be organized a year in advance and tourists would flock to it as they do to the Passion Play and the Bayreuth Festival.

The Tattoo consists of the presentation of a series of historic episodes on five successive nights, beginning Tuesday and ending Saturday, when the King and Queen are usually present in the Rushmore Arena at Aldershot Army Headquarters. Thousands of soldiers do marvelous drills to the music of many bands, while a jade-green searchlight, bright as day, plays over all. The natural turf-covered arena, fringed with pines and birches, forms a great stage for the dazzling torchlight maneuvers.

It is not a bad idea for those who want tickets for this occasion to reserve them months in advance. Tourist agencies, or organizations such as the English Speaking Union, can help.

Aldershot can be reached by train or bus, but the best way is to go by automobile. The show finishes about midnight and the thing to do then is to stop on the way home at the Hogsback, the high point between Guilford and Aldershot, for a moonlight or starlight picnic supper.

The pomp and ritual of another military event, Trooping the Color, has scarcely altered in two hundred years. It is a highly colored version of the daily mounting of the King's Guard—the Household Troops' compliment to the Sovereign on his birthday. The

London is a Man's Town

colors are set up on the Horse Guards Parade. Silver and scarlet Life Guards precede the King—he on a white charger—down the Mall. Troops of guards, the Field Marshal, the Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York make a magnificent cavalcade in the glowing square. The cavalcade halts before the War Office arch and the massed bands of the Brigade play “God Save the King” with a rolling undertone of drums.

The Color is escorted to the Saluting Base. Then comes the Slow March, done by the Foot Guard with lingering dignity, as if each step were a concession. After that is the Quick March which has the double liveliness of contrast. The drummer's arms whirl, the cloaks of the Scots Guards spread themselves majestically, and the Drum Majors plant their maces energetically. Orders ring out, heads turn and swords of officers cut a downward arc through the air. Suddenly the marching ceases. The bands play “God Save the King.” The colors are dipped. The troops escort their sovereign back to the Palace with beat of drum and echoing music. The Mall is the place to stand to see this procession. As the Horse Guard Parade clears, the first of the guns raises its heavy voice to honor His Majesty's birthday.

The International Horse Show is held at Olympia the middle of June. Here you have a chance to see the year's new style in horses. The glossy beauties exhibit

The Season

all their finer points modestly like the thoroughbreds they are. Music, flowers, tallyhos and pretty clothes make this an occasion to be remembered.

The Royal Air Force Tournament at Hendon (look up the date—sometimes it's in June, sometimes July) grows more popular each year. There are a tremendous number of automobiles so that it is slow work getting home; but on the other hand, a motor provides an excellent grandstand. Almost every branch of aerial warfare is illustrated at the Tournament. Flying goes on from noon until six with the program arranged so that there is a crescendo of interest to the last moment when an "attack on the fort," or some equally exciting stunt, takes place. The King attends and sometimes issues wireless orders to the aeroplanes.

And now we come to the third lap of the Season. Polo continues at Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton during July. Other out-of-door events include the regatta at Henley, and the Oxford and Cambridge and the Eton and Harrow cricket matches, both at Lord's.

The Eton and Harrow match is considered the most exclusive event of the season after Ascot. It is open to the public, but the Eton and Harrow clubs have their own private refreshment tents and dukes and other society celebrities have their coaches; for they consider it awfully jolly to look down on the proceedings from the coaches' tops.

London is a Man's Town

Great numbers of people who are totally ignorant of cricket go to watch what is probably the most important cricket, from the sportsman's standpoint, of the year. The crowd is the best dressed of the Season, even better dressed than the one at Ascot. Young England is here en masse—beautiful girls and charming boys—in fact, the most beautiful collection of people we had ever seen. The gathering in some ways has the character of a very smart family party—distinguished clergymen who are never seen at any other time of the year appear with their pretty granddaughters; titled dowagers come with favorite nieces; celebrated uncles back from India mingle with Old Boy Etonians of their own period.

The weather is usually boiling and the match lasts two days—July 11 and 12. The game goes on in a leisurely manner from about eleven in the morning (look up the time though, to be sure) until sundown. Cricket is a genteel sport compared with national club baseball where pop bottles are sometimes thrown at an umpire; but even at the Eton and Harrow matches feeling sometimes reaches a fever pitch by the end of the second afternoon. One year, we understand, a national scandal almost occurred because Eton and Harrow boys began to whack one another's hats with their walking sticks!

We are told that Henley Regatta, after ninety years of "almost unfailing repetition," is losing caste as an

The Season

English social festival. It takes place July 2 to 5 and an orgy of fireworks brings the event to a close. Anybody can go and hire a boat and fall into the river if he wants to during the event, but the smart set see the show in aristocratic seclusion from the enclosure of the Leander—a rowing club. Phyllis Court, a little less select, has its own enclosure, too.

The great tennis matches at Wimbledon begin June 23 and last until July 5. The grandstands are crowded for the finals and for all games at which favorites play. But it is not absolutely necessary to buy tickets from the speculators. If you go down about eleven in the morning, and don't mind waiting in a queue, you can nearly always get tickets on the day itself.

An agent at a tourist company told us that every now and then some American amateur player—usually a girl—comes to Wimbledon as though on holy pilgrimage, hoping to play on the famous Center Court where the big games are staged. Sometimes through much wire-pulling this can be arranged, and the young thing goes back to her country club, a heroine.

The last fashionable races of the Season are at Goodwood on July 29 and 30. Goodwood is the seat of the Duke of Richmond. After the races, which end the London season, everybody looks forward to Cowes.

Regatta Week begins at Cowes on August 4. Cowes, like Henley, has fallen off somewhat, but when the King and Queen attend, its ancient glory returns.

London is a Man's Town

Houseparties on yachts, and festivities at the club house of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the only club which flies the white ensign of the Royal Navy, make for gayety.

After Cowes and the Royal Garden Party, the smart world flees to the Highlands. The Highland Season opens in August. Grouse shooting begins August 12; partridge shooting September 1. Highland games are held the second week in September—the Argyllshire Highland gathering at Oban, Aboyne games, Braemar gathering, and in the third week in September, a Highland gathering at Blair Atholl. The country balls which take place at this time are very chic and romantic, and it is no wonder that many engagements are announced at the end of the Highland Season.

The Royal Garden Party is the final and gay reunion of all who attend the Season. It is not at all impossible for visiting Americans to get tickets through their ambassador. As many as nine thousand guests often are present at this tea party.

And so the Season goes out in a final flare of flowers, music and best clothes.

Part Five
Useful Miscellany



The American's London

UNLIKE Paris, London has no American village. Eventually, the American business man and his family, the student, and the cosmopolitan man or woman who comes to the capital of Great Britain for the atmosphere and charm of social life, are completely absorbed. There will be moments, however, of intolerable loneliness while the process of absorption goes on, and so we are setting down such American institutions and their uses as we have been able to discover.

Probably the most pretentious American organization in London from the standpoint of membership, activities and building is the American Women's Club, 46 Grosvenor Street, London, W. 1. Architecturally this club is on the gorgeous Italian Renaissance plan with rooms built round an Italian court, spraying fountains and pavements of rare tiles. There are two staircases, one inspired by the Scala Ducale of the Doge's Palace, the other by St. Maclou at Rouen. The ballroom has a pipe organ and the musicians' gallery is approached by a secret stairway. Against this magnificent background jolly bridge parties, receptions, teas,

London is a Man's Town

musicales and some really excellent lectures take place from time to time.

There are twenty-seven bedrooms, and such celebrities as Helen Wills prefer the luxurious individuality of its best suite to the stereotyped equivalent at a hotel. London has hardly recovered yet from the silver sunken bath of this suite, the first of its kind in the City.

The club is especially comfortable and gay at tea time. The Christmas and Midsummer balls also are pleasant, and the various stunts that take place during the year for the children of members, such as the children's cinema once a month followed by high tea, games and dancing; and in December the Annual Toy Tea with Christmas tree and toys which later are sent to the children in English hospitals. The children also take part in the fashion show connected with the Advertisers' Tea which is the special frolic of the Club Magazine.

The club has a philanthropic side, too, with a Philanthropic Committee which cares for stranded or destitute American women not eligible for the American Relief Association.

A town membership in the club costs five guineas entrance fee, seven guineas annual dues; a non-resident membership is three guineas entrance fee, three guineas annual dues; and students are favored with a one-guinea membership which is good for six months, with a one-guinea renewal fee good for the same period.

The American's London

Members can also obtain courtesy cards for friends good for two weeks, and these can be extended into visiting memberships by the payment of one guinea for a month. Membership is open to women who come with satisfactory credentials from American clubs.

A single room without bath is ten shillings sixpence in winter, and twelve shillings sixpence in summer. A single room with bath is two pounds in winter and two guineas in summer. Double room with bath is two guineas in winter, and two pounds ten shillings in summer; without bath one pound in winter and one pound five shillings in summer.

Breakfast at the club costs two shillings; the table d'hôte luncheon four shillings; tea one shilling and sixpence; and the table d'hôte dinner five shillings and sixpence for members and six shillings sixpence for guests.

The English Speaking Union is a remarkably successful mixed club, the object of which is the bringing together of English-speaking peoples. It accomplishes its purpose by scholarships, interchange of university professors and students, a monthly magazine called *The Landmark*, and so on. But to our mind it deserves laurels because it provides the lonely American visitor, especially the American student, with a charming place to dine, to lounge, and to meet people. Headquarters are at Dartmouth House, a big, handsome, old-fashioned place at 37 Charles Street, Berkeley Square, W. 1,

London is a Man's Town

with twenty-eight bedrooms. Here is one of those grand staircases ideal for entrance-making, also a cozy library with all the American magazines, a beautiful formal drawing-room, and a comfortable lounge where you can take tea or have a cocktail late in the afternoon. The club is as popular with men as with women, and is patronized freely by the British.

The British-American Dance Club, the English Speaking Union's most festive side, offers about the best means in London of meeting members of the opposite sex if you come to London without acquaintances. Every Friday at the Suffolk Street Galleries, all the English-speaking boys and girls get together against a background of modern pictures and join hands in a Paul Jones, the best game ever invented for shy people. Afterwards, when couples sit about in deep armchairs before the open fire, or attack the huge piles of sandwiches and the gallons of non-alcoholic punch, boarding house and hotel addresses fly thick and fast. You may get sick of being asked how long you have been in London, where you are stopping and what you are doing, but it's nice at last to have somebody interested enough to ask. Besides, you can always avoid monotony by telling each partner a different yarn.

Strange to say, as many men as women come to these dances, so the lonesome girl is pretty certain to make at least two or three congenial men friends by the end of the evening. About once a month some celebrated per-

The American's London

son such as Lady Astor, Lady Forbes-Robertson, Viscount Castlerosse or some famous admiral or general is invited as a guest of honor to make the dance a gala affair.

Membership is open to all citizens of the United States.

Thirty-eight persons can be taken on as residents at the English Speaking Union. Single rooms cost from eight shillings and sixpence to fourteen shillings a night. Double rooms are eighteen to twenty-three shillings. Meals are: breakfast one and six, luncheon three shillings; tea one shilling; and dinner four to five shillings.

An Overseas membership good for one month costs a guinea, and an extra guinea is necessary for any further period up to five months. A general membership for a person living in London is four guineas and a two-guinea entrance fee.

Dartmouth House is the first in a proposed chain of Union clubhouses which is planned to reach round the world. The Union has headquarters in cities across the United States from Maine to California.

The American University Union at 50 Russell Square, W.C. 1, has unusual facilities for helping Anglo-American students to make the most of attendance at British Universities. There is no such social life as that sponsored by the American University Union in Paris, but the soundest advice on university

London is a Man's Town

matters, libraries, museums, and learned societies is always on hand. There are also a library, a conference room, and a bulletin board where current London lectures are announced. Visiting alumni, faculty members, and students of the American institutions in the Union may register free. Mr. R. H. Simpson, Associate Director and a former Rhodes scholar, is a most sympathetic and practical person to consult whether the consulter's university problems are academic or a question of adapting himself to a strange social environment.

The American Club, 95 Piccadilly, W. 1, opposite the Green Park, provides a comfortable place for American residents and visitors in London to get together. It is particularly popular with the heads of big American business concerns with headquarters in London. It has four types of members: resident, non-resident (for those living in other parts of England than London), overseas, and associate, the last being persons other than Americans whom the board has asked to join.

The American Chamber of Commerce in London, Aldwych House, Aldwych, W.C. 2, has an impressive list of officers and directors representing American trade abroad, and is the recognized official medium for the development of Anglo-American trade. It can help the visitor get business and personal introductions to firms or trade organizations, can supply lists of American trade interests in London, and market surveys. On

The American's London

the social side, it holds luncheon and dinner meetings for members. It costs ten pounds to become an active member, five pounds yearly to be an associate member.

For more than thirty years the American Society in London has celebrated American national festivals—usually forlorn days for the exile abroad. The annual Fourth of July and Thanksgiving dinners always draw distinguished English people, as well as Americans, so that the celebrations have become important events on the London social calendar. There are usually plenty of good speeches, good food, and good cheer.

The American Society incorporates the American Luncheon Club and the Navy League of the United States, London section. The entrance fee is two guineas and the annual dues are two guineas. The honorary secretary is always pleased to send application forms to any American citizen who wishes to join the society. The American ambassador is honorary chairman.

The English "Mayflower" Club, offices 1 Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, London, E.C. 4, arranges functions each year at which descendants of the Pilgrims or other founders of the United States have the opportunity to commemorate the heroism of their ancestors. The subscription of one pound a year includes a ticket to the annual dinner and summer function, usually very important affairs for those interested in the family tree.

London is a Man's Town

The Lyceum Club, American Circle, 138 Piccadilly, is a woman's club of international membership. Its interests are literary, scientific and artistic. The meetings held each month take the form of a musicale, lecture, dinner, or at-home. Men are admitted as guests and many English and American celebrities of both sexes are entertained from time to time.

The American Golfing Society in London, Bush House, Aldwych, W.C. 2, is organized to promote the golfing interests of Americans resident in Europe. The society holds four competitions annually on appropriately patriotic days: Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, July 4th, and Thanksgiving Day. Apply to the secretary-treasurer at Bush House for any golf information.

The American Relief Society, 38 Strand, London, W.C. 2, takes care of citizens in distress who appeal to the Embassy, consulates or other American organizations. Thus duplication of relief is avoided and fraudulent appeals are weeded out. Last year 428 unfortunates were helped by this society, including college men and women who found themselves broke through unavoidable causes, ill and friendless old women, "left-overs" from the War, and starving children. Wherever possible, all these were sent home to friends. The society relies on voluntary contributions, but borrowers are impressed with the fact that they must repay loans and, marvelous to relate, most of them do.

The American's London

The Rotary International Association of Great Britain and Ireland has its headquarters at 34-35 Norfolk Street, the Strand, and gives a weekly luncheon which visiting brothers may attend.

American Legion headquarters are at 38 Strand, W.C. 2. There are about 100 members in the London Post, these coming largely from the Embassy, Shipping Board, Consulate and American business firms in England. The post meets at 8:15 P.M. on the first Monday of each month at the Hotel Cecil, Strand, and all visiting Legion members are invited to attend. If the Hotel Cecil has been pulled down by the time you get to London, telephone the Strand office to find out where the meeting will be held. The London Post takes part in the ceremonies at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day, and assists the American Memorial Day Association in the Memorial Day Services on May 30th.

The Harvard Club of London gives dinners occasionally for the entertainment of university men of England and America. Enquiries should be addressed to Thomas H. McKittrick, Sr., 80 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3.

The Columbia University Club gives dinners and smokers also, open to all Columbia men in the British Isles at the moment. Information may be had from W. de Burgh Whyte at 25 Victoria Street, S.W.

An American who has lived there many years tells us it is much more difficult for an American to get

London is a Man's Town

into a good London club than for an Englishman to get into a New York club of the first water. He says that when an Englishman comes to New York his American friends immediately propose him for their clubs; but in London, the American must wait until he has been tried and proved worthy.

The Athenæum consists chiefly of distinguished old gentlemen—bishops, scientists, authors and civil servants. It resembles the Century Club in New York, has the finest library in London and is a favorite retreat of Sir James Barrie. Only fairly recently has smoking been permitted here.

The Marlborough Club is the smallest and most exclusive club in London. Its bow window can be seen in Pall Mall opposite Marlborough House. Members of the Royal Family go there and are treated as ordinary members. It was the favorite haunt of King Edward who established it.

Every Conservative member of Parliament is eligible for membership to the Carlton.

The Reform is the Liberal equivalent to the Carlton. Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells are members.

The United Services faces the Athenæum and its membership consists mainly of generals, admirals and senior members of the service. The club has a by-law that members of the Cabinet automatically become members, a by-law which was quickly amended to

The American's London

exclude women when Miss Margaret Bondfield became a Cabinet Minister.

The Garrick is one of the most interesting London clubs for its members include writers, playwrights, actors and publishers.

White's and Boodle's are the young bucks' clubs of great social interest, and historically connected with Beau Brummell and Regency days. The bow window at White's is famous.

The Bath Club is social and sporting, and the headquarters of squash racquets. The Prince of Wales and his brothers are members and play here.

The United Universities is composed of members of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Travellers', next to the Athenæum, is frequented largely by diplomats. Its membership is limited to those who have traveled at least 500 miles.

Brooks' is in the same category as Boodle's and White's, but more political. In the great days of Liberalism, the Ministers used to frequent it.

Besides the great London clubs, there are many others worth mentioning: the Hobby Club, which meets once a month so that its members can take turns telling of hobbies which range from stamp collecting to memorial brasses; the Little Ship Club, the poor man's yacht club; the After Dinner Club; and the

London is a Man's Town

Kingston Rowing Club, one of the oldest rowing clubs in the world.

Many English institutions have a special significance for Americans. One of these is Sulgrave Manor House, the ancestral home of the Washingtons in Northamptonshire. The old Manor House was purchased with money raised by public subscription in England. It was owned at one time by Laurence Washington, the great-great-grandfather of George. A pamphlet containing information about the manor and how to reach it may be had by writing to the secretary, Sulgrave Manor Board, 190 Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W. 1.

An excellent little book called "The American's Rapid Guide to England," by Edward Page Gaston, lists all the statues, tombs and buildings in London which are connected historically with America. Mr. Gaston even mentions the Three Sugar Loaves Warehouse at 14 Creechurch Lane, Leadenhall Street, E.C., which supplied the tea for the famous Boston Tea Party of 1773.

We tried hard to find restaurants for American food in London, but the best we can do are: the Waldorf Hotel which offers some American dishes; the Palmerton Restaurant, which does all kinds of international cooking, and Russell's Restaurant in the store of the same name where in the tourist season are chicken Maryland, corn fritters and lemon meringue pie.

The American's London

If you are perishing for a cup of good coffee in London try one of the Mecca cafés.

And the best sodas, save the mark, are to be purchased at Selfridge's, the department store in Oxford Street which has an American soda fountain.

Pomp and Circumstance

THOUGH Labor governments may come and go, England never abates a jot the pomp and circumstance that in this republicanized world is now completely unique. Almost the only capital city that still retains both a king and the fine purple and gold of feudal tradition, London offers a constant show in color and pageantry that to the visitor is novel and amusing.

The Briton loves it all, too: the opening of Parliament with the King and Queen, like fairyland monarchs in their ermine robes and crowns, on their stately throne; the Lord Mayor's inauguration; the presentations at Court; the changing of the Guard; the Trooping of the Color. Some of it is high society and known as the Season; but whether he takes part in it or not, every Britisher can look on and enjoy.

So can the American if he knows how to go about it.

Parliament opens in February and a great many of the People Who Count are not yet in town. However, the show proceeds very majestically without them.

The House of Lords is guarded by two lines of troops in scarlet, to hold back the public who want to

Pomp and Circumstance

see the King. The Mall and the Horse Guards Parade afford the best facilities for seeing the whole procession if you are lucky enough to be in London at this time. The State coach is used by their Majesties. An escort is furnished by the Yeomen of the Guard and the Household Cavalry.

Inside Parliament the scene is brilliant—peers in flowing robes of scarlet trimmed with ermine; judges in ermine cloaks and tight-curved wigs; white-robed bishops; foreign ambassadors in full regalia of gold-laced coats, colored sashes and orders. Then there are all the King's Bodyguard in gold helmets, steel corselets and white gauntlets, leaning on long halberds. The galleries are filled with jeweled women in Court dress, some of them peeresses, and men in glittering uniforms.

Comes a hush. Everybody waits for royalty. The distant sound of the National Anthem and cheering are heard, then, nearer at hand, the sound of shouted military commands. In St. James's Park a battery of Royal Horse Artillery begins a salute of twenty-one guns. That is the signal for which everybody waits. Their Majesties have arrived! They are even now being greeted beneath the Victoria Tower of the Palace of Westminster by the Great Officers of State—by Blue-mantle Pursuivant, Rouge Croix Pursuivant, Windsor Herald, Richmond Herald, Chester Herald, York Herald, Norrey King of Arms, Clarence King of

London is a Man's Town

Arms, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord High Chancellor, Garter Principal King of Arms, the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Lord Great Chamberlain. They go up the grand staircase to the Robing Rooms. Before them, carried by earls, go the Sword of State and the Cap of Maintenance. Following come the ladies of the bedchamber, the gentlemen-in-waiting, the pages.

Those who wait know what is happening. The King and Queen are putting on the Crown Jewels. They are donning their Crowns and Ermine. The trumpets sound, the lights flare up, and through the door at the end of the hall enter their Majesties. The peers and the peeresses rise and bow. Herald's form a lane through which pass the King and Queen, hand in hand, to their gold thrones. They seat themselves. The Lord Great Chamberlain sends the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to summon "the faithful Commons."

Of all the lovely anachronisms to be seen in London, the changing of the Guards holds first place in the affections of tourists and natives. The show takes place at St. James's Palace at half-past ten daily when the King is out of town, or at Buckingham Palace when he is in residence there. The crowd that gathers rain or shine is as good as the military show itself. In summer, none in this crowd is more admiring than the American, even though he doesn't understand what it's all about. Actually all that happens is that the various

Pomp and Circumstance

sentry posts around the two palaces are relieved by the incoming guards of another battalion. There is so much ceremony because each battalion carries its colors which have been consecrated and presented to it by the King or his deputy. The old Guard and the new are drawn up facing one another. In the far corner of the palace yard a band strikes up a light opera bit. The drill itself—each guard presenting arms—is more like a perfect ballet than a military maneuver.

The cavalry guard at Whitehall is a survival of the horse guard that was posted at the old palace in the time of Charles II. Between ten and four you can see two of them sitting on their horses in the weather-blackened romantic archways. They must remain absolutely motionless without so much as a quiver of a facial muscle, even when American girls attempt to feed their horses chocolates. Whitehall guards change at eleven o'clock, except Sundays, when they change at ten. All are on black horses and wear red tunics and white plumes to their helmets, except the trumpeter who sits on a gray horse and wears a red tassel.

Legend says that often sergeants of the Guards have themselves carried downstairs from the barracks by two batmen who dust them down, at the foot of the steps, so that not one speck shall get on their pluperfect uniforms before they go on duty. We also found out that the reason guardsmen's boots fit so perfectly is

London is a Man's Town

that their breeches are really "shorts," cut off just below the knee, instead of being long and folded around under the boot as you might suppose.

The Yeomen of the Guard are inspected annually on May 10 by the King or his representative in the grounds of St. James's Palace. Headed by the drums of the Coldstream Guards, the corps, carrying its tasseled halberds, marches with precision on the trim lawns of the palace garden. Throughout the ceremony the band plays light opera music and after inspection, the state apartments of St. James's Palace are thrown open to visitors.

The Lord Mayor's Show is London's biggest popular pageant. To see it, one must go down into the Strand or, better yet, persuade some shopkeeper to invite you to look at it from his windows. He will probably provide sandwiches, tea and cake as our host, a famous Strand tailor, did.

The Lord Mayor represents big business, or trade as they call it in England. The Show takes place in honor of his being sworn into office on November 9. The pageant starts from Guildhall at twelve o'clock. The bells of St. Bow ring out excitingly. The mounted policemen move off four abreast followed by soldiers, machine guns and sailors, and then the Worshipful Company of Horners, Paviers, Girdlers, and other guild groups, all in proper medieval dress.

Up to the great doorway of the Guildhall goes the

Pomp and Circumstance

gorgeous Cinderella coach of the Lord Mayor drawn by six stallions and attended by a chaplain, a sword-bearer and a mace-bearer, all in costumes. There is a new coachman now, but for years one so fat that he had to be lifted into the seat with a derrick drove the Lord Mayor. The Lord Mayor wears a velvet cap, a gold chain and a long state gown. He is lucky if he is not seasick after riding in the coach, for it sways ponderously from side to side.

When the King wishes to enter the City—that is old down-town London—he must pull up on the west side of the Griffin which marks the ancient site of Temple Bar. Here he is met by the Lord Mayor and his sheriffs, and by the Lord Mayor is handed a pearl sword. This he ceremoniously hands back to the Lord Mayor. The ritual must be gone through whenever the King attends services at St. Paul's or opens an institution in the Lord Mayor's square mile of province.

The Lord Mayor's election is a good show, too. It takes place on the ninth of October just before noon. First, aldermen in scarlet robes, each carrying—of all things—small tight bouquets, a remnant of ancient plague days, walk two by two from the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry into Guildhall. As the procession enters the door, beagles in three-cornered hats and gold lace, bob, each to his own alderman, and fall in alongside to conduct these dignitaries to the hustings, or dais, occupied also by the Lord Mayor and his sheriffs.

London is a Man's Town

The floor is strewn with old-fashioned dried herbs as it has been since the year of the great plague. Facing the hustings are the Grocers, the Stationers, the Blacksmiths, the Bowyers, the Armorers, the Mercers, the Lorimers, the Pattenmakers and so on—Liverymen of the companies of the City.

The Common Crier advances to the edge of the dais and shouts in a loud voice: "All ye who are not of the Livery depart this hall on pain of imprisonment. Be uncovered in the hall!"

Nobody leaves. Encouraged by this, the crier goes on in a more confident voice: "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! You good men of the Livery of the several companies of this City summoned to appear here this day for the election of a fit and able person to be Lord Mayor of the City for the ensuing year, draw near and give your attention. God Save the King!"

Names are offered to the Liverymen. They cheer their choice and the aldermen retire to elect a new Lord Mayor. They return, having made a choice, and the new Lord Mayor is introduced to the Livery. They applaud him. He makes one of those political speeches, promising to fill his office to the best of his ability. Then a lot of speeches are made which everybody applauds but nobody listens to. Finally the entire company goes outside, and the Lord Mayor-elect and the Lord Mayor seat themselves in the State coach alongside the Sword and the Mace of the City of London.

Pomp and Circumstance

Four trumpeters blow a blast, and the coach drives through the cheering lines of citizens to Mansion House. A new Lord Mayor has been duly elected.

Another amazing ceremony takes place in the City when the corporation of London in the person of the City Solicitor renders annual Quit Rent to the Crown—represented by the King's Remembrancer—for a piece of land near the Temple, until recently unidentifiable, and an unimportant plot called The Moors in Shropshire. This ceremony usually takes place in October and is open to the public. Inquire of the superintendent of the Royal Law Courts for the exact date. The rent consists of a blunt bill-hook, a sharp hatchet, six horse shoes and sixty-one nails. The hatchet is tested by the Remembrancer for sharpness and the nails are painstakingly counted, with traditional gesture and set, archaic language. Quit Rent has been paid for five centuries or more with the same shoes—all of unusual size and strength and meant for the enormous Flemish horses which carried knights in heavy armor. Each shoe was pierced with holes for ten nails—hence the sixty-one nails of the quit rent, the one being for good measure. All the year round these six precious shoes are kept in safe custody in the Remembrancer's office, and the superintendent of the Law Courts permits them to be used annually for the payment of the Quit Rent.

At the ceremony, the Remembrancer's secretary, substituting for ye ancient Crier, calls out, "Tenants

London is a Man's Town

and occupiers of a piece of land called The Moors in the County of Salop come forth and do your services." The City Solicitor representing the City attends before the Remembrancer and chops two fagots, one with the hatchet and the other with the bill-hook, to show that these instruments are of good steel. Then he lifts each shoe in turn and counts aloud, after which he places the nails in little piles of ten, checks up the count and holds up the odd nail with the words "and one." These being found "a good number" the rent is duly accepted on behalf of the Sovereign by the Master of Ceremonies, who wears a gown and full-bottomed wig, with due dignity.

Another ceremony for which rotogravure photographers in London annually thank fortune is the opening of the Law Courts after the summer vacation—usually about October 12.

The procedure for what is officially called the opening of the Michaelmas Law Sitting begins with a service at Westminster Abbey at 11:30 to which the public is admitted. Catholics have their own services at the Cathedral, and Jews gather for theirs at a synagogue.

The most impressive part of the pageant occurs during the exit after the Westminster services. First comes the Lord Chancellor, preceded by the Great Mace and the Purse of State. As befits the supreme head of the judiciary, the Lord Chancellor's robe of

Pomp and Circumstance

heavy black silk is heavily embroidered in band after band of gold and is reputed to have cost 700 guineas. Its capacious train is borne by an official.

Next comes the Lord Chief Justice in scarlet and ermine, wearing the collar with the letter S which is the mark of his office. The judges follow according to their courts, clad in robes of scarlet, ermine and lace, knee breeches and black slippers with square cut-steel buckles. Behind the judges come the K.C.'s (King's Councillors), followed by the barristers, wearing robes and wigs. The wigs of the Chancellor, Chief Justice and judges are full-bottomed with curls falling over the shoulders. Barristers wear the more youthful and less impressive peruke with two little curls tied together at the nape of the neck, à la George Washington.

This gorgeous procession moves with slow majestic tread from Westminster to the House of Lords. And no matter how lily-white your soul, you tremble as it passes for the exaggeratedly slow pace emphasizes the inexorable power of the Law.

At the House of Lords the Lord Chancellor gives a reception or "breakfast" for the Bar. Then the whole company moves on to the Courts of Law where there is another ceremonial procession through the Central Hall, past a large company assembled to see the judges on their way to the Courts. From the Central Hall the judges go upstairs through the Bar reading room, and

London is a Man's Town

the Judges' corridor, and into the private room of the Master of the Rolls.

In 1928, for the first time, a woman—Miss Stevenson—walked in the Judges' procession, and a sensation was created among onlookers outside the Abbey when a breeze fluttered her robe and revealed a tell-tale bit of skirt. Incidentally, all the legal wigs are too small for women and hike up on the head.

Many tourists leave London without knowing that they can attend the colorful parade service on a Sunday morning at the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks merely by writing to the Padre, Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to ask for tickets—enclosing, of course, a stamped, addressed envelope. Service begins at 10:50; but the visitor may enter as early as 10:30, and should be there as soon as the doors open for the gallery is small and the chapel popular.

Promptly at 10:40 the guards begin to arrive in a delightful clatter of bayonets and boots. Their uniforms of scarlet, gold and white and their black bear busbys, against the vari-colored marbles of the chapel, are enough to flutter any susceptible girl. Time was when those in the outside seats placed their black busbys in the aisle; but in those days ladies who swept down in long skirts often sent them popping about helter-skelter, so now the aisles are kept clear.

A military orchestra plays the hymns and incidental music, and the Guardsmen stand at attention during

Pomp and Circumstance

the Creed. Then there is a brief but to-the-point sermon by the Padre, who wears a row of military medals across the black of his surplice.

Nobody forgets to visit the Tower of London which is picturesque and old-worldish always; but few know of an ancient rite that takes place there every evening at 9:55. This is the Ceremony of the Keys, and it is private. Promptly at 9:55, the Chief Warder and escort with the key proceed to the barrier gate. While the gate is being locked the guard escort presents arms. The gate at middle tower is then locked, and the one at the Byward Tour which is the principal entrance to the exterior line of fortifications. Finally the Chief Warder and his escort arrive at the Bloody Tower. There the following colloquy takes place.

"Halt! Who comes there?" calls a sentry.

"Key," answers the warder.

"Whose Key?"

"King George's key."

"Advance, King George's key."

"All's well."

The Chief Warder and escort, carrying the key, march in front of the main guard room, where the guard officers order "Present arms." The Chief Warder steps forward, raises his hat, holds up the key and says, "God preserve King George."

The guard answers "Amen," and the tower is officially closed for the night.

About the English and Us

WE learned about the English from boarding houses. Not all about them, of course, but a good deal that explained them.

Our first discovery was that our fellow lodgers were much more self-contained and generally considerate than the people we had met before in Continental pensions. For instance, you may live in the same English boarding house for a year and never hear a young girl tell you the sad story of the men who've done her wrong; nor a single dowager describe her operations. The inmates can be starving to death, or dying of anything from heartbreak to pernicious anemia, but you'll never learn it from them.

We roomed next door to one girl who had acute neuritis for six months and scarcely slept nights for pain, yet we found out about it quite by accident when we were leaving, and nobody else in the place knew.

The Englishman maintains that his private life belongs to himself, his family and intimate friends. He deeply resents any intrusion upon it, and one who has

About the English and Us

intruded is not likely to do so again in a hurry—be he prince, peasant or policeman.

Americans usually bring two counts against the English—that they lack sociability and are too well-pleased with themselves. Their sociability is, at any rate, of a different order than ours. They do not like to be talked to by strangers, even of their own nationality, in trains; but if properly introduced and given a little time to digest their first impressions, they are usually as friendly and hospitable as people under the same circumstances would be in our own country, even though not so confidential. The thing to remember is to let them make the amicable overtures. We had been warned, and on our first morning in our boarding house, looked neither to the right nor to the left, afraid our naturally clubby habits would betray us into saying “good morning.” The second morning everybody fairly shouted greetings at us. They might have waited longer with their own countrymen, but hearing we were American, made special effort to be friendly. If we had taken the initiative, though, there’s no knowing what would have happened to friendliness.

We left that boarding house with a special feeling of liking and respect for county clergymen’s daughters, retired major-generals on half-pay, and colonel’s widows who scorn to run away to the Riviera to avoid the income tax, and pluckily take anything they can

London is a Man's Town

find in the way of a small job or else live on practically nothing at all in some Bayswater boarding house.

The men among them are the Last of the Gallants, courtly creatures who, believe it or not, positively suffer to see a woman go out in the rain to get a taxi, and who wouldn't dream of allowing her to post a letter after nine o'clock at night if they are there to do it for her. They can make even the hard-boiled (hard-baked, the English call her) working woman feel a frail thing.

Here's a hint on how to promote pleasant relations. All Englishmen, and many Englishwomen, are amateur antiquarians. Practically every middle-aged Englishman has a museum hobby—one special museum, or section of London, or even one particular square which he loves and knows as intimately as it is possible for histories, documents and memoirs to inform him. There is no surer way to an Englishman's heart than to show interest in his hobby. They are all fascinating when they get on the subject of their pet antiquarianisms and the result is they aren't bores after fifty as are so many American men who can't or won't talk anything but golf or business.

Even young people can be mellowed if you discover what secret bit of historical research they are doing on their own—some church which they have studied up on, or some castle, usually connected with a bit of family tradition.

About the English and Us

The second accusation made by Americans—that the English are irritatingly smug about England, the English people and everything pertaining thereto—is, we are convinced, perfectly sound. Queerly enough, it is what they, in one form or another, say about us. And they are right, too.

Americans and English both think well of themselves; but Americans are still too new at self-satisfaction to feel quite secure in it. They must always be asserting their superiority in words, for occasionally they are oppressed by a horrible doubt of themselves, and even of their country. But it never enters the average Englishman's head to doubt that he is a much better man than any one else, and England a far finer country. This belief is so firmly grounded that it is almost an instinct. It doesn't need to be thought about at all.

So far as we can see, there is nothing to be done about it. We love the English in spite of it, and so, we believe, will anybody who gets to know them. Strangely enough, they have a mania for running down their own institutions without in the least hurting national pride. They will even permit the visitor to run down their weather (they're rather proud of the fogs); the lack of central heating (steam heat dries up the bones and makes you drink ice water, while coal fires not only furnish heat but the best way of ventilating a room—anybody will explain it to you

London is a Man's Town

with a diagram); and the coffee (they seldom drink it so don't care what you think of it!). However, if you want them to like you, try to avoid discussing the Royal Family (it's considered poor taste).

You will discover that they hate our voices, but love our slang. Intersperse your conversation with "And hows" and see them brighten at these quaint Americanisms. They think our men the worst dressed in the world, our women the best; detest our cinemas but like our jazz; admire our enthusiasm but dislike our effusion. Whenever you hear an Englishman jokingly criticize the United States, try to count ten, remembering that they say worse things about themselves than they would dare say about us.

Also, try not to get too irritated when you discover that being an American you will be held responsible for every idea any tourist ever set forth, every unmannerly action any one of us ever perpetrated abroad, and every political view expressed by any American newspaper. That works both ways. An English girl confided to us that her first year in the United States was made miserable because everybody blamed her for all the mean characters in English fiction and history—from Becky Sharp to George III.

One thing to remember is that an Englishman will almost never admit he is wrong, so that it is a waste of time to try to make him. We recall a struggle last year with a waiter over an order of bortsch. The stuff

About the English and Us

that came was a mysterious liquid as unbortschlike as possible.

"Oh," said the waiter, when we protested, "you must want Russian bortsch, Madam, this is Polish bortsch." And he stuck to it.

He was perfectly willing to take the soup back but absolutely determined not to admit that it wasn't bortsch.

A thing we love about London is the absence of nerve strain. Everything moves along at a steady but unhurried pace, except, of course, the busses, which never stop to let you on or off if they can help it. Also, everybody is polite—bobbies, busmen (even when thwarting you), waitresses and department store clerks. We have had tips returned by taxi drivers as inadequate, with far more politeness than chauffeurs in other countries showed in accepting over-tipping.

We also love the touchingly affectionate loyalty which binds British subjects to the Royal Family. Royalty in other countries is so much on sufferance these days that the feeling about King George, Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales in England is almost unique. The three are respected not only as almost allegorical figures of royal majesty, but as human beings who epitomize the likeable and at the same time noble qualities which Englishmen admire and strive for.

The King is everybody's ideal of a gentleman in an age when most men think they can't afford the mag-

London is a Man's Town

nanimous generous gestures which chivalry demands.

And the Queen, if we are to take the word of every person who has come into direct contact with her, is dignity, serenity and sincerity personified. We have heard débutantes who were presented at Court, soldiers who saluted her at the tedious finale of some tiresome military parade, and shopkeepers who have served her, say that when you meet her face to face she is simply dazzling, that her poise and presence, and especially her smile, can never be forgotten.

And even hard-boiled American girls have to admit that the Prince of Wales is the modern version of Prince Charming. We are accustomed to think of him as a kind of glorified stage prop for the British Empire, forced to appear as the final ornament of conferences, pageants and other vast public functions. But you must live in England to appreciate the hold he has on the popular imagination. If the nation reverences King George and Queen Mary, they adore David. To the man in the street he stands for good sportsmanship. He isn't afraid of anything, including the awful drudgery of laying endless cornerstones. His secretary showed us a red leather book containing the names of literally thousands of organizations—many in the United States—of which the Prince is an honorary member or patron. He is asked to appear at about eight times as many functions each day as he can possibly manage. To read his daily program of public

About the English and Us

duties in the morning papers used to wring our tender hearts; we couldn't see how he could finish alive. Most endearing of all, his best endeavors are for the ex-soldiers. He simply never stops getting ideas for ways to help them and do them honor.

The nation is interested in all the comings and goings of their Royal Family. When the Prince starts for Africa it wants to know what he took with him, where he is planning to stop. When the King was ill, crowds used to stand outside the palace gates all night in the rain waiting for some member of the Royal Household to come out and give them the news. These were no idle, curious derelicts, either; and it was not unusual to see strong men weep if the bulletin was bad, just as they would have done had they heard bad news about a brother or a favorite uncle.

Everything that the little Princess Elizabeth says, what she wears, what she is learning from her governess, is of interest to the people. When the Duke of York, her royal papa, buys her a nursery set of dishes for Christmas, the public are interested to know that it is blue and white and patterned with blackbirds. And when she appears with her grandfather at stations, or in the royal carriage beside the Queen, and kisses her hand to the crowds (already showing the well-known family charm), people go quite mad with joy.

Yet, though passionately interested in what goes on

London is a Man's Town

at Buckingham Palace, the nation is never offensively inquisitive and protects the whole family from the outsider's curiosity in the most thoroughbred manner. It isn't considered good taste for a shopkeeper to tell what kind of hat the King has bought or what color shirts the Prince prefers; and you couldn't get it out of them, not if you were to offer them thousands for the revelation.

We have met any number of artists, musicians, and other young Englishmen about town who often meet the Prince informally and are entertained by him. They will tell you that he is the perfect host at informal parties, simple and natural, constantly doing things to make his guests feel at home. But we have yet to see one of these betray by the lift of an eyebrow anything that would make him look undignified or *too* human.

A Christmas in London strengthened the ties of affection with which we are bound to the Empire. England shows herself at her best at this festival—lively, home-loving, and prodigiously hospitable. Schools close about December 18 for five weeks, and by noon on that day the London streets are crowded with happy parents accompanied by awkward, beaming youngsters wearing whatever odd uniforms their school insists on, Eton top hats vying with Harrow floaters in conspicuousness.

Many theatres are turned over for the season to plays

About the English and Us

that are suitable for young people—"Peter Pan" is revived, with such famous actors as Gerald du Maurier, Jeane Forbes-Robertson and Marie Lohr in the cast; and Christmas pantomimes are everywhere.

There's something so simple, and pleasant, and homey about it all that you find yourself growing rather sentimental about Old England and longing to have yourself liked by everybody there—which perhaps can be managed by the judicious use of tact, intelligence and a modicum of reticence!

Helps for the Hapless

WE have been working toward this chapter ever since we started the book. It is our idea of fulfilling the obligation we owe our readers. All that follows is the outcome of pushing ourselves relentlessly to a logical conclusion whenever we were baffled.

Take tips, for instance. Everybody does, by the way, in England just as in France. We found that out by so much experimentation that you should just see the state of our pocketbooks. But we felt it had to be done. There is nothing more uncomfortable than a feeling of uncertainty about how much to tip; and our ambition is to free our reader from such harassment.

In general, tips are lower in London than in New York but more frequent. The rule is ten per cent; but for a good-sized bill in a restaurant, add sixpence to the ten per cent. Thus if a bill is sixteen shillings, two shillings tip is adequate, even gracious. Some Lyons restaurants do not permit tips and this is announced on the front door—a novelty whose advent shook London to its foundations.

Helps for the Hapless

Englishmen generally never give a taxi man less than a shilling altogether. Thus if the fare is sixpence you give the driver a shilling and the same if the fare is ninepence. If over a shilling, a tip of threepence is enough (no matter what dirty looks you get) up to two shillings. London taxi men on the whole are courteous, honest and well-informed. They are compelled to be well-informed for they can't get a license until they've passed a rigid test concerned with the location of public buildings and streets in the remotest sections of wide-spread London. Sometimes they have to take up some other roaming occupation for a year or two to get their facts. London taxi men are often sent as messengers to deliver notes and parcels, a use we never knew New York chauffeurs to be put to.

In a London hotel, one tips the maid at the rate of about a shilling a day. If there are only one or two lift boys, give them a shilling apiece every week or so; but if it is a big hotel, tip only the boys who bring you something or perform a special service. An Englishman tips a shilling for bringing up quantities of baggage. At stations, sixpence is enough for one bag and a shilling adequate for even a large load. There are no concierges to be tipped in a London hotel.

The porter at the expensive Gleneagles Hotel assured us that seven to ten shillings is enough for a waiter who has served you two meals a day for a week; and five shillings for the porter if he has performed special

London is a Man's Town

service. Sixpence is sufficient tip to the waiter for breakfast in the room, as there is usually a kitchen on the floor.

At Christmas, if you have a house in London, you must tip everybody in sight just as in Paris, and at boarding houses—the postman, cook, newsboy, man who washes down the street, and even the one who cleans the sewer at the corner expect a dole.

For an ordinary week-end in a country house a man and his wife would be safe in giving the butler ten shillings, the footman who valeted the man five shillings, and the housemaid five shillings. The odd man, who very often cleans the shoes and carries up the luggage, ought to have half a crown. It is better to present the tips yourself than to let another servant do it. A woman visiting alone does not tip the butler or the footman, merely the housemaid and the odd man.

At a shooting party, in addition to tipping the household servants, there are the keepers to be considered. For one day's shooting ten shillings for the head keeper is enough, and a pound would be sufficient for a week. One day's deer stalking calls for a tip of a pound, but should you be staying for a fortnight or so, two pounds would be gratefully received.

At a country houseparty, the hostess always gives a woman the same maid each time she comes; and if the guest remembers the servant with a little gift, even a box of bonbons, she is a slave for life. It isn't the cost

Helps for the Hapless

of the thing that counts with English servants but the thought. Also, they are touchingly philosophical about tips. If they get them, they are glad. If they don't—well, it's all in the day's work.

There are no special visitors' taxes in Great Britain and no landing nor embarkation taxes. Two months after arrival, however, the visitor is required to register with the police in the Bow Street Station. This is a simple process not fraught with the complications suffered in trying to get a *carte d'identité* in France. Go supplied with two passport photographs to save time. However, there are passport photograph places near Charing Cross Road and the Strand where you can get your pictures for a shilling.

No income tax on income derived from sources outside the United Kingdom need be paid unless one stays in the country six months, or comes back regularly year after year for substantial periods. It is better, though, to have all dividend checks sent from the United States in draft form. Otherwise you must pay a huge per cent when the check is cashed, which will be deducted from your income tax eventually but which adds considerably to your troubles.

Although England is known as a free-trade country certain items, including articles of silk, artificial silk and lace, clocks, watches and cameras, are dutiable. Not of course if brought by a tourist among his personal belongings; but if one is stopping in England and

London is a Man's Town

such goods are sent, they are liable to duty—silk frocks sent from France, for instance, even if they have been worn.

Small quantities of tobacco, perfume and spirits are passed without payment of duty; but large quantities of these commodities, obviously designed for sale, are dutiable. If, however, the goods are not to be sold in Great Britain but carried to some other country for that purpose, duty can be paid and received back at the port of departure on production of the articles and duty receipt.

The Tube, which runs through the heart of the shopping district of London, is a brightly painted, highly upholstered, spotless affair that moves along so smoothly that if you are accustomed to the frenzied scenes of the Bronx Express you will think you are in a strap-hanger's Utopia. Londoners imagine they have a great traffic rush between five and six in the evenings; but we know better, though this is certainly the most congested hour. There is a train about every minute in the shopping section at shopping hours, and frequent service for the theatre and late supper crowds, who often appear in the underground in evening clothes. The Underground Company issues guide maps for the tubes, omnibuses and trams.

The District and the Metropolitan railways were London's first undergrounds and lumber along at what seems an unreasonably slow pace; but the trains are

Helps for the Hapless

comfortable and eventually get you to certain points not reached by tubes. Hold on to your ticket to the bitter end on both underground lines. As fares run according to the distance traveled, all tickets are collected at the end of the journey, which means at the *street* entrance or by the lift man, if there is no escalator.

Bus service is good, and next to the London bobbies—internationally known for their Apollo-like beauty and knightly gallantry—London bus conductors are the most courteous men the globe-trotter is likely to meet. They are always ready to tell you where to get off to get to such and such a shop; and if you take the same bus day after day, they soon know your face and hand you off and on with extra special care as though you were a precious cargo placed personally in their charge. Maps of omnibus service are supplied by conductors on request.

Bus tickets are never asked for, but for some reason one always clutches the bits of paper hours after leaving the bus; while with the contrariness of human nature, the underground tickets which must be presented are carelessly thrown away.

There are many kindly agencies in London to look after the traveler. Universal Aunts, Ltd., 37 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1, is one which may prove a friend in need. We didn't realize how many things visitors to a strange city need done for them until we

London is a Man's Town

read the alphabetically arranged list of aunty activities which include caring for animals and pets; meeting children and old ladies at trains; looking up housing accommodations, schools, servants, governesses, companions, chaperons, cars, guides and couriers. There is a shopping department that will buy gifts, dresses, furs, household and sports goods, decorate and furnish a home and all for five shillings commission per hour with no charge at all for orders over five pounds.

The Aunts (office hours 11 to 1 and 2:30 to 4) will let your flat, organize a winter sports party for you, get your needle work and mending done, and tell you where to go to have your portrait painted. The Duchess of Norfolk, Alberta, Marchioness of Blandford, and the Lady Burgh have presumably had some of these things done. Anyway, the Universal Aunts name them as references.

Miss Belle Small, 59 George Street, Baker Street, London, W. 1, turned from designing and making clothes—especially sports and country clothes—to the business of service consultant. She is especially qualified as a kind of super-shopper; knows all about materials, furs, line and color. Moreover, she is clever at helping stout ladies choose clothes of slenderizing lines. She has first-hand information about all kinds of shops—everything from books and antiques to baby linens—and can supply information about schools, too.

We can wholeheartedly recommend Miss Edith

Helps for the Hapless

Messenger as a courier and guide who can lead you to historic monuments, get you into the House of Commons the night of the best debates, tell you when and at what station the king is going to arrive in town, and lead you by the hand to the best restaurants for the price. Her address is 43 Aldwych, W.C. 2, Telephone, Temple Bar 2918, and she has led schools of enrap-tured flappers to Whitehall where the brave guards are on display; hustled thousands of stout old ladies on a diet to restaurants which actually serve vegetables other than pressed cabbage; and helped dozens of impetuous old gentlemen through the difficulties of engaging a table in just the right corner of the Savoy for supper.

The Travel Association of Great Britain, to which we have already made obeisance in our introduction, also helps to make pleasant the life of the wayfarer in Great Britain and Ireland. This is a non-trading and non-political body which nevertheless welcomes heartily all business men, visitors intent on research, and in fact any one who needs the help of such a straightforward propaganda bureau. The Association publishes a calendar of historic and social events (such as the public events connected with the Season) for the entire year which is simply invaluable if you are stopping in England for any length of time, or want to plan your program in advance.

Behind the Travel Association are such important

London is a Man's Town

men as Lord Derby, Lord Ashfield, Lord Astor, Sir Francis Towle, Lord Reading, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Lord Riddell, Lord Danesford and Sir Josiah Stamp, ready to coöperate when called upon by Mr. Louis Beale, manager, and Mr. Leonard Meredith, secretary, whose lives we for some time made dreadful by constant cries for help in the form of letters of introduction, advice and so on.

Even they, however, couldn't help us much about the complication of London streets. The system of names and numbers is one of the most exhausting we have ever encountered. The city is divided into geographical districts labeled W.C. (West Central), W. (West) 1, S.W. (South West) 1, and so on; and these letters must be placed after all addresses as there are innumerable streets of the same name.

Often the name of a street is followed by the name of the main thoroughfare into which it leads—as Swallow Street, Piccadilly, or George Street, Baker Street. The voting borough such as Westminster, Kensington, Paddington, is usually added, too. Or you may say you live in Hyde Park meaning along the park as far as Kensington Gardens. From that point the park district becomes Bayswater as it faces that wide avenue. These things have to be learned, they simply can't be taught. Addresses are so important socially in London that sometimes you cheat and say you live

Helps for the Hapless

in St. James or Hyde Park when perhaps you are really on the borderline.

Streets are numbered in a logical but quite fantastic manner, beginning at one end and going down the entire length of the street in sequence, then up on the other side. Instead of even numbers on one side and odd on the other, you will have the highest number opposite the lowest—most confusing.

Also Useful

CARRYING on with possible problems of our own London visitors, Bradshaw's General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide, issued every month, contains all the time tables in the British Isles.

The cost is a mere two shillings, but only about seven living men understand how to use it. Trains on the main lines are not so difficult, however, when once you learn that you must look up the station to which you are going in the index at the front of the book which will refer you to time tables of all trains going to that city. Lines across the time table indicate the town at which you must change trains. You then look up in the index the town where you change to find the hour of departure for your final destination.

So much for Bradshaw's General Guide, which by this time you will see is no harder to fathom than the theory of Relativity or Ouspensky's idea of space as the fourth dimension.

The ABC Guide, also issued every month, is much easier to read than Bradshaw's but unfortunately gives time of trains to and from London only. By the way,

Also Useful

on time tables you always go "up" to London and "down" from it.

The leading hotels in each town are given, and the population of same, as well as the fare Up to and Down from London. Time of arrival at your final destination is recorded, but no indication as to where you must change. This you must ask of the guards en route.

Another little item—there are late posting boxes outside post offices. If you put half a cent extra postage on your letter and mail in this specially marked box, it will be collected at five-thirty the next morning. There are also late posting boxes in railroad stations.

How to get your shoes shined, one of the tourists' big European problems, looks unsolvable on the face of it as there are no shoe-shining parlors; no, not even one in the American Express. But this is easy. All you need do is at night place your boots—English for shoes—outside your bedroom door, be that bedroom in a de luxe hotel or a boarding house, and they will greet you with shining morning faces the next A.M.

You will find the English newspapers difficult until you get over the shock of seeing advertisements on the front page, and nothing where you expect to find it. But eventually you will learn the general structure. Read the *Times* for the best, most complete local and foreign news and for official court utterances.

The big news stories are opposite the editorial page.

London is a Man's Town

Letters from correspondents and the agony column were our daily delight. There is also voluminous financial news.

Excellent political news and a good foreign service are offered by the *Morning Telegraph*, a conservative two-penny paper; also this has the most complete shipping news, including when the posts close for the boat trains, important to know if the folks expect regular letters.

The *Morning Post* is the Conservative party's organ and quite frankly biased. Read it steadily for a week and you will get a fair picture of the urban prejudices of the die-hards who know that the old England born of feudalism is dead, but who still cling to some of its gracious, if unreasonably old-fashioned, traditions. The writing exudes charm and good breeding. Accounts of some of the traditional events during the Season are works of art. It is also the paper to read for Court news.

The *Daily Chronicle*, a reputable liberal paper, has two entertaining features—"The Man About Town" by Quex, one of London's most entertaining columnists who amplifies interesting news items in a spritely and erudite manner; and "The Office Window," another column, worth following because of its unusual historical items dealing with traditional festivals.

Also Useful

The *Daily News* is a Liberal morning paper noted chiefly for racing news.

The *Daily Express* is a penny morning paper carrying the big news items on the front page like an American newspaper. The *Express* is good entertainment. Such controversial subjects as The Future of Marriage; What Qualities I Demand in a Man; My Favorite Love Scenes in Literature; Do Children Rob a Mother of Her Husband's Love and so on are often done by Shaw, Wells, Rebecca West, G. B. Stern or E. M. Delafield.

The *Daily Mail*, Lord Rothermere's paper, is an independent organ which speaks its mind and occasionally goes off the deep end over something or other. It believes in writing the news in a humorous manner whenever possible. Beverly Nichols is one of several young authors who contribute from time to time. The editorial page features are amusing.

The *Mirror* and *Sketch* are picture papers noted for society gossip. If you want to know what the Duchess of Oxfordshire had on at the Embassy last night, who the Countess of Whosiz entertained at Claridge's and why Lord Heirless has separated from his wife, read these papers regularly. Some people say that top-hole British society never appears in these columns; but all those who go out to public places when they are up from the country certainly are mentioned from time to time.

London is a Man's Town

Among the evening papers we should mention the *Evening News*, the afternoon edition of the *Daily Mail*, and the *Evening Standard*, under the same management as the *Daily Express*. Both have good society gossip and all the afternoon stock reports. The *Star* is a Liberal afternoon paper.

Two first-class financial papers are the *Financial Times* and the *Financial News*. Among evening papers, the *Evening Standard* has the best financial news. The London stock exchange is closed all day Saturday so don't look for British financial news on Saturday afternoon.

Sunday papers in London are not the bulky affairs that American Sabbath editions are, and lack the funnies.

The *Sunday Times*, which has nothing to do with the daily *Times*, has excellent literary criticisms and a review of the week's news.

The *Observer*, under the same management as the *Morning Post*, always carries a political article by J. L. Garvan, long-winded but beautifully clear on such obscure—to the American—matters as the East Indian question, Free Trade, or the Dole.

The *Sunday Express* is an enlarged *Daily Express*, containing even more readable hot-air on love and the rest.

The *Weekly Dispatch* is the Sunday edition of the *Daily Mail*.

Also Useful

We might also mention the *Sporting Times*, known by red-blooded two-fisted men who follow boxing and racing, as the Pink 'Un.

Speaking of Sunday, the conventional view of the best way to spend it in London is to get out of the city as fast as possible. But while the capital looks a trifle dull on a Sabbath, there are any number of available diversions.

One of the most amusing is the Street Market in Petticoat Lane, Aldgate. The high-power patter of the salesmen to sell a pineapple for a shilling, or a watch and chain for a half crown, is worth the pushing about you undergo. Everything from a fur coat to house furnishings can be bought in Petticoat Lane, but the most alluring bargains are to be found in the bird and dog market. Grotesque, Dickensesque persons display an astonishing variety of canines on the leash at prices ranging from eighteen pence to five pounds. It is said that London's stolen dogs are often sold here. Anyway, it's best to have some knowledge of dogs if you think of buying, or a half-crown fox terrier may later prove to be a sheep dog. Marvelous birds, of strange tropical hue, are also on display.

Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral have beautiful services of course, and it is worth while staying in London on Sunday to go to church at the Guard's Chapel, Wellington Barracks, where the guards come in their best. Somewhere else we've

London is a Man's Town

warned you to get tickets in advance by writing to the Padre and enclosing a stamped envelope.

The Temple Church, built in 1185, has one of the finest boys' choirs in London, and the church itself with its effigies of Knights Templars in armor, its fine stained glass, and carved stone faces is worth seeing. Services are at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M., and go early if you want a seat.

St. Bartholomew's Church, the oldest in London, a fine Norman affair, has adopted the original practice of having famous actors, such as Henry Ainley and Ben Greet, read the scriptures. As these services do not always take place at the same hour, look up the notice in the newspapers in advance.

For Sunday afternoon in London you may do a concert, a museum or an art gallery. Royal Albert Hall usually offers symphony or chamber music. But better yet, if it is a fine day you may take a trip to Hyde Park, the Marble Arch Corner, to hear open-air orators saving the world. Hyde Park freedom of speech is one of the world's curiosities and probably a reason why England never has riot or revolution. A few bored policemen keep guard while all manner of cranks give vent to their beliefs. Shop about until you find the most enthusiastic group of hecklers. Apparently the same ones come each Sunday to pester certain speakers, for we several times heard a group of young men halt one fluent critic of the present economic system to

Also Useful

give a burlesque take-off on what he was going to say next.

After you have wandered about here for an hour or so, got your feet quite damp, and become thoroughly depressed with the human race, you will be ready for tea at the Regal motion picture theatre across the street, opposite Marble Arch.

Also, the Trocadero, which always gives wonderful value for the money any day in the week, has a special Sunday afternoon tea-concert at which you may drink your China or Indian brew to the strains of a quartet of Russian singers. There is always a tremendous demand for tables, so go early unless you want to be tucked away in an obscure corner of the gallery.

If you are one of the rich that the Savoy frankly sets out to make happy, go to the Savoy grill room for a late supper in company with all the week-enders who have returned, bubbling over with health and fresh air. This is really the jolliest spot in London on a Sunday night. Taglioni's in Soho, and Claridge's are also delightful (and also not inexpensive) for Sunday night supper.

London reverts to type on Sunday as on no other day during the week. The Conservatives blossom out in topplers and morning coats, going to church, and to visit their mothers-in-law; and the young people turn out for long country walks—the suburban railroads offering special hikers' tickets, so that you can walk as

London is a Man's Town

far as you like and then take the train back from any point at which you may grow weary without losing the benefit of a round trip rebate.

Be sure to investigate the wonderful week-end bargain sale tickets offered to places like Brighton—usually good from five o'clock Friday morning until midnight Sunday, at a third less than the usual price.

By the way, Daimler, Ltd., cars which can be had at the American Express, 6 Haymarket, will take you to events of the Season such as the Henley Regatta, Newmarket or Ascot for a flat rate for six passengers—seven pounds, seven shillings for Ascot.

Let's see, was there anything else that ought to be of use? Oh, yes, the question we've been oftenest asked is when and where a tourist is most likely to catch a glimpse of the King and Queen.

The best time is at the theatre. A theatrical agency or your travel bureau ought to be able to let you know when a royal visit to the theatre is planned. Also, the papers announce when the King is leaving or entering London, and by what station. And in spring and autumn when he is in good health, he rides in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, about eight in the morning. With the Queen, he visits many public affairs—motor shows, flower shows, special exhibits. These, too, are usually announced.

The Queen is a great shopper and can often be seen at Gorrings's department store in Buckingham Palace

Also Useful

Road near her "home," as well as in the antique shops of Wigmore Street or Fortnum and Mason's. She also often opens public functions.

The King is very fond of Rugby football and always goes to the international matches at Twickenham, and later down to shake hands with the players and call them by their nicknames.

Late in the afternoon the Prince often rides out to Sunningdale for golf, or goes to the Bath Club for squash tennis. One who has entrée to these clubs can see him.

That's the best we can do. Except to hope that everybody will enjoy London as much after reading this book as we did when we were collecting material for it.



